VOLUME XXVIII
NUMBER FIVE

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NOVEMBER, 1915

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The Beauties of France
With 100 Illustrations — ARTHUR STANLEY RIGGS

The World's Debt to France
Illustrated

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Illustrated

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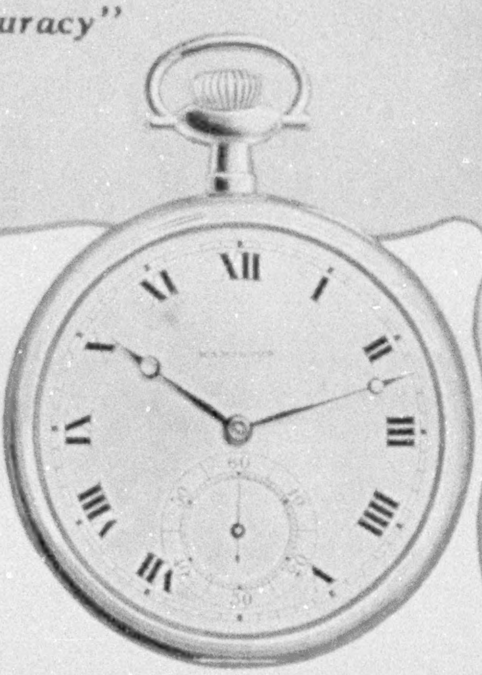
Hamilton Watch

"The Watch of Railroad Accuracy"

Talk Accuracy
Think Accuracy
Buy Accuracy



Accuracy is the quality you want in a watch.

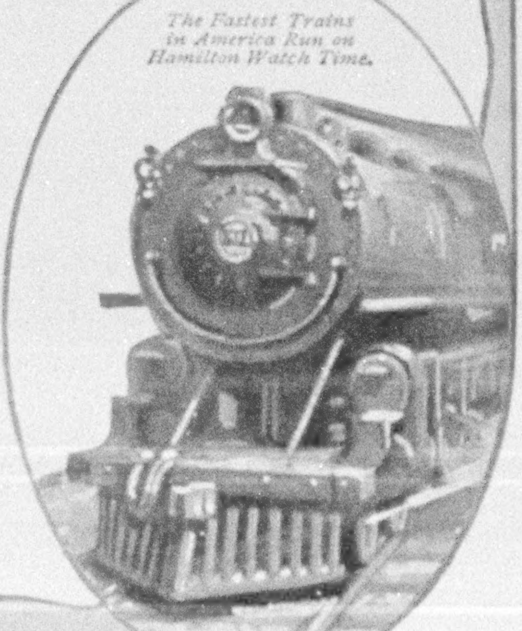
Tell your jeweler that you really want a very accurate watch and he will at once show you a Hamilton.

Jewelers know all watches, and with the Hamilton they associate the word Accuracy. The phenomenal timekeeping records of the Hamilton Watch on American railroads have earned for it the name, "The Watch of Railroad Accuracy."

The watch shown here is the new Hamilton, 17-jewel, 12-size, thin model, an extremely Accurate, Durable and Beautiful Timekeeper for $28.00. Ask your jeweler about it.

Other Hamiltons are $15.00, $25.00, $40.00, $55.00, $80.00, $110.00 and $150.00, in 18k. heavy gold case, for men and women. All have Hamilton Accuracy, Beauty and Durability.

You can buy a Hamilton movement alone for $12.25 ($13.00 in Canada) and upward, and your jeweler can fit it to your present watch case.



The Fastest Trains in America Run on Hamilton Watch Time.

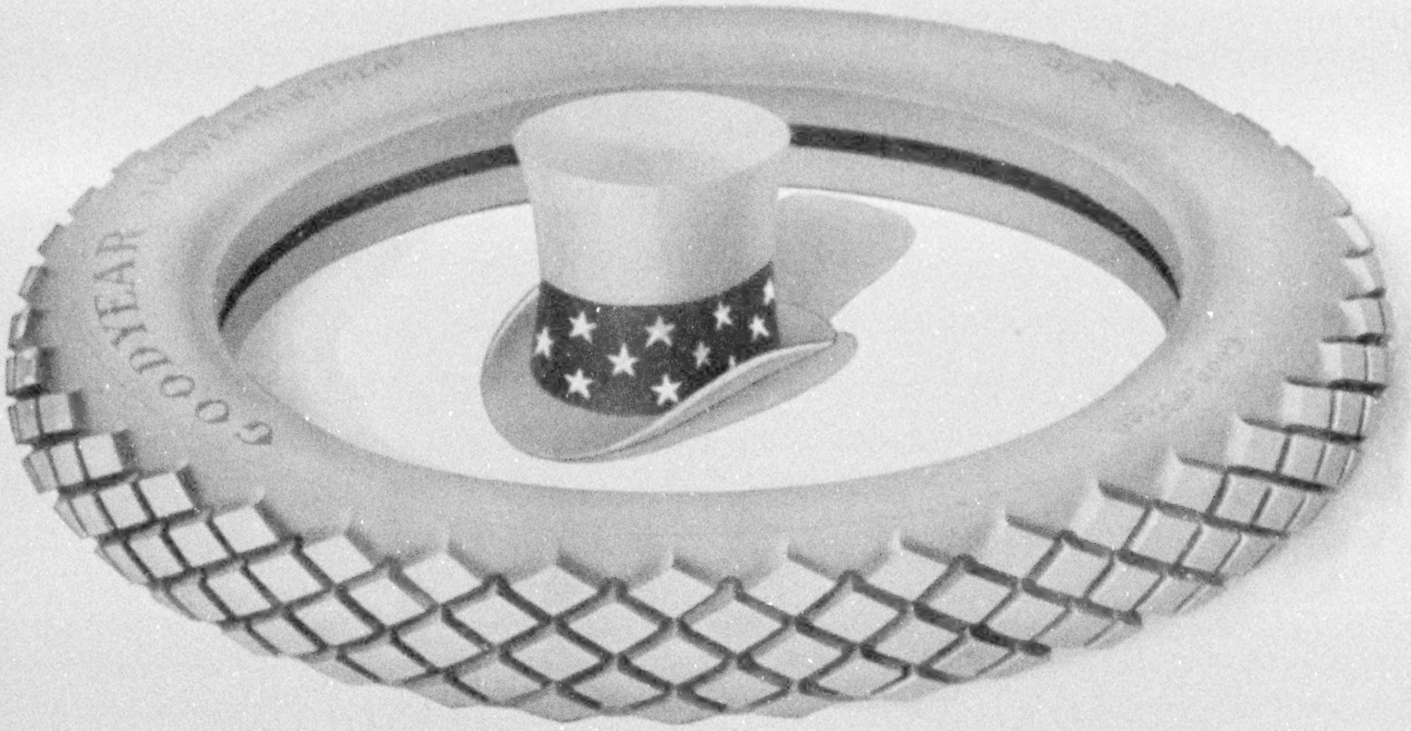
Write for The Hamilton Watch Book "The Timekeeper"

—pictures and describes all Hamilton models, for men and women, and tells facts worth knowing about watches.

HAMILTON WATCH COMPANY
Dept. 35, Lancaster, Pennsylvania

Conductor E. W. Dee of the Rock Island Railroad. One of the hundreds of thousands of American Railroad Men who time their trains by the Hamilton.

The Hamilton Watch Exhibit at the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco is in the Palace of Varied Industries, under the Dome. You are invited to see it.



The Will of the Majority

Will you be governed in tire-buying as you are in the affairs of the nation—by the will of the majority?

Goodyear sales are greater by a mighty majority than those of any other tire.

As far as Goodyear tires are concerned, America is a nation with its mind made up.

And the individual American mind—in business or in government—is more independent in its action than any other intelligence on earth.

When the people act en masse, as they have in awarding first place to Goodyear, it is not because they have been herded together and forced to a conclusion.

It is because tens and hundreds of thousands of minds, acting separately, have all reached the same tire conclusion.

The farmer, stopping to rest in his fields at mid-day, looks back over his tire experience and says, "Goodyear."

The business man in his office, checking up his tire mileage, says, "Goodyear."

The same mental process is multiplied by hundreds of thousands of minds, in tens of thousands of places—with the same clear-cut Goodyear conclusion in every case.

Think of the power of these pleasant thoughts about Goodyear—rolling like a mighty wave from one end of the nation to the other!

Is it not something greater than salesmanship, and greater than advertising?

This is the force which has created that precious, intangible, invaluable thing called Goodyear reputation.

This is the impulse which renders lower prices on other tires powerless in the face of Goodyear goodness.

Good-will toward Goodyear—that is the open secret of Goodyear sales success.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
Akron, Ohio

Goodyear
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TIRES

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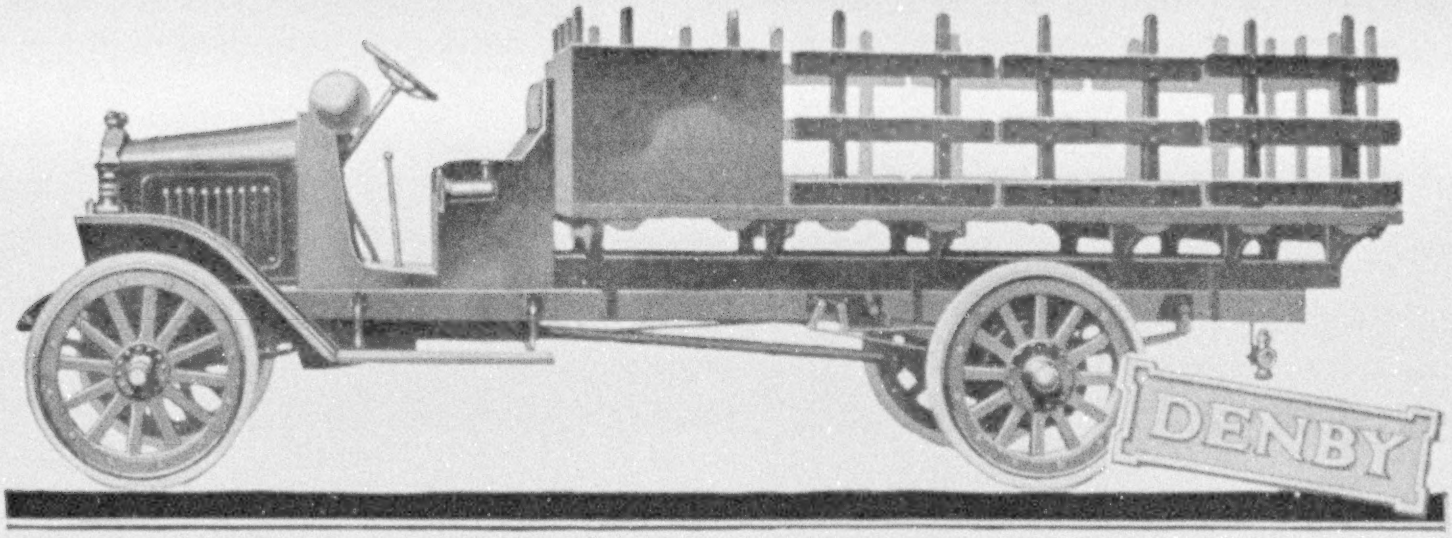


The Denby Truck is a *Modern* Truck

YOU will be interested, for instance, in a thorough examination of the Denby drive. It is of the internal-gear type, which is generally admitted to be the ultimate driving mechanism for trucks.

And the Denby "factor of safety" in construction is remarkably great. Each model is built with a sturdiness usually associated only with units of much larger capacity.

Public approval of the Denby has been so great that we have recently been forced to purchase a new factory, with five and six-tenths acres of ground space.

It will pay any business man interested in trucks to get in touch with the local Denbyman, or with us. For the Denby is not only a modern truck, but it is marketed by modern methods of co-operation with the owner. We spare no time or trouble to make every Denby truck 100 per cent efficient, profitable and satisfactory.

There are four Denby units of capacity, priced as follows:

Type U—¾-ton (including open body)	**$ 890**
Type B—1-ton	**1,475**
Type D—1½-ton	**1,685**
Type E—2-ton	**1,985**

Various types of chassis and body modification enable us to fit one of these to any individual business.

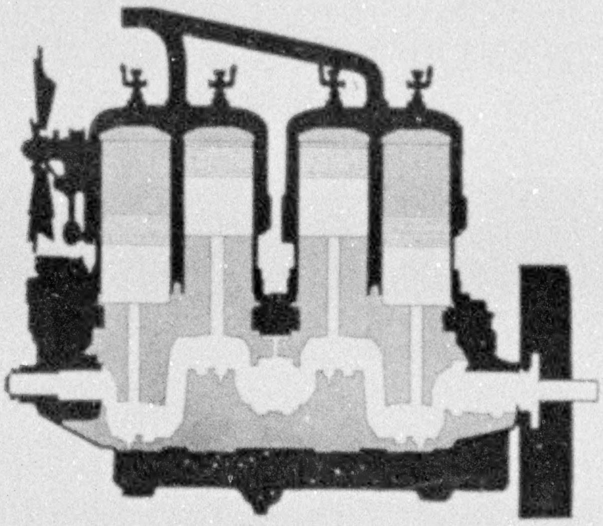
The latest instance of Denby co-operation—the Denby Business-Building and Sales Efficiency Service, is designed primarily to make the truck profitable to the man with light delivery work. We have appropriated $3000 in awards in this course alone.

Literature will be mailed on request

Denby Motor Truck Company
419 Holbrook Avenue, Detroit, Michigan

100,865,000

Piston Strokes per Year



Protected by an oil film thinner than this line ————

EVERY power stroke pays some toll to friction. But few motorists realize how high friction-toll may mount. The following remarkable figures make this clear.

The average of three of the most popular 4-cylinder cars shows that during each mile on high gear, there are 20,173 piston strokes—20,173 rubs within the cylinders,—the pistons and cylinder walls separated only by about 3/1000 of one inch of oil—seldom more.

On low gear the piston strokes total over 60,500 per mile.

At the end of the season, assuming that the car has traveled 5000 miles on high gear, *the pistons have made 100,865,000 strokes.*

Each of the 100,865,000 piston strokes is only made possible by the wearing quality of this protective oil film.

It is easy to see then, the vital importance to the motorist of this thin film of oil.

It is now well known that the lubricating efficiency of different oils differs widely.

In engineering circles the Vacuum Oil Company's lubricants have commanded a higher price per gallon. This higher per-gallon price is willingly paid —in view of the ultimate reduced cost of lubrication and the longer life of the car.

The ability of Gargoyle Mobiloils to stand up under the heat of service results in low consumption per mile. This superior "wear" is important to the motorist who wishes to protect the moving parts of his motor.

Motorists of experience, therefore, are rapidly coming to the use of the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils specified for their cars in the Chart of Recommendations printed in part on the right.

For several years this chart has been the standard guide to correct automobile lubrication.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

The four grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils for gasoline motor lubrication, purified to remove free carbon, are:

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic"

For Electric Vehicles use Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" for motor and enclosed chains. For open chains and differential use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C."

In buying Gargoyle Mobiloils from your dealer, it is safest to purchase in original packages. Look for the red Gargoyle on the container. For information, kindly address any inquiry to our nearest office.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY
Rochester, N.Y., U.S.A.

Specialists in the manufacture of high grade lubricants for every class of machinery. Obtainable everywhere in the world.

Domestic Branches:	Detroit	Boston	New York	Chicago
	Pittsburgh	Philadelphia	Indianapolis	Minneapolis

Correct Automobile Lubrication

Explanation: In the Chart below, the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils that should be used. For example, "A" means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A," "Arc" means Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic," etc. The recommendations cover all models of both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted.

MODEL OF	1911		1912		1913		1914		1915	
CARS	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Abbott Detroit	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" " (8 cyl)									A	A
Alco	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.				
Auburn (4 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
" (6 cyl)							Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Autocar (2 cyl.)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (4 cyl.)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.						
Avery	A	E	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (Model C) 1 Ton							Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Buick	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Cadillac	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.		
" (8 cyl)									Arc.	Arc.
Cartercar	A	E	A	E	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" Com'l	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.				
Case	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chalmers	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	A	Arc.	Arc.
Chandler							Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chase (air)	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B
" (water)							Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chesterfield six									A	Arc.
Chevrolet					A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Cole	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (8 cyl)									A	A
Cunningham	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Delaunay-Belleville	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A		
Detroiter			A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	Arc.
" (8 cyl)									Arc.	Arc.
Dodge									E	E
E. M. F.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.						
Empire	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Fiat	B	A	A	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
" Com'l	B	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.				
Garford Com'l.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	A		
Grant							Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Haynes	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hudson	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Hupmobile					A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (Model 20)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.				
I. H. C. (air)					B	A	B	A	B	A
" (water)					A	A	A	A	A	A
International	B	B	B	A						
Interstate	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Jackson	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Jeffery							A	A	A	Arc.
" Com'l			Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.
Kelly Springfield	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	A	A	A
King	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	A	A	Arc.
" (8 cyl)									Arc.	Arc.
" Com'l.							Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Kissel Kar	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" " Com'l	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" " (Model 48)							A	A	A	A
Kline Kar	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Knox	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Locomobile	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	E	E	E	E
Lozier	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.		
Mack	A	E	E	E	E	E	A	E	A	E
" (Model B)					A	A	A	A	A	A
Marmon	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Maxwell	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Mercer	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (22-70 Series)									Arc.	Arc.
Metz	B	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Mitchell	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Moline	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.				
" Knight							A	A	A	A
Moon (4 cyl.)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (6 cyl.)							Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
National	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
Oakland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Oldsmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Overland	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Packard	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Paige	A	Arc.	A	E	A	E	A	A	A	Arc.
" (6 cyl)									Arc.	Arc.
Pathfinder					A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Peerless	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Pierce Arrow	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" " Com'l	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Pope Hartford	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.		
Premier	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Rambler	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.				
Regal	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Renault	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
S. G. V.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Saxon							E	E	E	E
Selden	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Simplex	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Stearns	A	Arc.	A	Arc.						
" Knight			A	A	A	A	B	A	B	A
" " (Light 4)									A	Arc.
Stevens Duryea	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Stoddard-Dayton	A	A	A	A	A	A				
" " Knight			A	A	A	A				
Studebaker	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Stutz			Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	A	A	A
Velie (4 cyl.)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (6 cyl.)							Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
White	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Willys Knight							A	A	B	A
" Utility							A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Winton	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.

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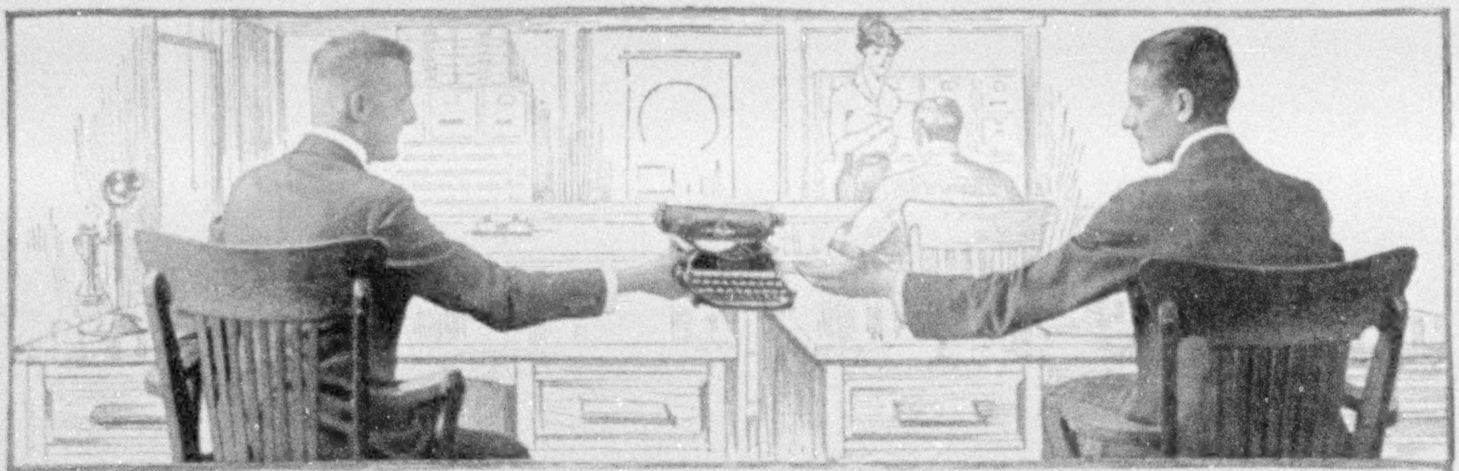

"Please hand me the Corona, Jack,"—

"I have to give that new salesman, Russell, a little friendly sermon on the way he handled the Acme deal, and don't exactly like to dictate it to Miss Lester. By the way, why not give Russell one of these machines? It's all I can do to read his reports, and I hate to think of the impression his letters must be making on our customers."

The Corona surely is a practical little machine—never in the way and always ready for work. Light enough to be carried in one hand and small enough to be packed in a grip. Even if you have never operated a typewriter you'll soon speed up on the

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Has two-color ribbon, back spacer, full width keyboard and—well, it's a complete typewriter and will stand up under any kind of service. For assurance on this point, write for "Proof of the Pudding"—it tells what the Corona *has* done, not what we claim it does. Also ask for Booklet No. 27 and name of nearest Corona dealer.

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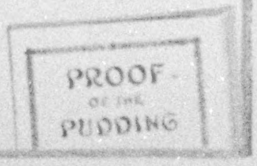

FLORIDA
Hole in the Wall
Treasure lies here
Eleuthera
Nassau
Watlings Is.
Rum Cay

3000 TREASURE ISLANDS

So near you can almost hear the Trade Winds whisper in the tamarinds and palms.

But more valuable far than pirate treasure is the gold of Tropic Sunshine that floods Bahaman Shores. And with a winter climate surpassing Madeira, world-famous surf bathing, golf, tennis—but a copy of "Nassau Bahamas" will be mailed upon request.

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The war has created unlimited opportunities for those who know foreign languages.

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Better your position and increase your salary. Extend your business. Establish export trade with South American countries. Brush up on the language you studied at school or college and make it of practical use. Acquire a new language for business or social purposes, by the

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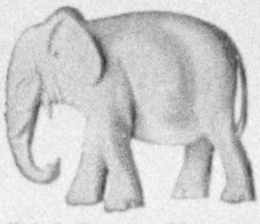

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This little ivory elephant is a mascot; also the "Grand Old Party" emblem, always popular and now more glorious than ever. A work of art, beautifully carved. A cabinet ornament or charm for good luck. Sent postpaid, delivery guaranteed, for one dollar.

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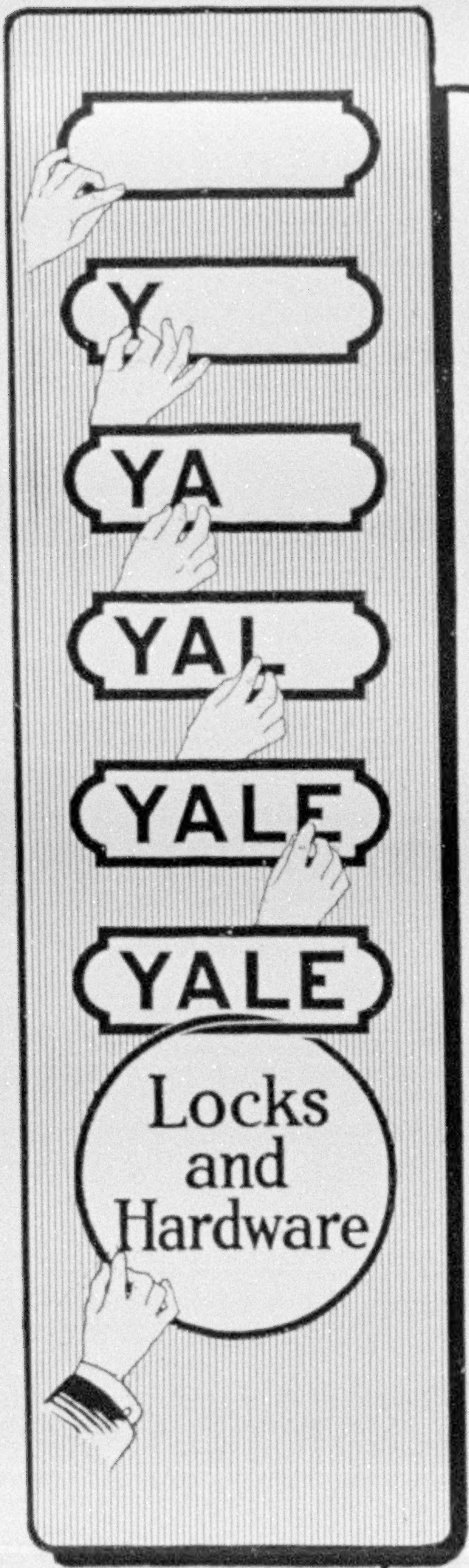

The name Yale:

It isn't the shape of the key that counts, nor the outside of the lock—but the *inside* of the lock and the name Yale on both lock and key.

You might think the name Yale is *all* you have to remember. And you would be almost right. But it is even more important to *see* the name Yale.

Yale Door Closers close the doors to winter weather.

Yale on the outside of a Padlock is proof positive of its *insides*.

If you doubt the lock on your door add a Yale Night Latch and be sure.

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Chicago St. Catharines, Ont. San Francisco

JOHNS-MANVILLE SERVICE
COVERS THE CONTINENT

*Residence of D. T. Dickson,
Francis T. Guyert, Architect,
Wayne, Pa.*

Artistic–Fireproof–Everlasting

For all buildings where wood, tile or slate have heretofore been the customary roofing material, Johns-Manville Roofing Service recommends

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Because of their fireproof quality these shingles secure the base rate of fire insurance and at the same time conform to every requirement of design, finish and decorative value.

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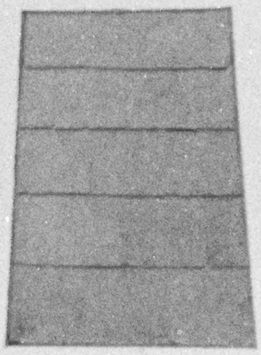

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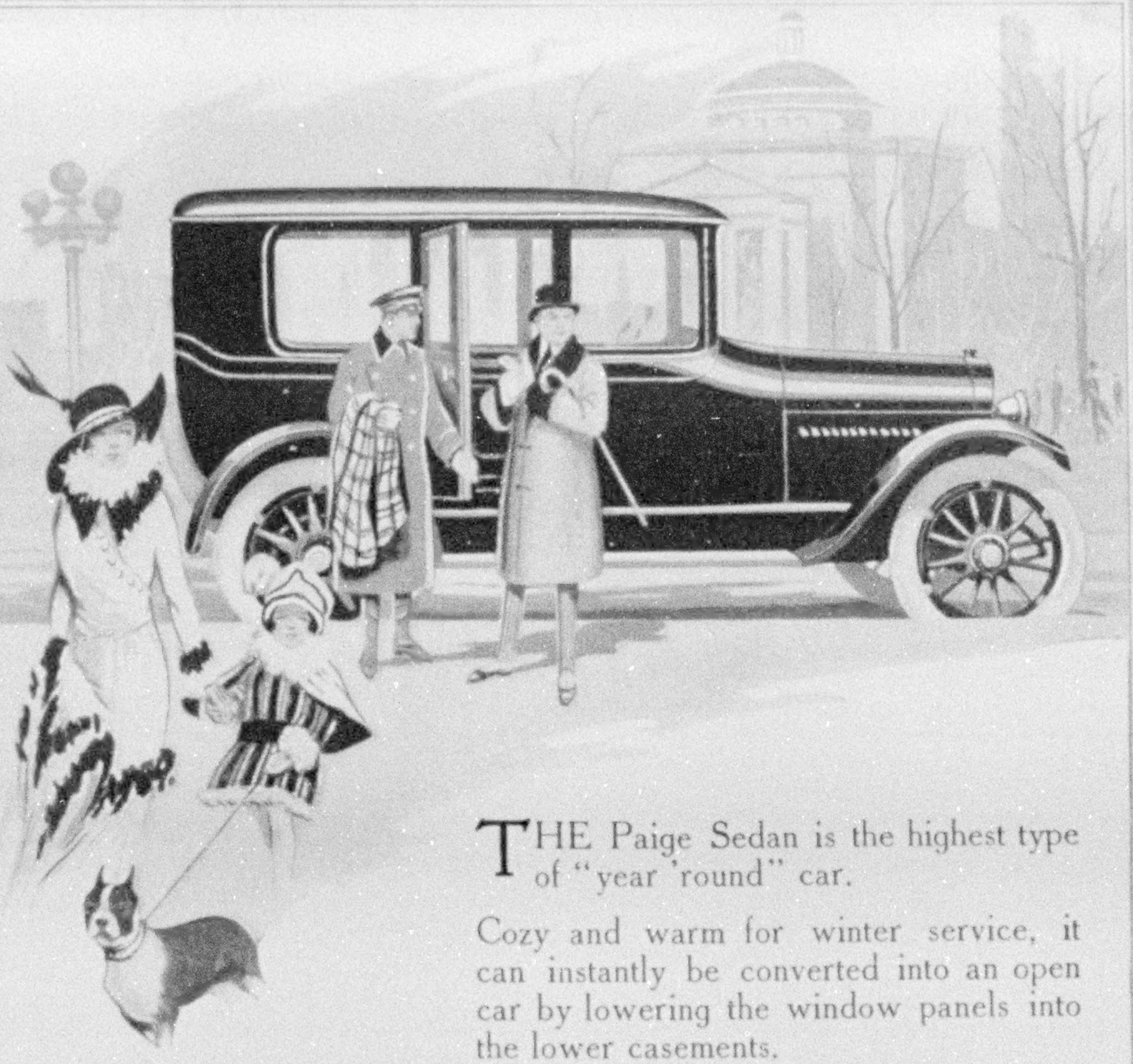

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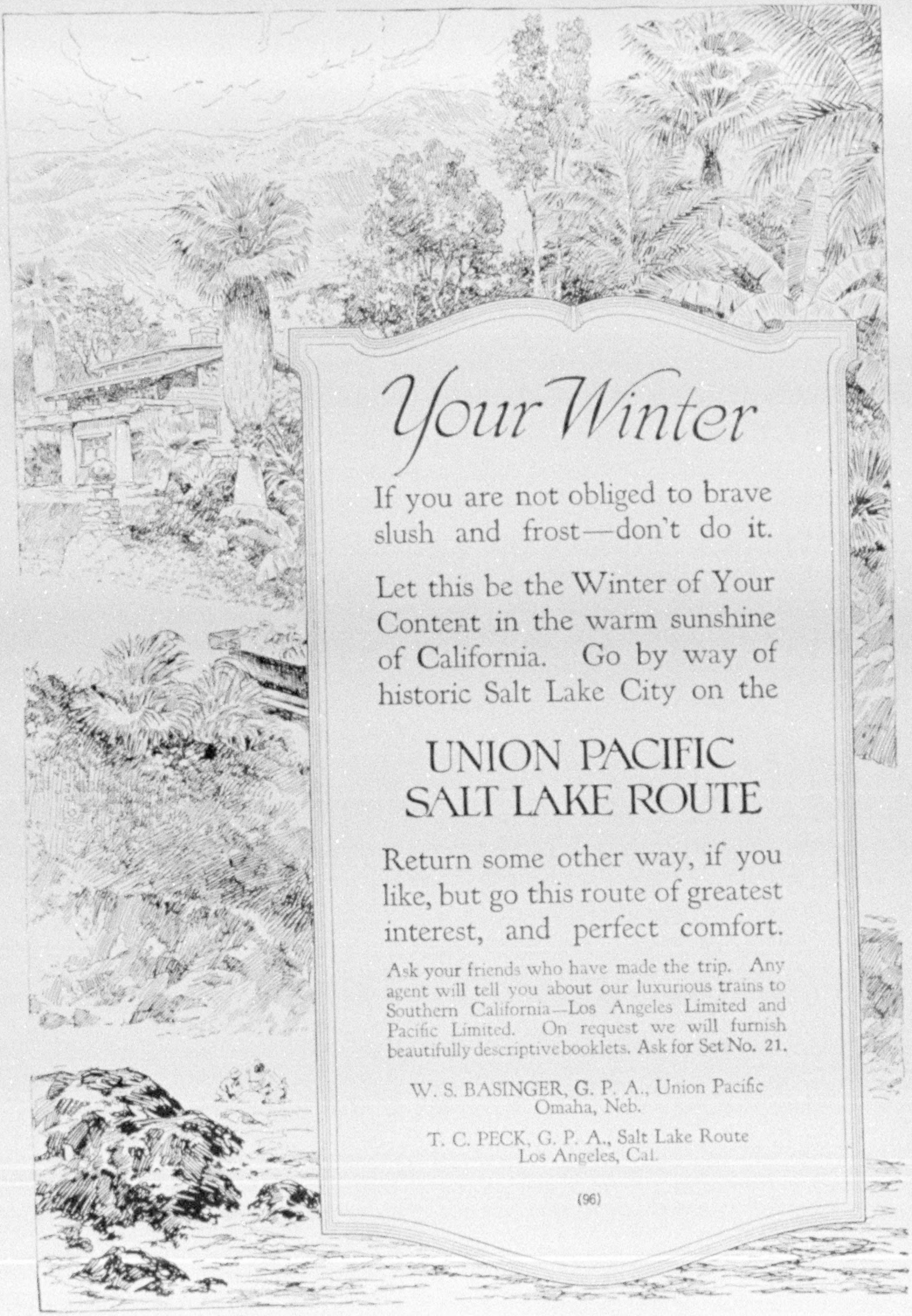

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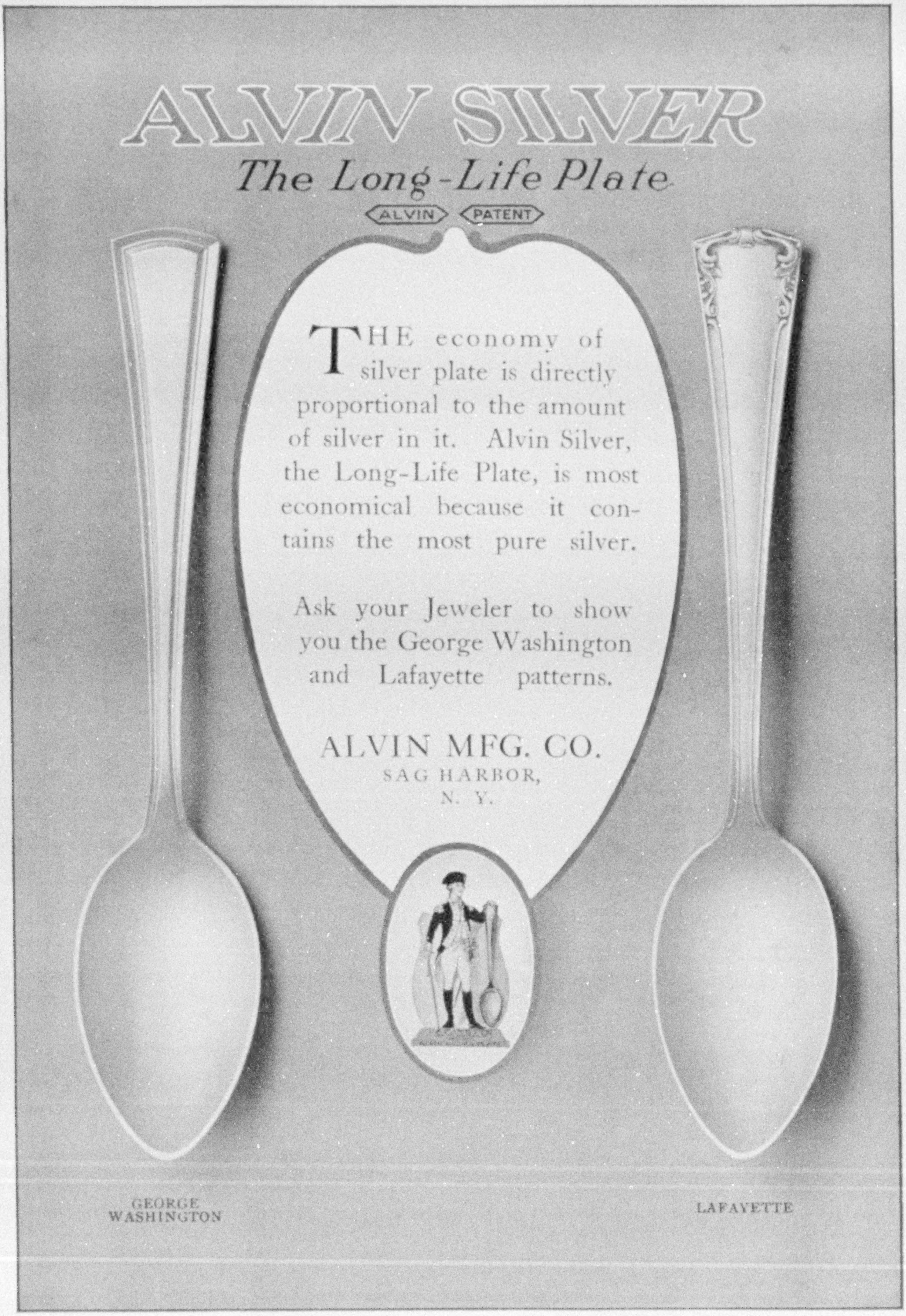

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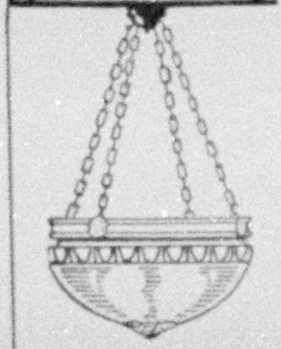

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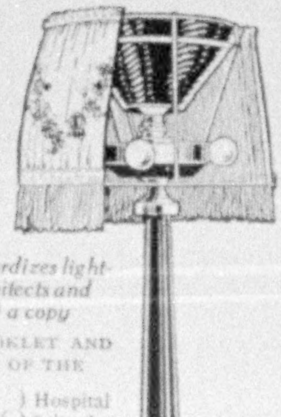

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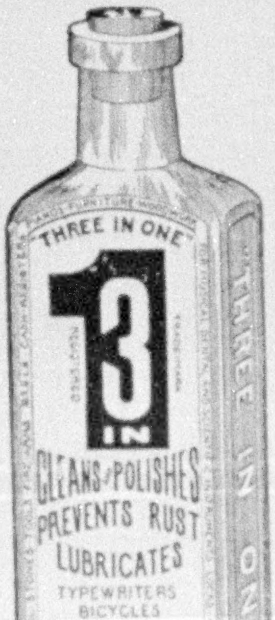

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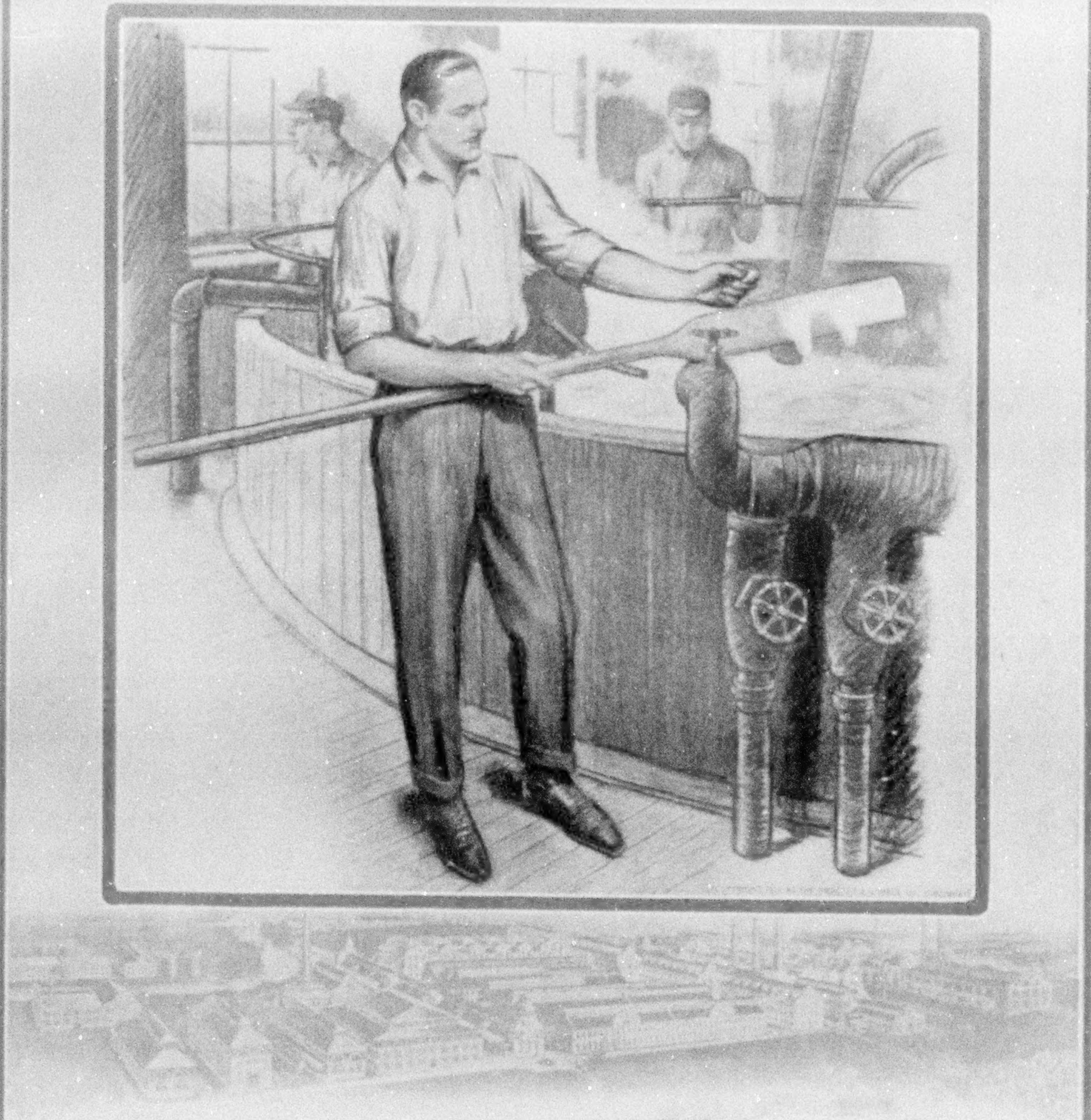

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Vol. XXVIII, No. 5 WASHINGTON November, 1915

THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE

THE BEAUTIES OF FRANCE

By Arthur Stanley Riggs

Author of "France From Sea to Sea," "Vistas in Sicily," etc.

TO MANY of us, France is the loveliest land in all Europe. So marvelously rich and beautiful is she that we all forget how far north she lies—between the forty-second and fifty-first parallels. It takes thinking to realize that Paris (latitude 48° 50′ 14″) is approximately opposite Quebec, and that Bordeaux, away to the south, where the government was established for a time during the earlier days of the war, is vis-à-vis with Halifax.

To interpret France geographically, yet in practical terms, turn to the map. (See map of Europe, 28 x 30 inches, in 4 colors, printed in the July, 1915, number of the National Geographic Magazine.)

Begin at the extreme southwestern edge of the country and draw a line from Bayonne northeastward to Troyes, near Paris. Then continue this line north and west a trifle, through Rheims and Valenciennes, and you have bisected France roughly into its dissimilar parts. The western section of low plateaux and flat and rolling plains contrasts sharply with the high plateaux and mountains of the east and south.

GEOGRAPHICAL STRENGTH OF FRANCE

In other words, Nature, during the long ages of anticipation and formation, prepared France against the day of her enemies by rearing mighty barriers along a large part of her landward boundaries, while at the same time she gave her free access to the sea. Nor was this all. The contour of the land was such that it provided huge natural arteries of communication between the Atlantic and the Mediterranean.

Partition France a little more closely, this time by rivers, and see how it falls into natural sections, with the four great river systems of the Rhône, Garonne, Loire, and Seine, and their innumerable canals and tributaries. The canals might be called the missing links of the river systems, for by their connecting means the Atlantic and the Mediterranean are directly linked in a vast aquatic and maritime chain.

This means that France possesses valuable facilities for transportation entirely distinct and separate from her marvelous network of railways and magnificent "flowing roads." In fact, it would be hard to imagine a country more fully protected on the one hand, more open on the other, and throughout blessed with more ample and satisfactory avenues of communication. As an example of the value of the waterways, consider them in time of war as transporters of supplies, when the railways are overworked with their handling of troops; or in time of peace as outlets for agricultural and

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A GROUP OF NORMANDY WOMEN AND BOYS

Upon such as these fall the burdens of watching and waiting, hoping and despairing, during the awful days of war in which France fights as never nation fought before

manufactured products at a lower rate than the swifter railroad trains could possibly make.

FEW LAKES AND SEAPORTS

Curiously enough, France has neither many lakes nor any important ones. Lake Geneva, which for more than 30 miles forms a part of the French border, is Swiss. Really, the only large lake in all France is Grand-Lieu, just south of Nantes, in Brittany, and it measures only 17,300 acres in extent. Another curious geographical feature is that, the length of coast considered, France is inadequately supplied with true seaports or harbors capable of receiving and sheltering large vessels. But the river ports make good that deficiency to a considerable degree, and not only serve invaluably thereby, but add greatly to the picturesqueness of the country.

We do not usually associate railroads with anything except utility. But the mesh of steel that so comprehensively covers the land from end to end, and side to side, is often a very striking element of beauty. The shining metals bore through the mountains and skim across crooked gorges, parallel the great rivers and wind among the splendidly cultivated farms. Little toy locomotives, with shiny brass bodies, pulling local trains, have all the seeming of strays, as they amble at a snail's pace among the fields or rumble along the roads beside flocks of sheep, through dusty little towns half asleep and totally indifferent.

Some of the lines, especially in the south and southeast, have been built almost in defiance of Nature. Throughout several of the mountainous provinces the engineering difficulties have been enormous; but with tunnel and culvert, via-

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THE FLOWER GIRLS OF NORTHERN FRANCE

What woes their country bears, what sorrows and sufferings their fathers and mothers know, may their childish lives not realize!

duct and bridge, the engineers have sewn the mountains together with their steel bodkins and made possible comfortable exploration for the least adventurous traveler.

REGIONAL ARCHITECTURE

The geography of France has affected the people as well as the climate and the architecture. Though the old provincial boundaries are gone long ago, the characteristics the people of those former divisions imbibed from the soil remain the same, and in each lives a pride of locality second to none, with idiosyncrasies of speech and custom and costume easily traced back to regional conditions and peculiarities. In architecture we find the explanation of some of the most remarkable buildings of the country in the geographical conditions of their locations.

In the great plain of Toulouse, for example, stone is not available, but there is plenty of good clay. Consequently, the Toulousans have wrought with brick, rearing churches and palaces of the noblest types by using the material at hand, and adapting their style to their means, instead of going far afield for stone or marble and building structures without a whit of local significance.

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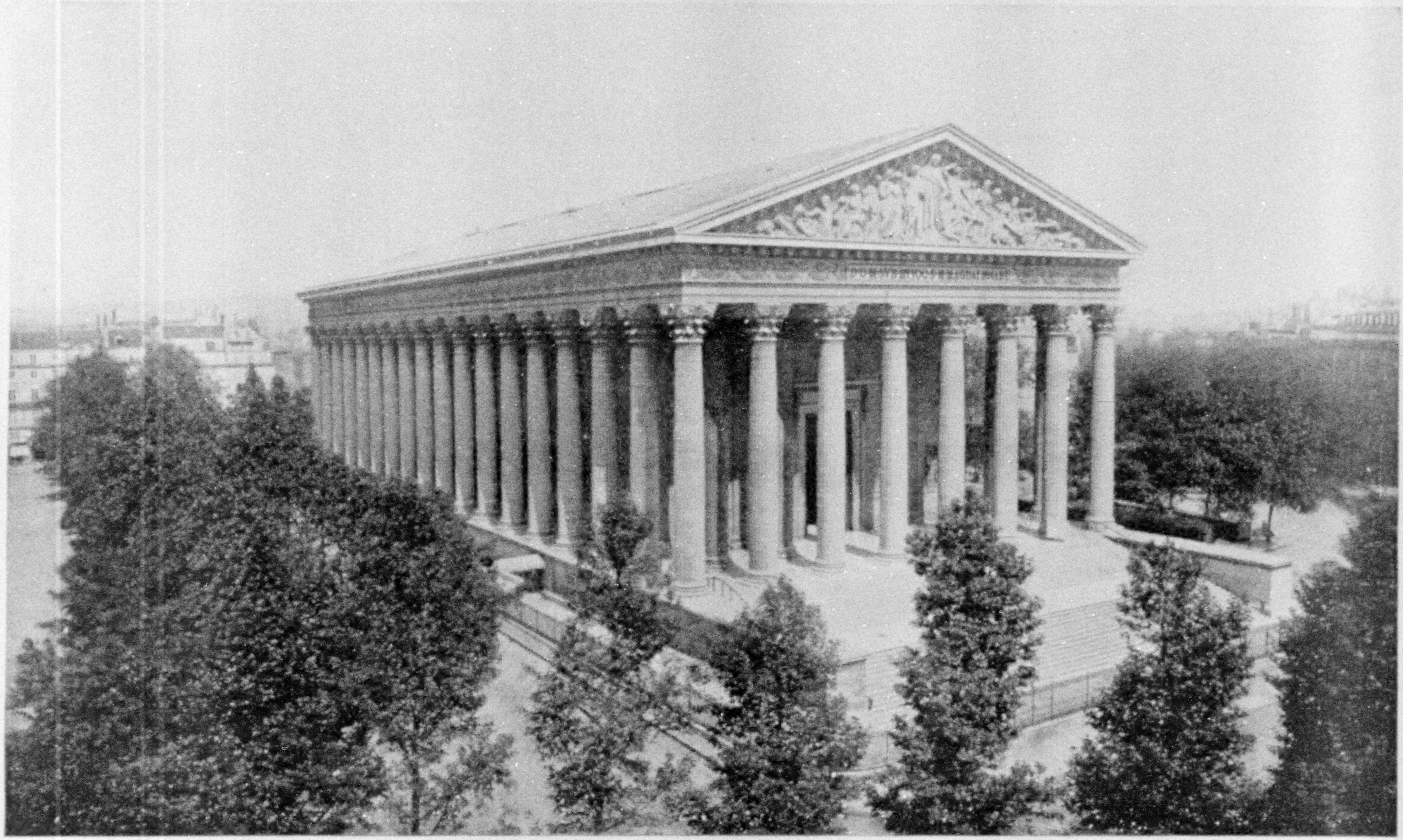


Photo from Dr. Hugh M. Smith

CHURCH OF THE MADELEINE: PARIS

This church, built in the style of a Roman temple, was begun in 1806, on the foundations of a church of the eighteenth century, by Napoleon Bonaparte, who intended it for a "temple of glory." The architect was Vignon, but the church was not finished until 1842, by Huvé. It measures 354 by 141 feet and is 98 feet high. It is surrounded by a majestic colonnade of forty-eight splendid Corinthian columns.

LIKE AN ENORMOUS HOTHOUSE

It might fairly be said that the general impression France, as a whole, leaves upon the beholder is—green. Perpetually moist of climate—except in the south—endowed with heavy and continuous rainfalls, and having a temperature which is astonishingly even, year in and out, the country is like an enormous hothouse. The result is a study in greens of every conceivable and inconceivable shade. Verdure and foliage range from greens that are gray or black to greens that are hardly more than yellow. From the hardy pastures high upon the sides of the towering Pelvoux range, thousands of feet above the sea, to the cactus and agaves and olives that grow at the water's edge, the verdant nuances are a revelation in rural coloring.

But France is not all green, either. That is only the background, the filler, as it were, for a warm-toned picture full of highlights, touched with the gold of grain, the ruddy tiles of ancient roofs, the fiery spatter of poppies, the tawny flood of a river or the steely thread of a brook; and on the glistening southern shore, with cliffs as red as any soil New Jersey boasts, water like melted sapphires, villas covered with majolica tiles that make the beholder rub his eyes and wonder if he is dreaming the amazing inebrieties of style and color that strive to but cannot shatter the harmony of creation.

INDIVIDUALITY OF THE PROVINCES

Just as the visitor to a picture gallery retains a much stronger impression of the merits of different painters by seeing the works of only one at a visit, so I believe the beauty and charm of France are best remembered by considering her provinces one at a time. Almost every one of the older divisions of the country has some feature distinctly its own that fixes it indelibly in mind (see map, page 471).

Brittany is always the "Land of Pardons," a bleak, wind-swept peninsula full of silent, undemonstrative folk who live by the harvest of the sea. Dauphiné, whose Alpine sierras saw the horizon with their snowy teeth, burns with glorious sunsets that fire its savage grandeur; Burgundy, of the wine; Champagne, of the "liquid sunshine"; Auvergne, of the dead volcanoes, like giant beehives, and Touraine, that was and still is the playground of France, are all characteristic and easily remembered.

Not less so is Normandy, with its shimmering streams and its wide-spread orchards of cider apples — acres and clouds of pink and white and green in the tender spring—the air quick with the thin, sweet, subtle fragrance. And spring is not only "apple-blossom time in Normandy." By every farm, about the railroad stations, along the roads, and in private estates bristly hedges of scented haws vie with the purple and the white clusters of great chestnuts, the long festoons of the towering acacias (locusts), and other flowers innumerable.

RURAL ENGLAND IN NORMANDY

Coming down from Cherbourg toward Paris many of the vistas are strongly suggestive of England — trim little farms, whose quaint old houses hide behind tree and hedge; moss-grown open byres, where sleek cattle chew their reflective cuds, and splendid, towering old trees, among the finest in France. And the roads—royal highways, smooth as floors, bordered by endless processions of trees, as carefully tended and trimmed as if they were in a park. Like gaunt sentinels, they point out the road and its direction as far as the eye can reach, and rival in their erect precision the troops for whom the roads were originally built.

What an air the many mud-houses have, with their great thatched roofs! The walls are built of a sticky, clayey soil, that dries rock-hard in the sun. The roofs are a joy, simply thick rolls of straw laid close by the farmer and cemented together by Nature in a few months with moss and flowers. They overhang the sunny wall and shelter the vines—sometimes they are trees, trained like vines—that border door and window, and the whole place radiates a spirit of solid prosperity and comfort, as well as beauty and charm. The beauties of Normandy are as varied as they are striking, and a single day among them brings a

Photo and copyright by Underwood & Underwood

HAULING A FISHING BOAT UP ON THE BEACH AT ETRETAT, FRANCE

The cliffs at Etretat are among the most interesting on the French coast. They are pierced by openings worn by the action of the sea. Etretat is a noted resort, especially affected by artists and literary men, who are attracted by its picturesque and curious situation. It is about fifteen miles north of Le Havre.

sympathetic understanding of the struggles of centuries to hold such a lovely province.

One of the fiercest of these struggles began with the Norsemen away back in the ninth century. Their strange, dragon-prowed galleys swooped down upon the French coasts, and the frolicsome vikings came inland, killing, burning, and destroying in true pirate fashion. It took them about a century to secure more than a mere toehold; but then King Charles the Simple did a wise thing and made the pirates welcome. They settled thickly along the lower reaches of the Seine and made Rouen their capital. And the Norsemen were no mere freebooters. Under Rollo the Ganger they fathered the Normans, who conquered England in 1066, and gave their name to this rich and desirable region.

THE FAMED TAPESTRY OF BAYEUX

The story of their conquest of England reposes safely under glass today, after a somewhat stormy career, in the placid

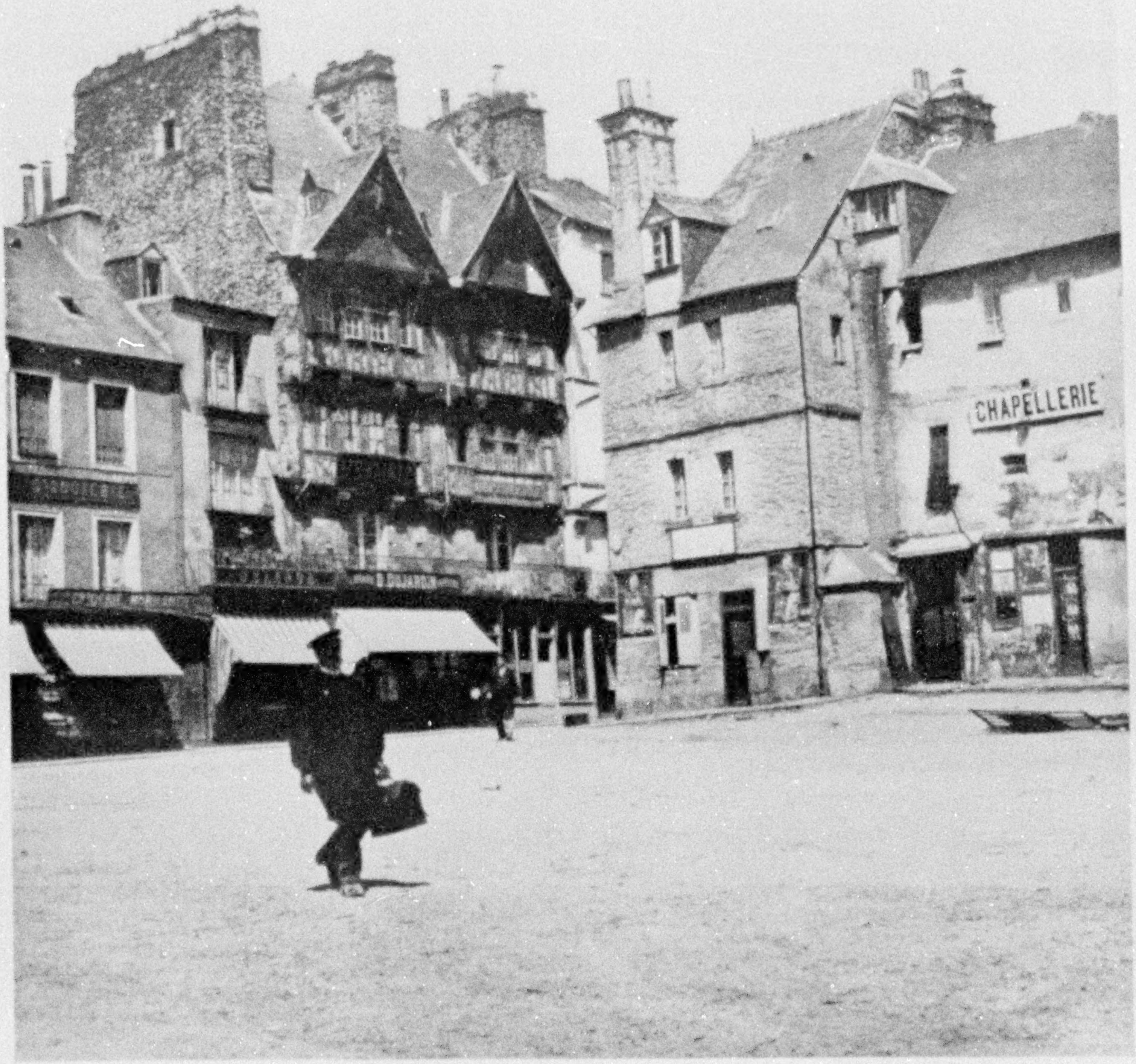


Photo by Emil P. Albrecht

A FINE OLD TIMBER AND STONE STRUCTURE OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY: ST. LO, NORMANDY

In olden times a hospital, but now devoted to trade. The upper stories project one over the other; the beams are all admirably carved

little city of Bayeux, one of William the Conqueror's towns. Bayeux's quaint old houses cling about the handsome cathedral as barnacles grow upon a rock, and through the meadows all about meanders a sleepy little stream gemmed with lilies.

But it is the "tapestry" in the museum that makes Bayeux a magnet. No more original or curious history of a war was ever wrought than this seamless strip of plain linen—not tapestry at all—230 feet long by 20 inches wide, covered with vivid sketches in worsted embroidery of eight colors. Clearly and in great detail the 58 scenes tell the story of the preparation of William the Conqueror's fleet and the Battle of Hastings. The needle sketches are rude and simple, hardly more than mere artistic shorthand suggestions; but they were done with such fidelity to the facts and such dash that they move us even yet as no mere written account can.

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR'S FAVORITE TOWN

Duke William's favorite town was Caen, where he and his Duchess, Matilda, who defied the canon law by marrying within the forbidden degrees of consanguinity, did royal penance by building two great abbeys, whose churches of St. Étienne (St. Stephen) and La Trinité contribute so greatly to Caen's beauty today. William's church of St. Étienne, stark and bold and lofty, most wonderfully represents his indomitable spirit and ideas.

The smaller, richer, and more delicate Trinité is no less characteristically feminine a monument to Duchess Matilda.

Another memorial, an insignificant single stone in a pretty, forgotten, flower-starred byway of the old Protestant cemetery, marks the spot where Beau Brummel, the man who for all time made "exquisite propriety" in dress the standard, lies in oblivion beneath the waving grasses of this Norman hillside.

Caen boasts many splendid palaces of the merchant princes who flourished so magnificently during the Renaissance, and just below the old castle their antitheses in a twisty labyrinth of wandering streets full of quaint old lesser houses. Right in the heart of the town, where the two busiest streets cross, the flower market splashes a great dab of brilliant color on the gray old stones—flowers in pots, in frames, in huge untied bunches cover the sidewalk and the curb in the grateful shadow of the trees.

Below the town idles the lovely little Orne, a sleepy stream, at sunset a dream-river, running noiselessly by broad, grassy, tree-hedged promenades and lush meadows, where gray and brown nets overhang the walls and the multi-colored rowboats glow like strange jewels upon the river's placid breast. Queer little rickety bridges bar its shining length as it slips northward out of the city, and away through the lovely Norman country of great, rolling fields, golden with grain and dotted with farm-houses and apple orchards, toward the gleaming white sand-dunes that fringe the bay of the Seine with iridescence.

Big and little steamers ply slowly up and down the canalized waters of the Orne, and make one think of the Suez Canal. You can almost shake hands from deck to deck as the vessels pass between the endless lines of serried poplars. The Normans themselves, blond and tall and handsome, contribute in no small degree to the beauty of the scene with their decidedly English coloring and appearance.

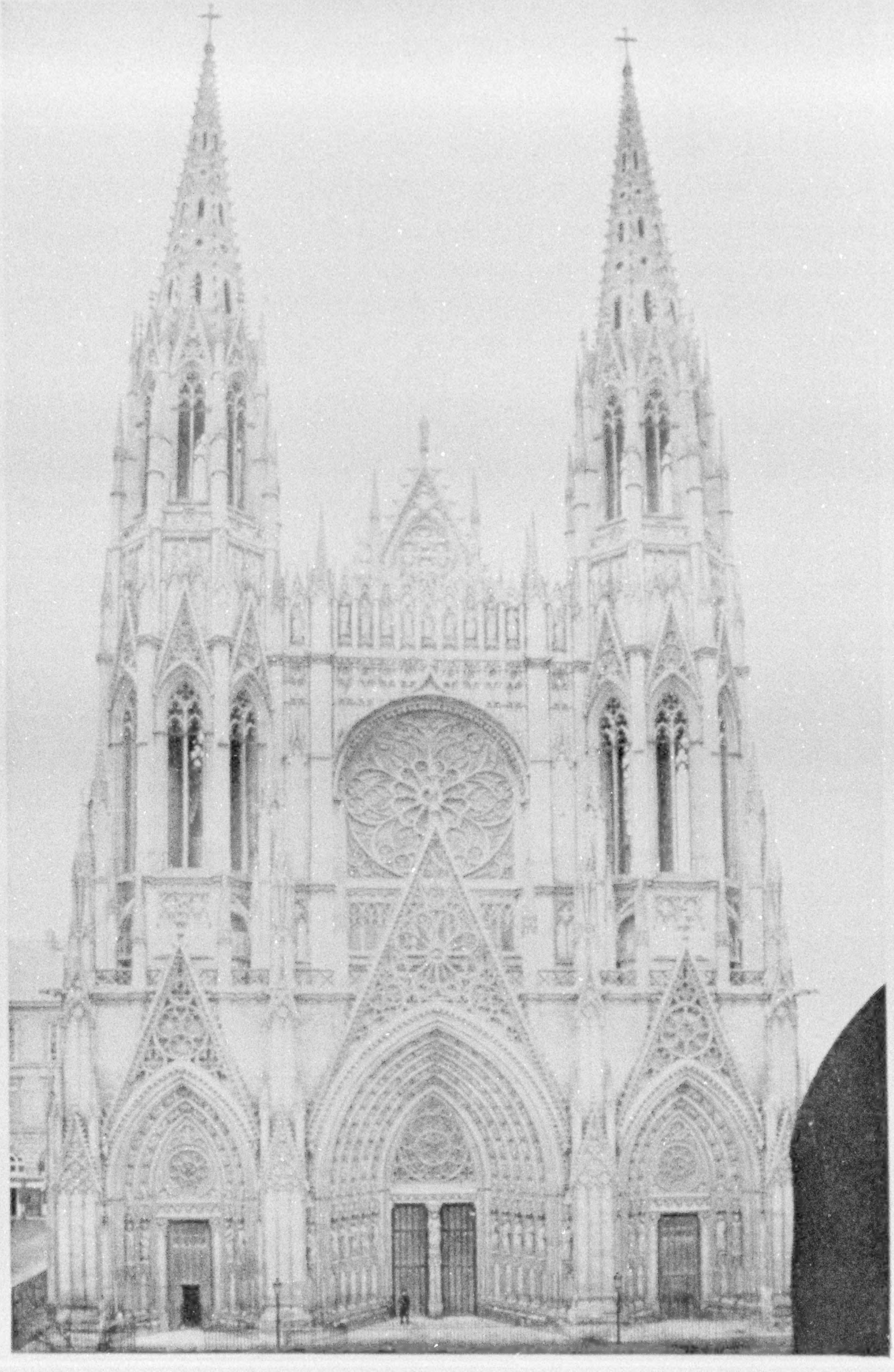
THE SEINE FROM LE HAVRE TO ROUEN

Across the bay from the mouth of the Orne are the mouth of the Seine and the great ship-building and commercial port of Le Havre. The glorious river that leads from Havre to Rouen and on to Paris is a stream of delights, winding tortuously among little towns, farms, the ghostly ruins of former grandeur like Jumièges, and between chalky cliffs now and again, that rise hundreds of feet above the river, or, low and beetling, shelter astonishing cave communities, whose homes are bored right into the solid rock.

Splendid wooded peninsulas jut out into the stream, that widens below Rouen into as majestic a flood as the Hudson; and then the ancient pirate stronghold itself comes into view, shrouded with the smoke of its factories and busy with the activities which have taken the place of the industries of a thousand years ago.

How can we describe this city of the pirates; how give a picture of the long quays beside the river, shining in the brilliant sunshine after a summer's rain; the broad thoroughfares plowed right through the old town and lined with dull modern houses; the occasional bits of the Middle Ages that still linger here and there in some old street whose houses peep and mutter at one another across the way? Such is the dark, crooked, villainously paved Rue de St. Romain, beside the cathedral, one of whose houses, the Rouennais, is called the "House of the Bishops" because, forsooth, its corbels are decorated with bishops' heads.

On the other side of the street drowses its neighbor, the "House of Joan of Arc."



THE CHURCH OF ST. OUEN: ROUEN, FRANCE

"First in importance is the Church of St. Ouen, crested with that elegant central tower called the Crown of Normandy, gleaming with so many lofty stained-glass windows that it seems all one great jewel, and always ready, if you gaze into the holy-water font, to give you a glorious reflection of practically its entire interior—vaults, pillars, arches, and splendid windows" (see text, page 401).

XUM

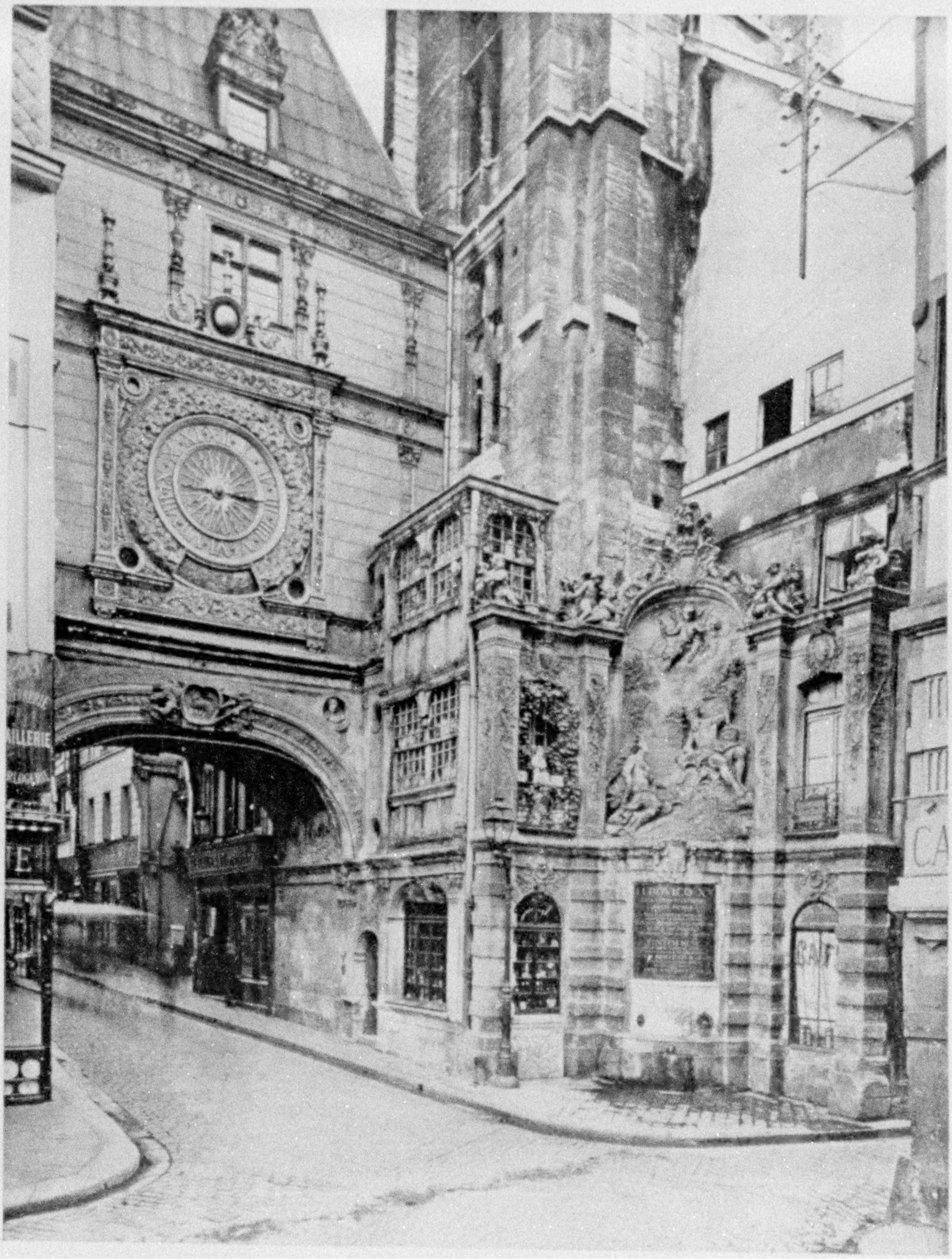


Photo by Arthur Stanley Riggs

IN THE CITY OF ROUEN, NORMANDY

The Street of the Great Clock, which dates from the sixteenth century. At the right, with Louis XV's fountain in its base, is the lofty bell tower, whence the silvery-throated Rouvel called the Rouennais together on many a memorable occasion (see page 402).

Did Joan ever see it, we wonder? And then there is the great sixteenth century Maison de Bourgthéroulde, with its exquisitely sculptured façade, the windows exceptionally effective and beautiful. On one wing are the famous historical panels picturing the celebrated meeting of Kings Henry VIII of England and Francis I of France on the Field of the Cloth of Gold. These are mere suggestions; Rouen is full of others no less interesting. Just off the broad, modern Rue Jeanne d'Arc a careful citizenry has gummed the Renaissance façade of an artisan's house to the stone wall of a big business building, that men may see how their fellow-workmen of four centuries ago lived, when "a man was proud not only of the house of his God, but of the house wherein he dwelt."

The city's great appeal, of course, is as a show place of magnificent ecclesiastical architecture. Certainly no one could think of the beauties of France without instantly visioning the country's astonishing array of these sacred edifices. They have to a very marked degree the characteristics of their locations, and are therefore in the same physical category as parts of France, as the mountains and plains, the rivers and trees, taken province by province. Geography has influenced them; foreign trade has had a part in their design; and, most of all, in the great Gothic cathedrals we find that Nature herself has been the model from which the inspiration that crystallized in them has been drawn.

CHURCHES OF ROUEN

The Cathedral of Rouen towers above the busy town as a memorial of creation. From its Tour de St. Romain, on the north side of the façade to the opposite Tour de Beurre—built largely with the money received for dispensations permitting the faithful to eat butter during Lent—the structure presents an architectural progression which typifies all the styles in vogue during the 400 years it was in process of construction. If you do not like this effect, you can always find a beautiful portal or window or capital at hand to admire; and right under the aged walls is the little flower market, where a glorious burst of kaleidoscopic hues wonderfully livens up the cold stones and gives a flashing contrast to the somber and curious Street of the Grocers, which opens out of the square.

After the cathedral, first in importance is the Church of St. Ouen, crested with that elegant central tower called the Crown of Normandy, gleaming with so many lofty stained-glass windows that it seems all one great jewel, and always ready, if you gaze into the holy-water font, to give you a glorious reflection of practically its entire interior—vaults, pillars, arches, and splendid windows. The smaller Church of St. Maclou is a veritable gem of the florid Gothic. Its builders had a new ideal and piled up a wonderfully captivating façade, curved outward, with five richly sculptured arches, growing in size and rising in height toward the center (see page 399).

Of the innumerable churches in Rouen, almost every one is to be visited for some personal peculiarity or beauty or for its historic associations. On the apse of St. Vincent a little salt porter recalls the right King Charles VI gave to the church in 1409 to take toll from every bag of salt that entered the city. Other churches are today but desecrated skeletons. Here one is inches deep in the sticky lees of cheap red wine, with its profaned altar dripping as red as any sacrificial stone the Druids ever knew; yonder one still caring for man, but as an inn for the body instead of for the soul. And from the tower of one, whose nave echoes now to the dish-pan feet of splendid Percherons, the lonely figure of King David looks out over the transformed city and fingers his harp in silent regret.

WHERE JOAN OF ARC WAS TRIED

In a city whose history is so complex as that of Rouen, so full of the most astonishing violence, the centuries have naturally woven a spell of both beauty and romance about the ancient clock-tower and bridge grouped under the name of the Grosse Horloge. The bell-tower is something to look for in every French city as the symbol of popular sentiment. Quite as often as not the bell roused the people against their rulers; again it called them from behind their

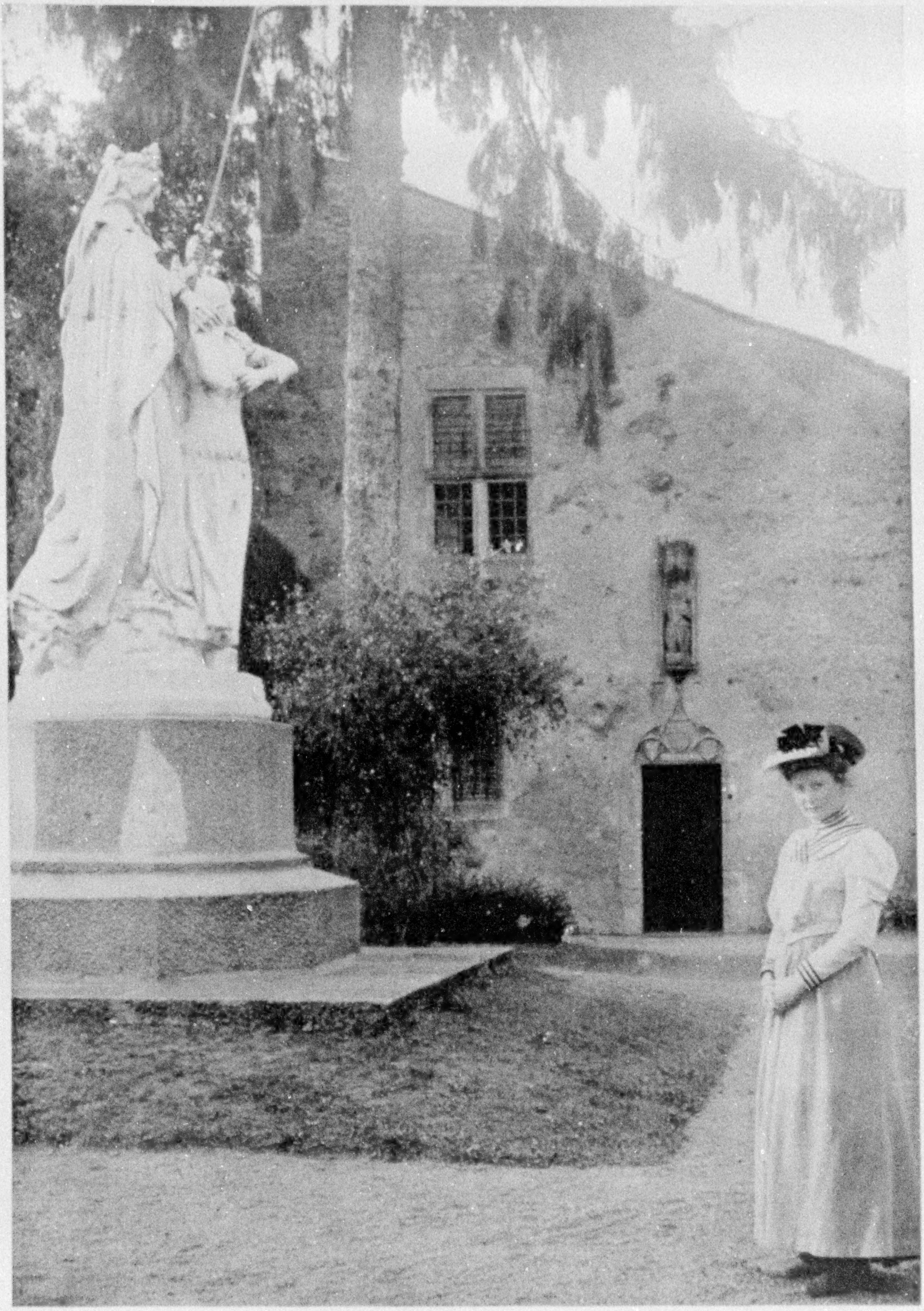
Photo and copyright by Underwood & Underwood

VINEYARDS COVERING SUNNY FIELDS IN THE CHAMPAGNE DISTRICT: FRANCE

counters and out of their beds to fight one another or a common enemy.

Their bells came to have souls to them as well as names, and French history is full of the picturesque parts they have played in those stormy times. The Rouen tower is ungainly beautiful, and its silvery bell, ancient Rouvel, one of the most famous in France. Below, in the center of the bridge that spans the busy street and resembles the Bridge of Sighs not a little, the Grosse Horloge, or Great Clock, still tells the time and a good deal more. But the most pleasing thing about the bridge is the arms of Rouen, a lamb bearing a cross over its shoulder, with one patté raised. What an emblem for a city of wool merchants whose enterprises were always on the go! (see page 400).

Interest of the same human sort centers in the stately flamboyant Gothic Palace of Justice, a building that has the majesty of a range of mountains and the beauty of genius in sculptured façades,



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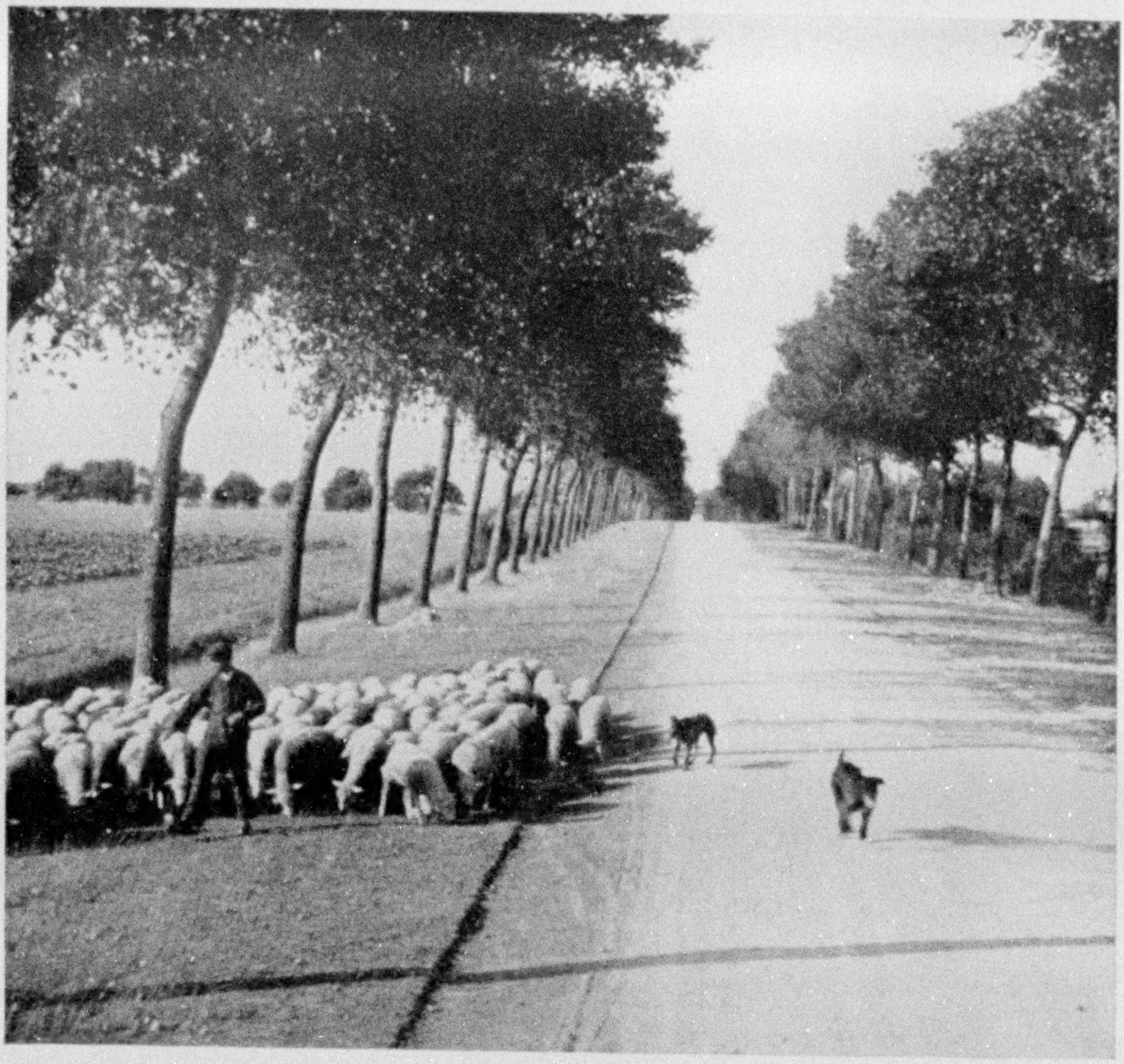
THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE MAID OF ORLEANS: DOMREMY, FRANCE

More than five hundred years ago Joan of Arc was born in this old house. Though considerably remodeled, it is essentially the same home in which her childhood and early youth were spent. The statue in the foreground was placed there in honor of her memory. History tells how this country girl, fired by heavenly visions of patriotic duty, inspired the Prince to royal courage, led the army into battle, drove out the English, secured the rightful sovereign's coronation at Rheims, and then—alas! for the weakened ingratitude of man—was given over by her own countrymen to the English, who burned her at the stake for a witch, at Rouen.

XUM



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LATE AFTERNOON ON A BEAUTIFUL ROAD NOT FAR FROM PARIS

"And the roads—royal highways, smooth as floors, bordered by endless processions of trees, as carefully tended and trimmed as if they were in a park. Like gaunt sentinels, they point out the road and its direction as far as the eye can reach, and rival in their erect precision the troops for whom the roads were originally built."

symmetrical turrets, and cassetted ceilings.

But deeper than all these lies our interest in the lonely tower of the city's former defenses, where Joan of Arc was tried for her life—and lost. The great, cone-topped cylinder is rugged and stalwart, a perfect—restored—picture of a defensive tower of medieval times, with its wooden hoardings and machicolations. Nearby slabs, in the pavement and upon the wall of the Old Market, mark the spot where the heroic maid paid for her patriotism by passing through the fire. And upon the hill of Bon Secours, beyond the city, a huge memorial to her crowns the height and looks down upon the silver-bosomed Seine.

BETWEEN ROUEN AND PARIS ON THE SEINE

In great arcs the river sweeps away to right and left past rich bottom-lands, checkered with cool, tender greens and warm russet browns. A whole archipelago of lovely little islands, seven of them, flecks the burnished mirror of the stream. Bushily they raise their green heads of balsamy pines and lacy poplars against the sky in delicate silhouettes,

A VIEW OF EIFFEL TOWER

When the first telegraphic message sped over the wire between Baltimore and Washington, the world exclaimed in the words of that message, "What has God wrought!" And yet as we contrast that feat with the recent one, in which the human voice carried from the tower of Arlington, Virginia, to the tower of Eiffel, and from Arlington to Honolulu, it seems almost as an every-day occurrence contrasted with a miracle.

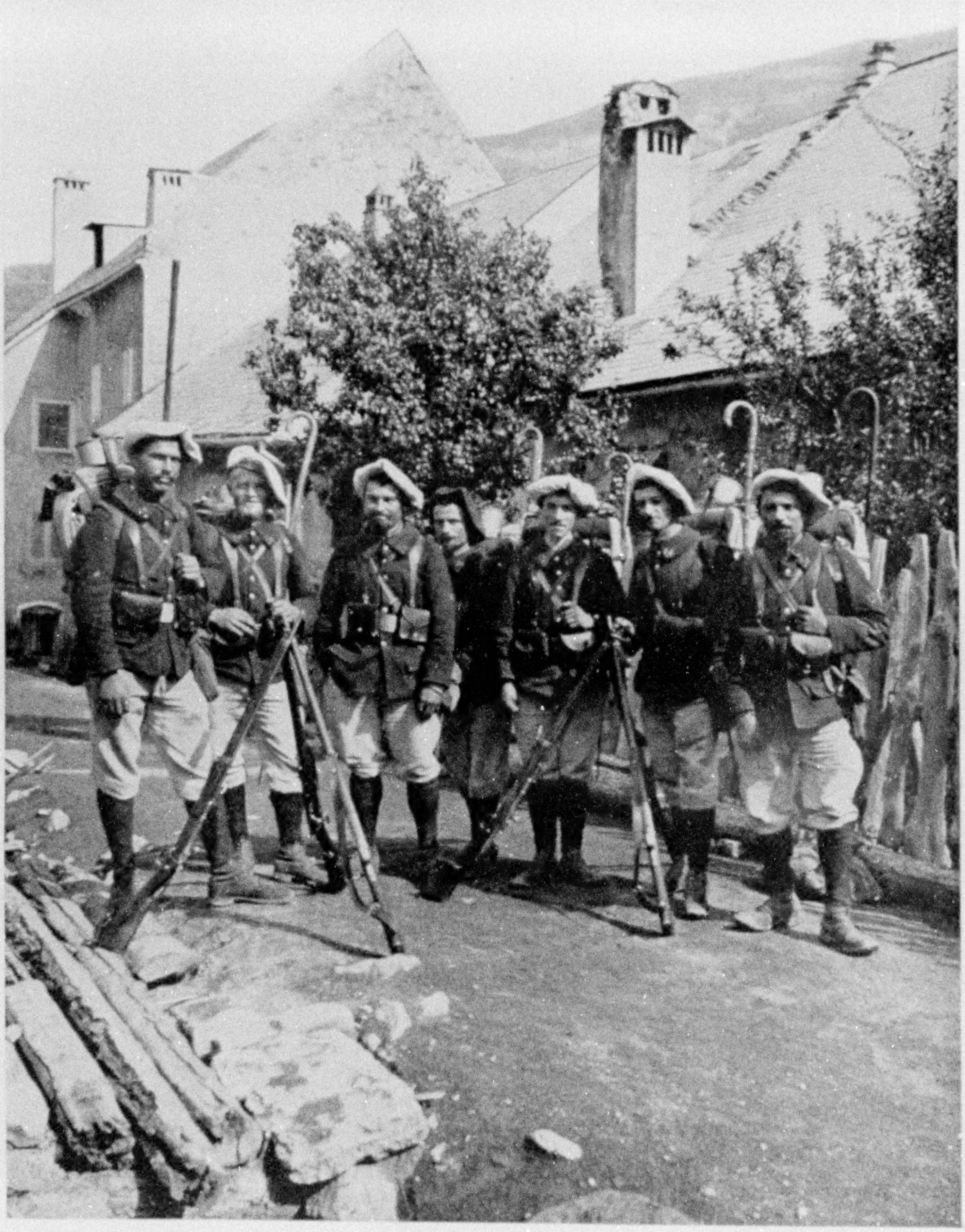


Photo by Donald McLeish

FRENCH CHASSEURS DES ALPINS, DEFENDERS OF THE MOUNTAIN FRONTIERS OF FRANCE

No hardier soldiers are to be found anywhere than these mountaineers of the French Alps. Every one an expert mountain climber, every one accustomed to the perils of the avalanche and the precipice, they are men who know no fear and for whom death has no terrors.

and the long tows of river barges glide slowly past them like so many swollen sea-serpents.

But perhaps the loveliest spot in all the winding miles of beauty along the river between Rouen and Paris is Petit Andely. Ragged and shattered-looking, the stony hill rears proudly up above placid river and sleepy town, and squarely upon its crest looms the ruin of Richard the Lion Heart's Castle Gallant—a great, bursted keep and a few bits of massive wall. Once the castle flaunted its menacing leopard standards against the blue and white and gold of the Frankish skies; but that was before Philippe-Auguste stormed and smashed it, and smashed the townsfolk while he was doing it.

Now, ghostly and wan, the stark ruin shimmers upon its hill, with never a single spear to glint from keep or barbican. The spears are still growing far below—the stout young poplars on river bank and island sentineling through golden days when the river is gleaming jade; in the fiery sunsets, when it mirrors back every sturdy limb and feathery frond, and all the silent blue nights, when the stars bend crackling down to whisper and coquette and the ripples chuckle softly against the rich brown banks.

Nature was in no gentle mood when she retched up along the Breton coasts great blocks of granite. Greatest of them all, Mont St. Michel towers above the flat country side and the treacherous quicksands of the shallow bay, whose inrushing tides come white-lipped and ruthless to foam at its feet, raging but impotent.

THE FORTRESS-ABBEY OF ST. MICHEL

In those creative days that we call the Middle Ages, man could not see such a magnificent site go unoccupied—and lo! the upper half of the rock came to life in one of the most wondrous and inspiring religious edifices the world has ever seen, the beautiful, militant fortress-abbey of St. Michel, thrusting its slender spire skyward in an effort to pierce to heaven itself. No written word can image the daring, the grace, the consummate artistry of the massive pile, at once a part of the rock and yet perfectly apart from it—a work of man that has all the majesty of the work of Nature herself.

Beneath the great, spreading wings of the abbey nestle the narrow, high-walled, tenement-like houses—so many chicks about their mother; and hidden away among the rocky terraces, here in an angle of the abbey walls, there behind houses or hotels, the most amazing little gardens gladden eye and heart. They burn with multicolored flowers and they fruit in season. Their cherries and figs are famous and their shade trees give grateful shelter; but it is the beauty of the gardens most of all and the strangeness of finding them here, springing from the barren rock, that makes them quite as wonderful and inspiring as the towering abbey itself (see page 452).

Another great rock at the water's edge—but this time low and flat—bears up the old walled city of St. Malo, quaint, unspeakably dirty, and picturesqueness itself. Clear to the third story of the houses rise the walls, from which the slippery streets appear as dim, wet, haunted canyons, unusually curious, especially when at the end the huge and ornate spires of the cathedral dwarf everything else with their imperious bearing. But somehow St. Malo never seems Breton, perhaps, because so many English vacationists make it their rendezvous.

BRITTANY, THE PURITAN PROVINCE

The real Brittany is an open, windthreshed, compelling country of gray and green, a hardy province able to withstand the buffeting of the sea and its gales, inhabited by a race who fear only God and the sea, but man not at all. They live in and by the sea—and the sea by them. Their clouds of blue nets hang high in the sun from gleaming brown mast and yard in the harbor of Douarnénez, the symbol of their victories. And in the nave of many a little country church throughout Brittany the Sea has her symbol—a waiting catafalque.

The Breton takes his religion with the seriousness of a Puritan. All over France crosses rise by the waysides, where the peasant may pour out his simple soul in prayer and forget for one refreshing mo-

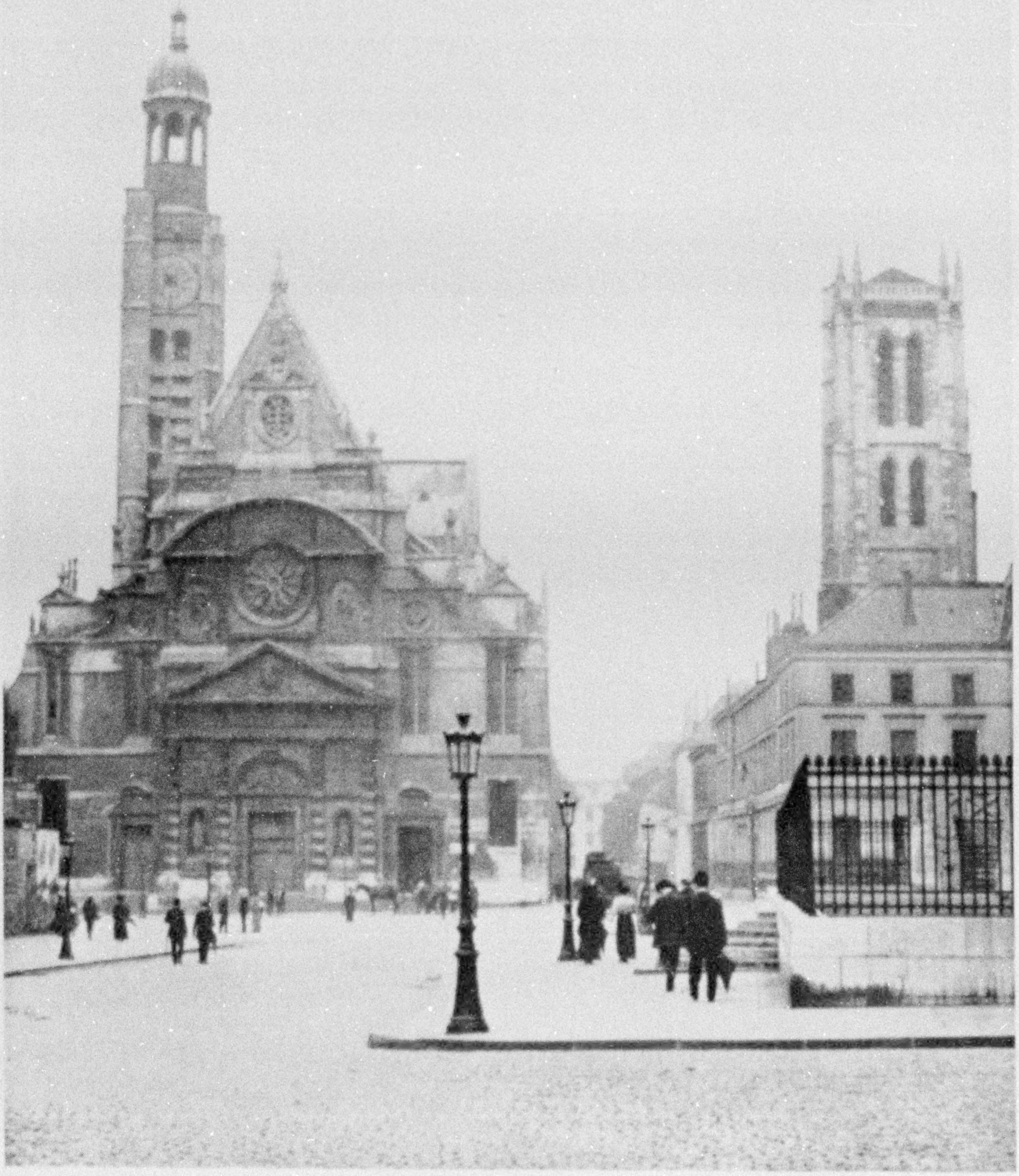


Photo by Emil P. Albrecht

ST. ETIENNE-DU-MONT: PARIS

"And as for Paris, who does not know her beauties?—the beautiful quays by the smooth-flowing river, the magnificent bridges, the majestic tree-lined boulevards, the arcaded streets, the narrow, twisty, black little alleys; the illustrious buildings of every age, the stately triumphal arches, the incomparable parks; and on the Ile de Cité, the gem and heart of all France, the towering sublimity of Notre Dame."

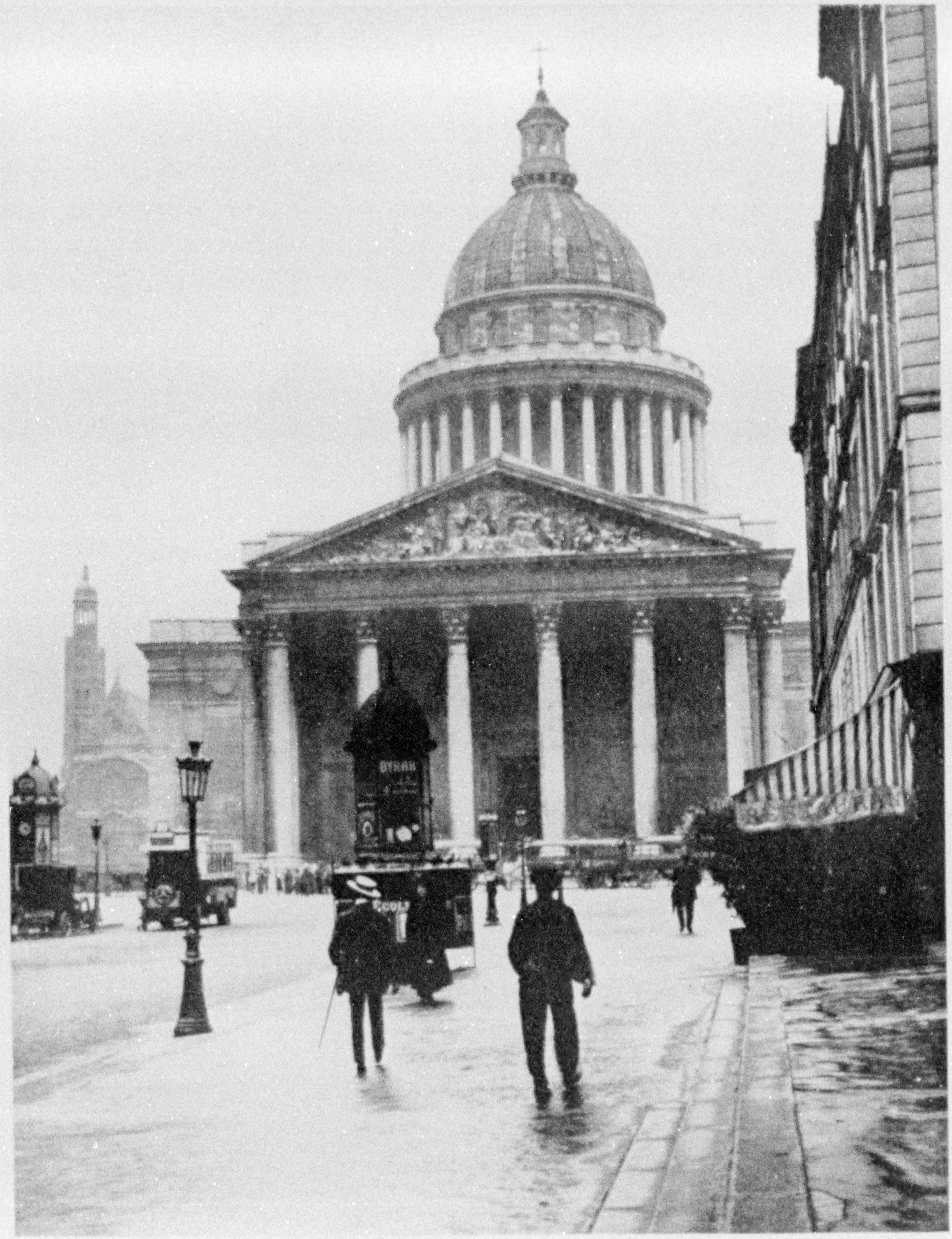


Photo by Emil P. Albrecht

A FRENCH VALHALLA: THE PANTHÉON, PARIS

Standing over the tomb of St. Genevieve, the patron saint of Paris, the Panthéon is one of the noble buildings of a noble city. First a church, it was transformed into a temple of fame for the burial of the nation's great men in 1791, when Mirabeau's body was borne there, followed during the same year by that of Voltaire. After fifteen years it was transformed into a church again, remaining such until 1830, when it became a temple of fame once more, with the words, "To great men by a grateful country," inscribed upon its pediment. Once more it was transformed into a church in 1851, remaining a place of worship until 1885, when it was secularized again for the obsequies of Victor Hugo.

XUM

Photo by Arthur Stanley Riggs

A MISSING LINK OF THE FRENCH RIVER SYSTEM

The canals of France might be called the missing links between the great river systems. They afford exceptional facilities for transportation of slow and heavy freights from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic, besides giving their own peculiarly placed touch of beauty to many a lovely landscape, north and south.

KNITTING FOR FATHER AND BROTHER IN THE TRENCHES: NORTHERN FRANCE

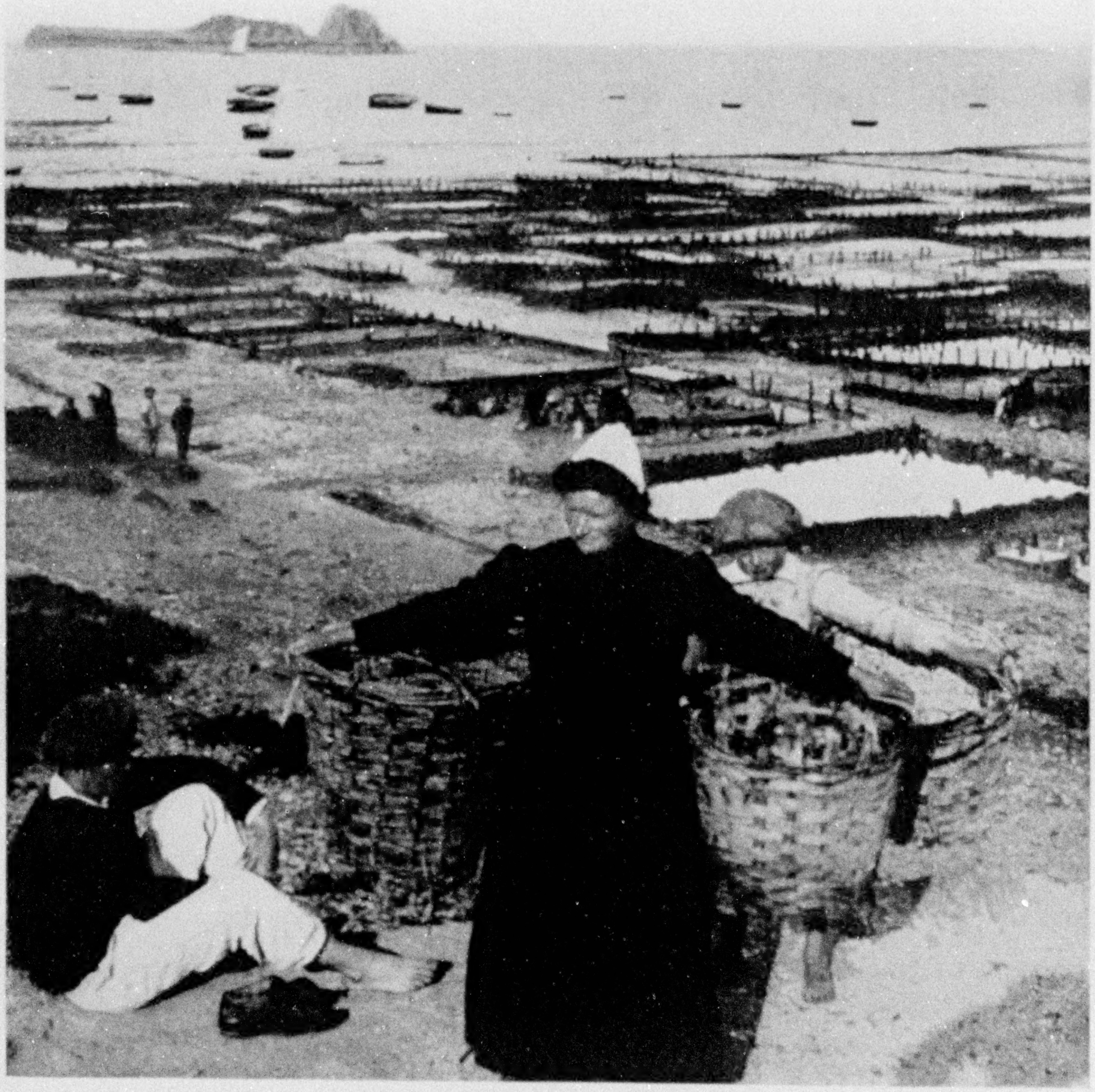
ment the burden and heat of the day; and in Dauphiné there are miniature crosses, even in the fields, for the birds; but in Brittany the cross is often a great Calvary, with the figure of the Christ crucified between the thieves. Sometimes, as at Pleyben, it surmounts a structure like a Roman triumphal arch.

At Plougastel the most wonderful specimen of all has a great pedestal covered with curiously rustic figures which speak the patois of the people and portray the story of the Passion on the sloping ground of Golgotha, while below them the beautiful high-relief frieze supplements the more striking details with its quieter scenes. By cross-road and in churchyard these weird monuments give a bizarre touch that is unforgettable. These calvaries are no mere matter of architecture, either; they stand for the people. The churches themselves throughout the province are relatively simple and austere. It is the human side of Brittany, the quaint, artless, undemonstrative people and their customs and costumes that claim attention most of all.

QUAINT PENITENTIAL SERVICES

The pardons, those penitential services to which the people come to be purged of sin, are amazing demonstrations of faith and superstition—and wonderful costumes. Every town or region has its own variation of costume and colors, and a pardon crowd is as brilliant and full of contrast as a cloud of butterflies. Some of the women's costumes — heirlooms, every one — are exceedingly rich and costly.

Those of Pont l'Abbé and Quimper are of fine black broadcloth, banded heavily with black velvet. The tight bodice is ablaze in front with thick, heavy, brilliant embroidery — all done by old men — in vivid crimsons, gold, orange, salmon, blues, and greens. Over the full skirt is



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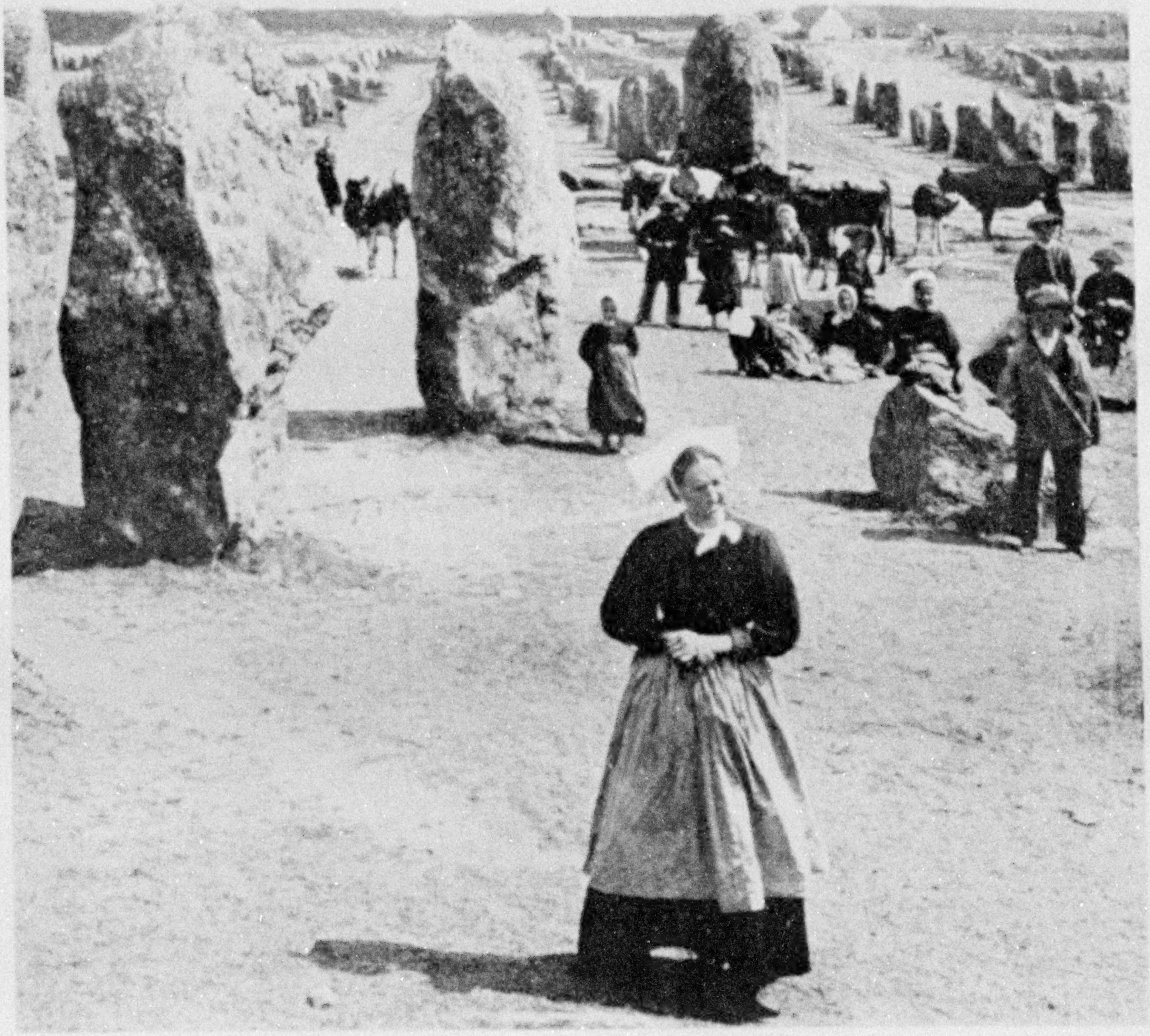
ACRES OF OYSTER-BEDS AT CANCALE, FRANCE

Cancale is a town of 7,000 inhabitants, set up above the waves, but living by the sea. Its leading industry is oyster farming, and those of Cancale enjoy a wide reputation throughout France for their delicious flavor. The oyster-beds cover a total area of 430 acres and are an example of what the intensive cultivation of the bivalve can produce.

a fine silken apron of delicate lavender, green, pink, or cream, exquisitely embroidered. But it is the *bigouden*, or head-dress, that is most remarkable—a tight brown straw casque over the forehead and crown, broad black velvet earmuffs and bands, and a touch of filmy white.

Even the littlest children are in costume on pardon days, and the tinier they are the droller they look, though not so droll as papá, with his baggy gray or blue trousers, short jacket, embroidered clerical-style vest, and shovel beaver, with two long black velvet ribbons dangling down his back. There are other costumes in Brittany which are prettier, but none so characteristic.



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FAMOUS AISLES OF STONE MADE BY PREHISTORIC MEN: CARNAC, FRANCE

"In even rows, the stones—from 4 to 16 feet in height—stretch across the desolate gray moor literally by the thousand. What story do they tell? Was this the burial ground of a nation? Do these unresponsive monuments hide the untold tale of a terrible field of blood and the wiping out of an army of thousands?" (see text, page 419).

THE MARRIAGE MART AT PONT L'ABBÉ

Pont l'Abbé has an amusing side-show to its pardon in the marriage mart that draws its own interested crowd. Any young woman who wishes a husband poses against the churchyard fence with her similarly wistful sisters, and lovelorn swains march up and down the line, inspecting with the sheepish gravity the occasion requires. Once suited, however, the Breton views his new property as a little less valuable than one of his great "beefs," or steers.

The weddings themselves are vastly more human and interesting than our own, and in them all the childlike gaiety of a simple and unaffected people comes out spontaneously. The dual ceremony—in church and town hall—once over, the newlyweds and their attendant friends

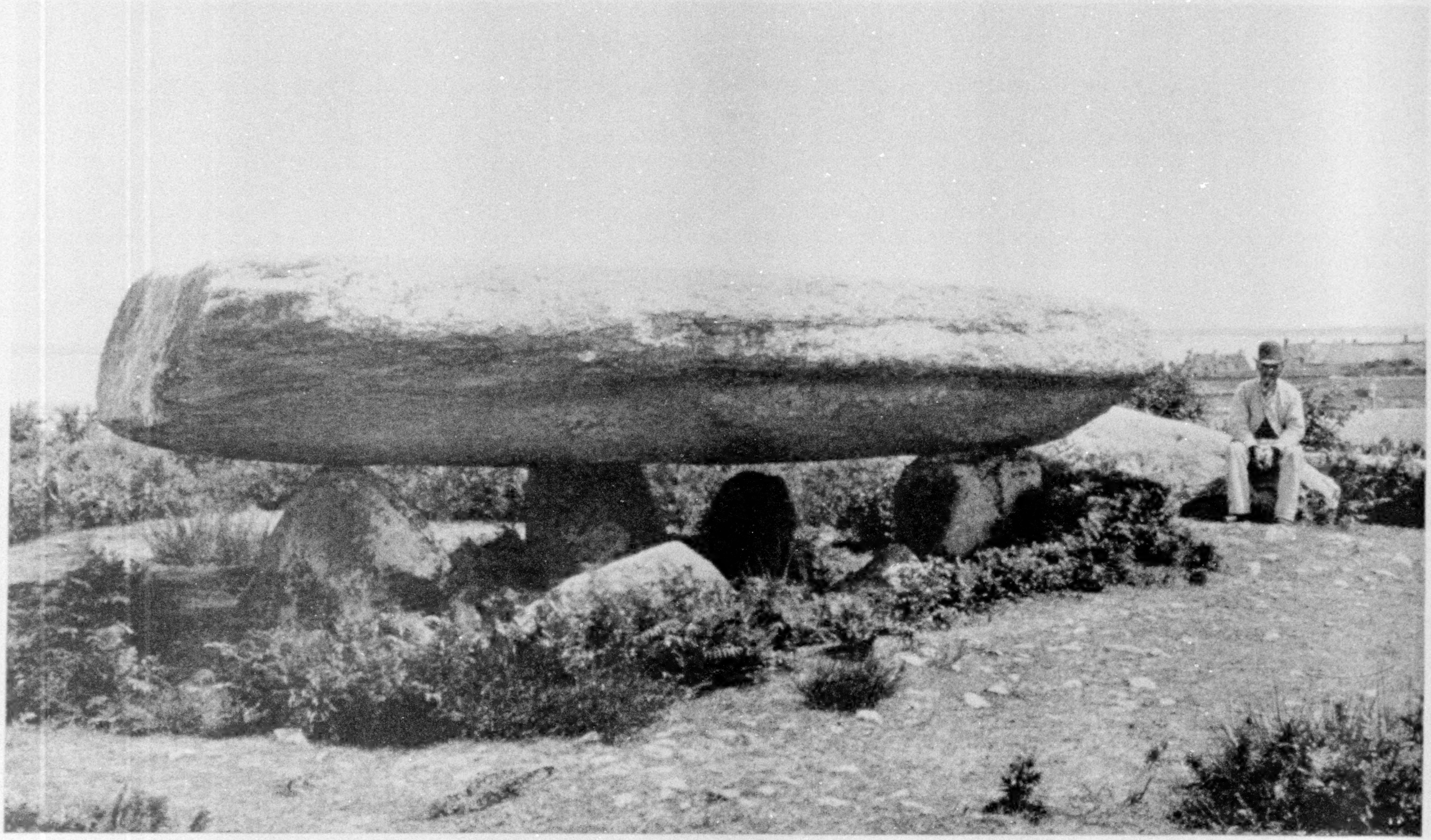
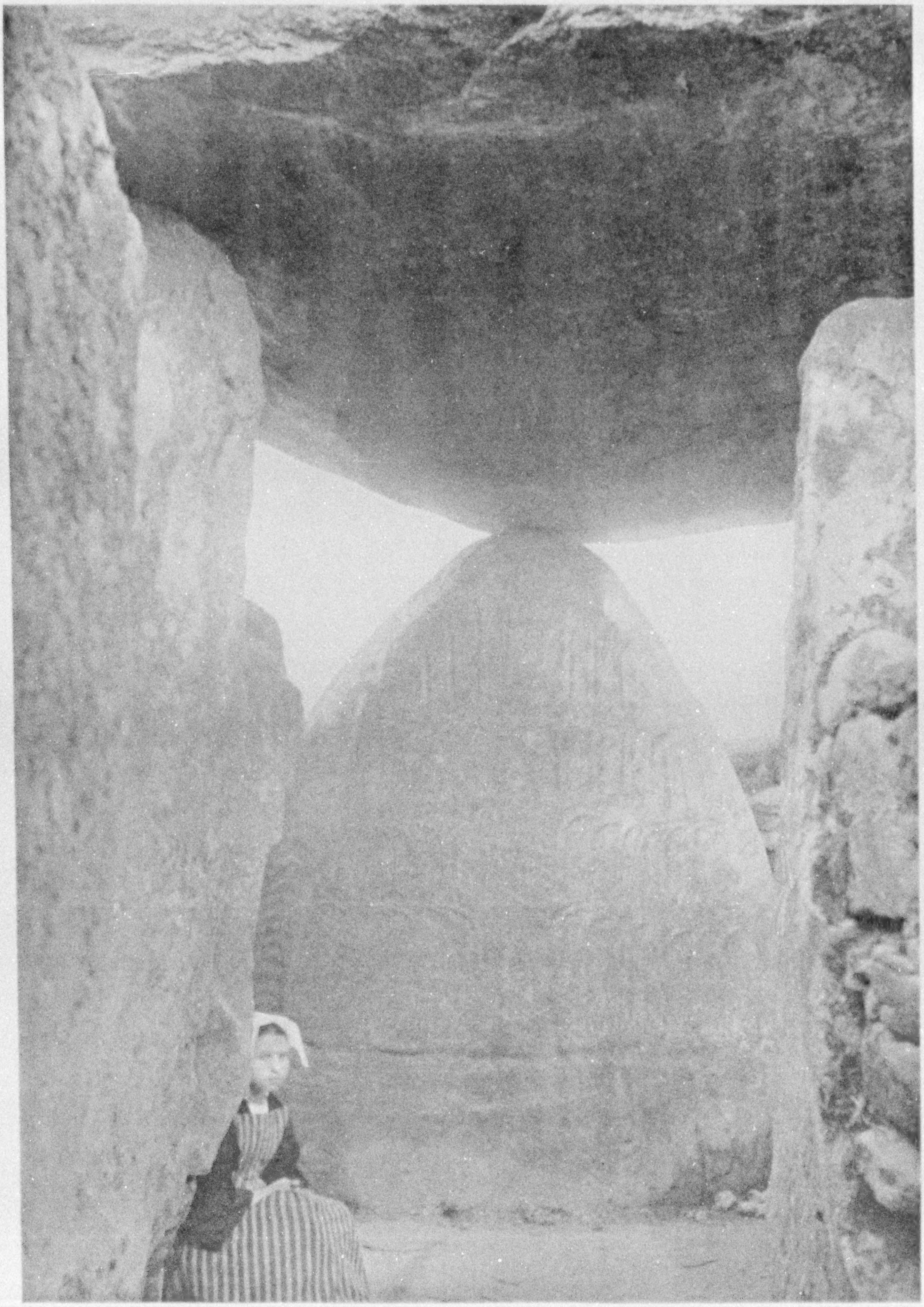


Photo by Arthur Stanley Riggs

THE DOLMEN, KNOWN AS THE MERCHANTS' TABLE: LOCMARIAQUER, BRITTANY

For generations men looked upon these striking structures as of Druid origin. More recent researches have led archæologists to conclude that they were burial vaults of the Megalithic period



THE INTERIOR OF THE MERCHANTS' TABLE (SHOWN ON THE PRECEDING PAGE): LOCHMARIAQUER, BRITTANY

"France possesses many menhirs (long stones) and dolmens (stone tables), and the very finest are in this locality. One, the Men-er-Hroeck, or Stone of the Fairies, the largest in the world, was nearly 70 feet in height and weighed about 342 tons. It was overthrown by the elements, and there is something very sad about this huge stone monolith, now shattered and prostrate upon the ground" (see text, page 419).

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER: NORTHERN FRANCE

The country that closed its churches during the French Revolution has never been entirely without a rural folk with as pure a faith as the world affords

march out into the street by couples, and often enjoy a dance in front of the cathedral or church where the religious ceremony has taken place; and the music is furnished, of all things, by the bagpipes. The Breton has a more euphonious name for that instrument of torture. He calls it the *binious*, but it sounds quite as villainous when it skirls as any Scot pipe ever can.

After the dance in the street, when there is one, the procession forms again, led by the pipers, and goes merrily off to the home of the bride for a wedding feast; but, before they enter, the guests shake up a very satisfactory appetite in a dance curiously like the Catalan Sardanas as it is still seen in Barcelona, Spain.

A BRETON WEDDING DANCE

With the pipers, smock-frocked and beribboned, standing in the rear, the wedding guests join hands, with the bride and groom in a huge circle, and begin to sway about in an interesting sort of adults' ring-around-a-rosy. The steps are very complicated, each dancer not only moving about the periphery of the circle, but also executing a solo dance of an exceedingly lively cadence as he does so. The effect is very pleasing. Investigation developed the fact that the dance is believed to have had a Druid origin as a ceremonial thanksgiving, which, in the course of centuries, came to be used as an hymeneal dance only.

Another occasion for their gathering, the cattle market, is no butterfly affair, and though the men wear rusty old shovel hats with twin tails, the clothing of both men and women is of coarse, heavy cloth, and the women wear plain white caps. My observation is that the cattle fairs are more social than commercial. They are

ALL FRANCE BATTLES THAT THE NATION MAY BE FREE

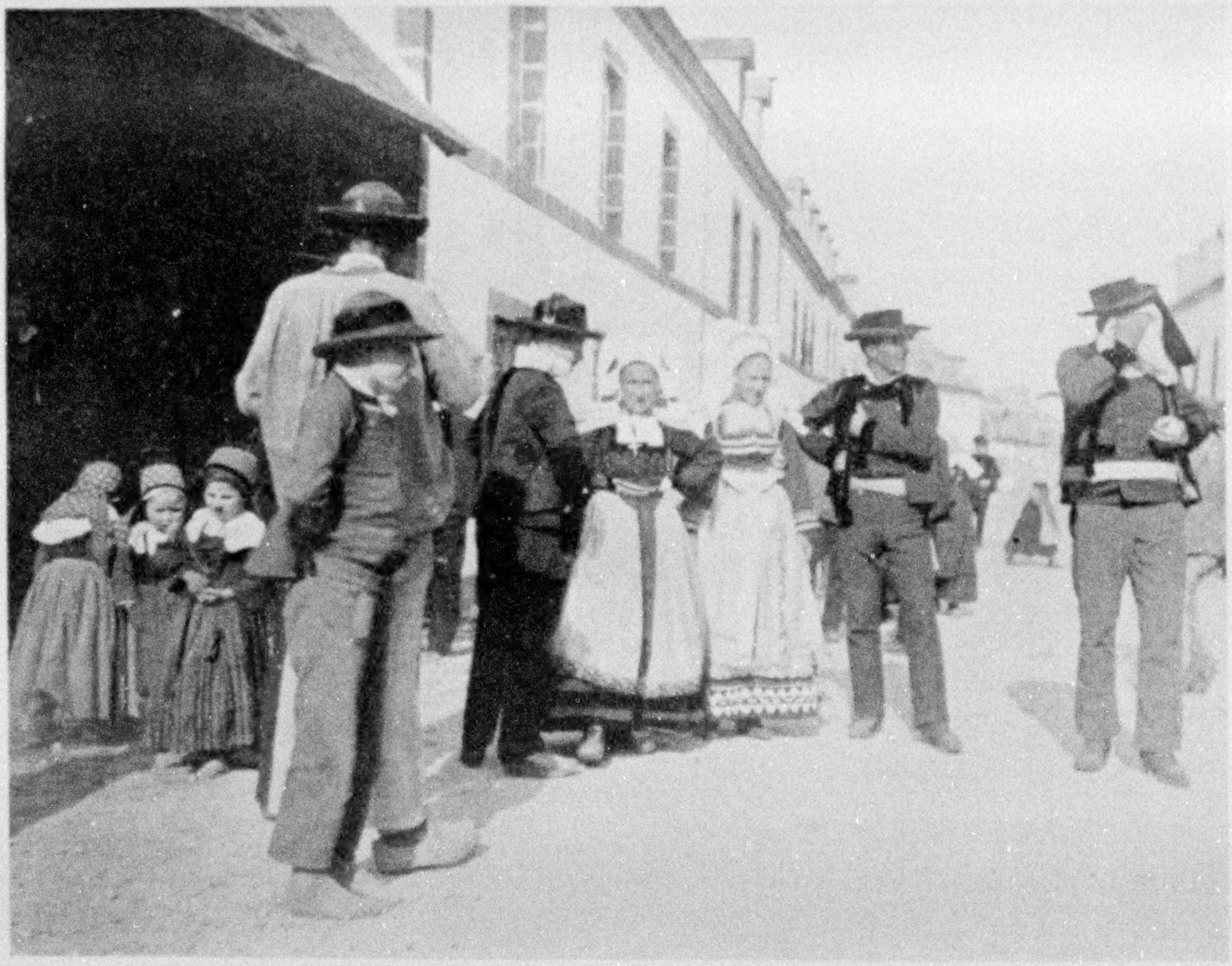
Never was there a more wonderful example of a nation at war than the France of 1915 affords. Even great-grandmothers are not so old as to fail to contribute their share to the mobilization of all the forces of the nation for the support of the firing line.

often held in a "Scotch mist," that takes the heart out of everybody but the inhabitants, who are used to it, and turns the roads and the fair grounds into gluey yellowish-gray sloughs. The buyers and sellers sit around on the fences, or on old jute bags on the wet ground in the shelter of a wall, or stand out in the mud, cheerfully gossiping, and now and then talking cow or pig. Little pigs are for sale in the markets by the firkins-full. The canny housewife makes her selection, tucks the uproarious little fellow tightly under an arm, and goes contentedly off with the squealing pig.

WHERE PIG, FOWL, AND FAMILY DWELL TOGETHER

The Breton is not noted for his domestic cleanliness. In plain words, many of the peasant houses are so filthy one hesitates to set foot in them. Floored with dirt and roofed with straw, often they consist of one room only, where the sturdy family cooks, eats, and sleeps, along with whatever small animals they happen to have. The fowls are very friendly neighbors, who run in and out continually. The pigsty is frequently under the same roof as the family.

The huge fireplace, big and roomy enough to roast a whole sheep easily, is full of cranes and hooks and spits. Down one side of the room range the beds, which, more than anything else, look like closets, mounted upon deep chests which contain the precious costumes for fête and pardon. The Breton clambers into the open mouth of the closet over one mountainous feather mattress, covers



A VILLAGE SCENE IN BRITTANY

"The real Brittany is an open, wind-threshed, compelling country of gray and green, a hardy province able to withstand the buffeting of the sea and its gales, inhabited by a race who fear only God and the sea, but man not at all. They live in and by the sea—and the sea by them" (see text, page 407).

himself with another, pulls the sliding wooden doors or the very substantial curtains to, after him, and proceeds to prove false every hygienic theory of the scientists. Some of these beds are most elaborately carved and decorated. When, in a curio shop in Quimper, I asked what any American would want with such a dubious *objet d'art*, the Breton woman in charge replied that these beds made excellent bookcases for American houses when a carpenter has put a few shelves in them (see page 423).

The towns have their share of curious old houses—some carved, some curiosities in an architectural way, and some with unusual personal features, like the top-heavy, tipsy-looking "House of Gilles and his Wife," at a busy corner in Vannes. Fat and stubby effigies of the good burgher and his spouse lean out smilingly from the corner of the second story above the unquiet street and watch the throngs of passers-by with good-humored interest.

It must not be judged that Brittany has no castles, and that its rare charms are wholly simple. Such a magnificent château as Josselin, with its great, fortress-like turrets rising from the water, its beautiful inner court, and its vine-covered ancient walls, is a splendid example of the grand home as the antipode of the simpler one. Sucinio, ruined and desolate now, is another reminder of baronial splendor and an historic spot as well.

PREHISTORIC BRETON MEMORIALS

In southern Brittany, especially at Locmariaquer and Carnac, in the Morbihan, we can go back into prehistoric times and find human egotism and the love of praise and memorials just as keen among primi-

BEAUTIES OF BRITTANY

tive men as they are today among the most civilized. France possesses many menhirs (long stones) and dolmens (stone tables), and the very finest are in this locality. The standing columns, or menhirs, are in the nature of simple monuments. One, the Men-er-Hroeck, or Stone of the Fairies, the largest in the world, at Locmariaquer, was nearly 70 feet in height and weighed about 342 tons. It was overthrown by the elements, and there is something very sad about this huge stone monolith, now shattered and prostrate upon the ground of what was once a hallowed spot (pp. 413-415).

Carnac is perhaps the most remarkable place in the world for these prehistoric monuments. In even rows, the stones—from 4 to 16 feet in height — stretch across the desolate gray moor literally by the thousand. What story do they tell? Was this the burial ground of a nation? Do these unresponsive monuments hide the untold tale of a terrible field of blood and the wiping out of an army of thousands?

The dolmens are simply long, rough slabs of stone, supported by a row of vertically placed slabs at each side and the rear. Under this huge table a pas-

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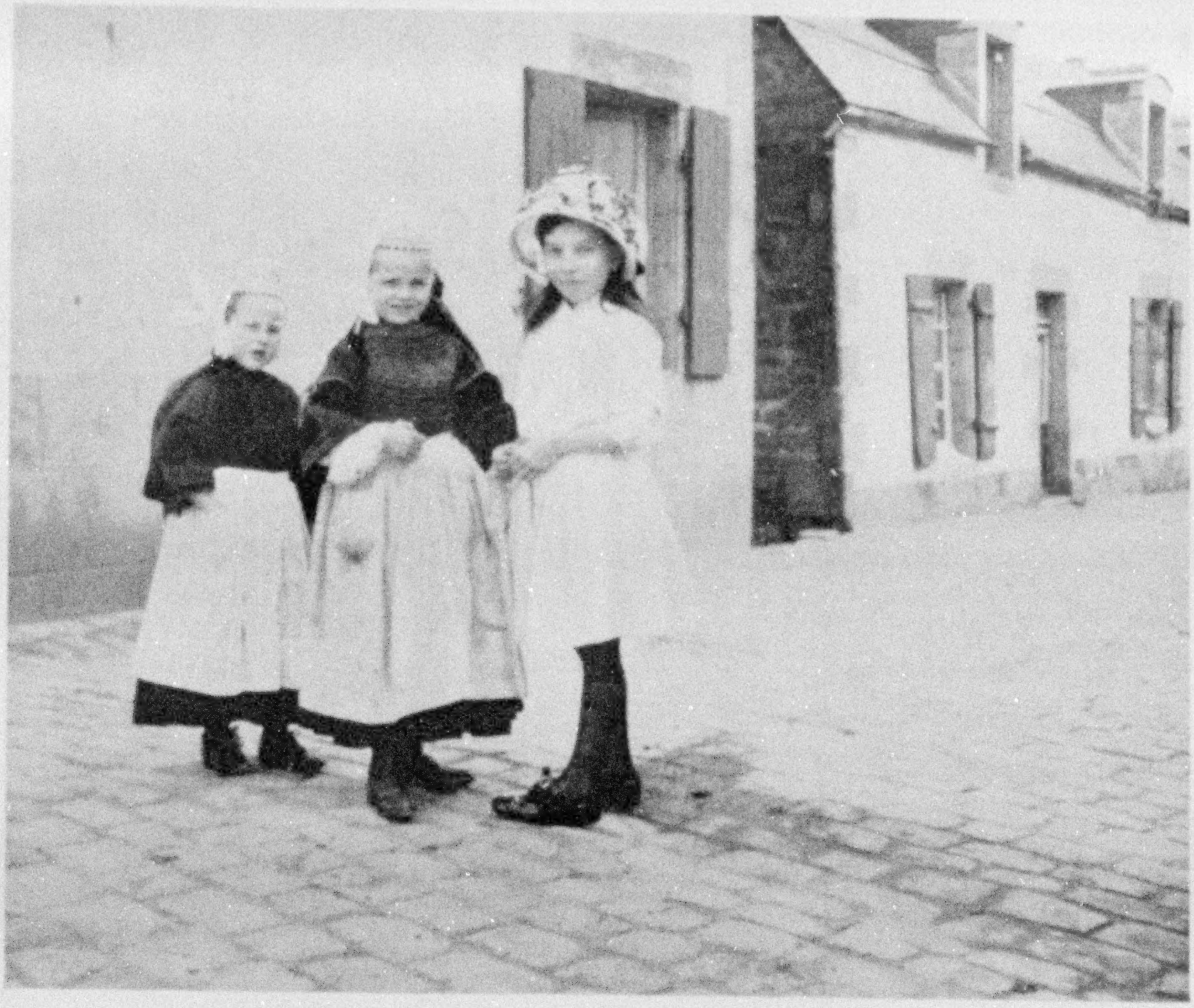

Photo by Arthur Stanley Riggs

LITTLE GIRLS OF PONT L'ABBÉ: BRITTANY

"Even the littlest children are in costume on pardon days, and the tinier they are the droller they look." The beautiful Bigouden costumes are gradually giving way to the meaningless modern dress (see text, page 412).

sageway and a vault have been excavated, and the researches of the archæologists have proved conclusively that these curious structures were neither Druid altars nor religious in their significance at all, as at first thought, but merely family or tribal burial vaults. Here and there, on the inner side of the end stone, one finds a wonderful inscription in wavy characters like snake trails—a language of the past, clear and distinct, yet unreadable—a puzzle as deep as the mystic inscriptions of Mexico and Central America.

SUNNY-TEMPERED ANGERS

Although Angers, the great city of the ancient province of Anjou, used to be called Black Angers, there is today no brighter, more attractive town north of the Loire. It is a city that has not only fine modern boulevards and buildings replacing its ancient walls, but a perfect wealth of architectural relics that keep its historic past always in mind—churches, half-obscured arches and reliefs, towers, and especially beautiful old houses, whose mere visages whisper of romance. And the women of Angers, even when they take the places of dogs in hauling carts about the streets, are sunny-tempered and pleasant-faced, as though hard work neither sours nor wearies them (p. 435).

Through the city runs the muddy, sprawling serpent of the River Maine, and dominating it bulks the low mass of the thirteenth century castle, one of the most impressive and imposing strongholds in France, notwithstanding most of its 17 towers have been beheaded and made level with the tremendous walls. The beauty of the castle today is that of age. Its stones are gray and hoary, and

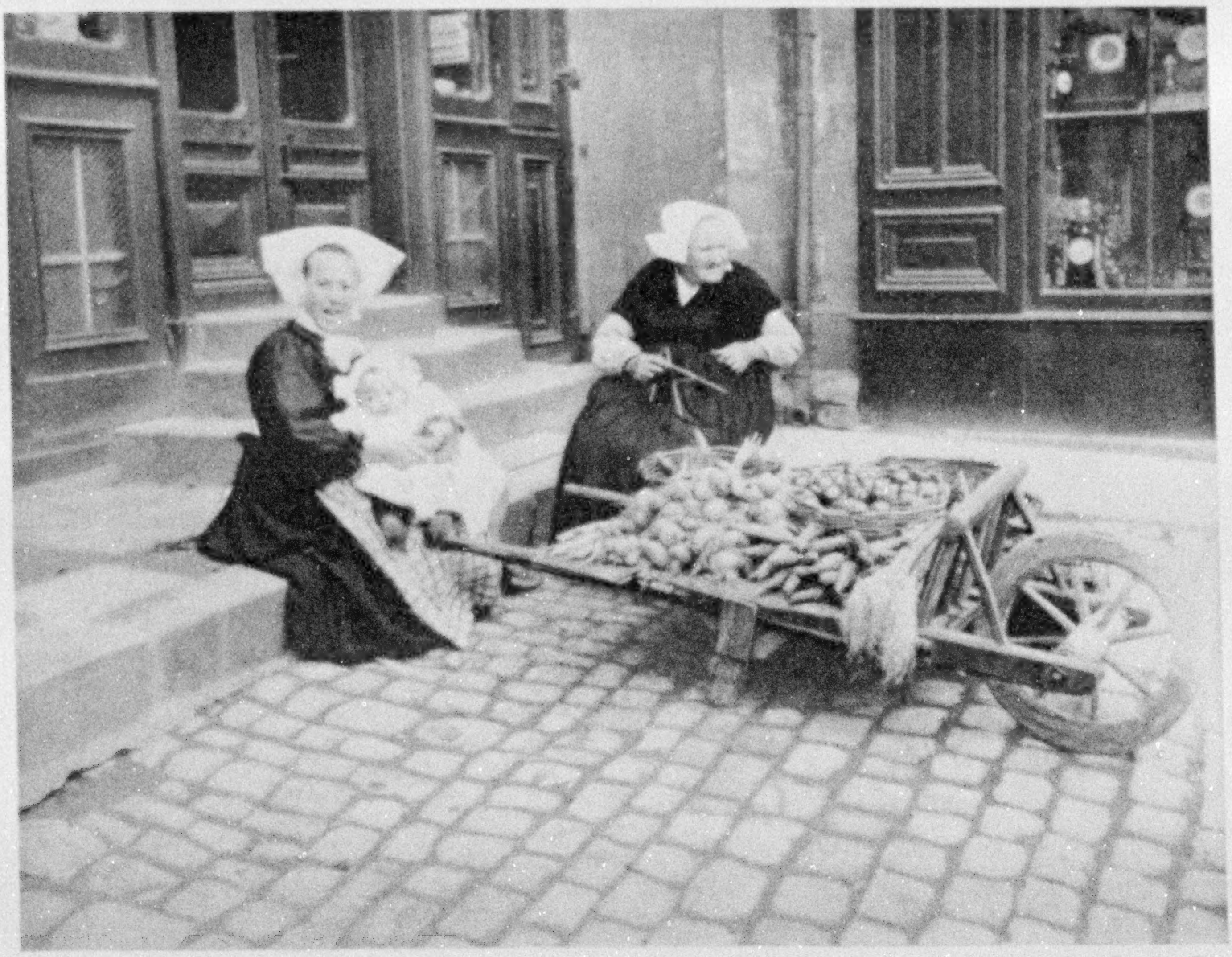

Photo by Arthur Stanley Riggs

A MARKET SCENE AT VANNES, BRITTANY

"These towns have their share of curious old houses, some carved, some curiosities in an architectural way, and some with unusual personal features, like the top-heavy, tipsy-looking 'House of Gilles and his Wife,' at a busy corner in Vannes. Fat and stubby effigies of the good burgher and his spouse lean out smilingly from the corner of the second story above the unquiet street and watch the throngs of passers-by with good-humored interest" (see text, page 418).

the drawbridge's thin line of communication is suggestive in the extreme of the slender means of communication between the classes and the masses of those unforgettable centuries (see page 436).

On one side the moat has been filled up to provide for a handsome modern boulevard, graced with trees and fine buildings, while at an angle of the pentagonal castle, in a large open square, stands a monument of Count René of Anjou, the most remarkable man his times produced. The beautiful bronze figure represents the unfortunate monarch in tilting armor. In the niches of the granite pedestal on all four sides are exquisite little figures, also in bronze, of several of the Fulks of Anjou, of René's two consorts, and of his daughter, the heroic Margaret of Anjou, with her little son, Prince Edward of England. The monument is the work of David d'Angers, of whom his fellow-townsmen are justly proud.

A COMELY PROVINCE

Poitou is a comely province, of soft and delicate coloring, tender azure skies, unhurried streams "that moving, seem asleep." The whole rich and fertile region is a tone-harmony, full of subtle shades of color. Among the furrows great oxen toil with bent heads and patient eyes—the "beefs" the peasant often values more than his easily replaced wife. They plow; they reap; they haul heavy burdens along the endless white roads. They even brighten up the unutterable dinginess of railway yards, as they pad softly back and forth, shunting freight cars.

Through the sweet-smelling grain fields

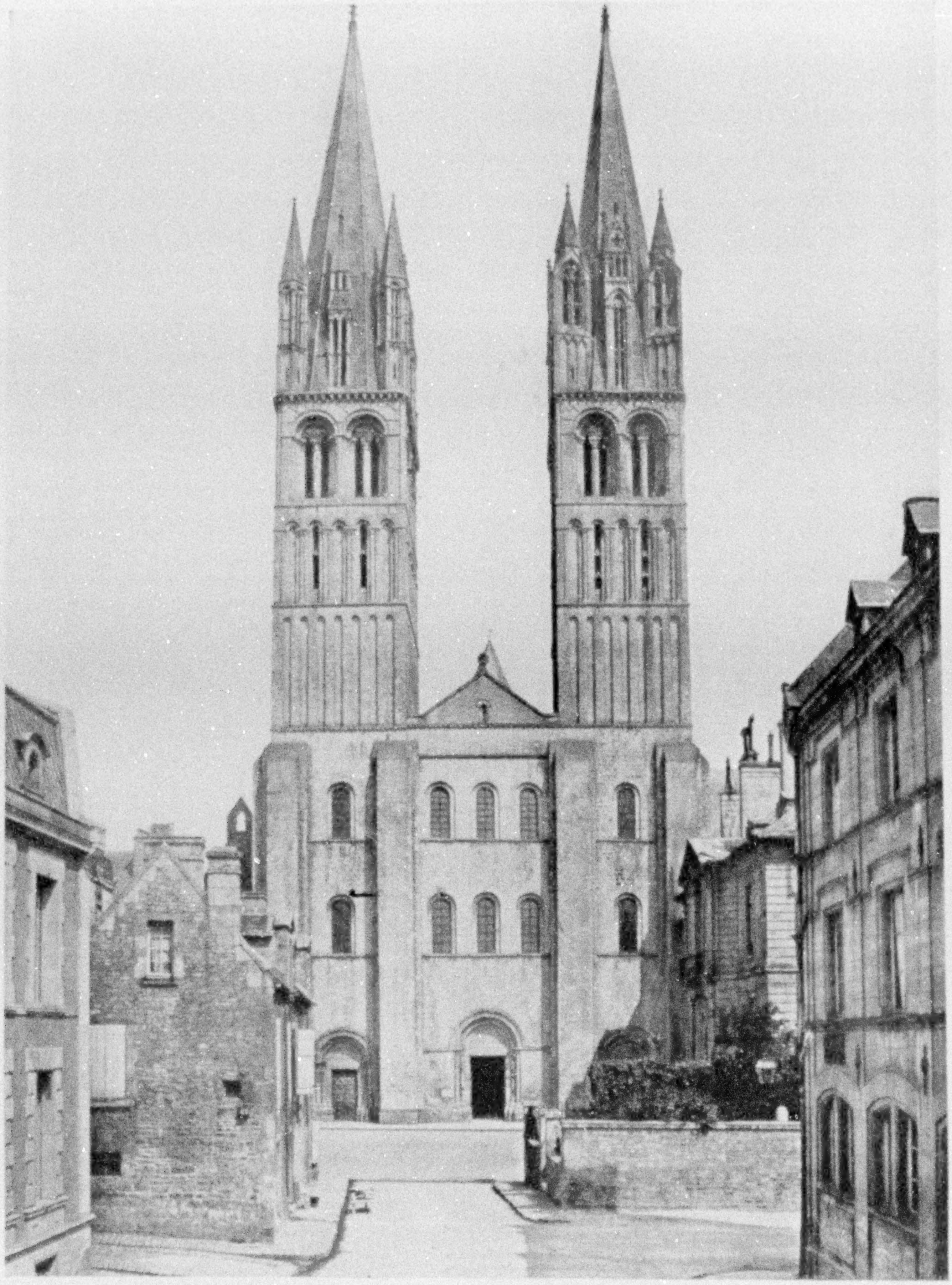

Photo by Arthur Stanley Riggs

A MEMORIAL OF REPENTANCE: CAEN, NORMANDY

The façade and spires of William the Conqueror's Abbey Church of St. Étienne (St. Stephen), built as his penance for breaking the canon law by marrying his cousin Matilda (see text, page 398).

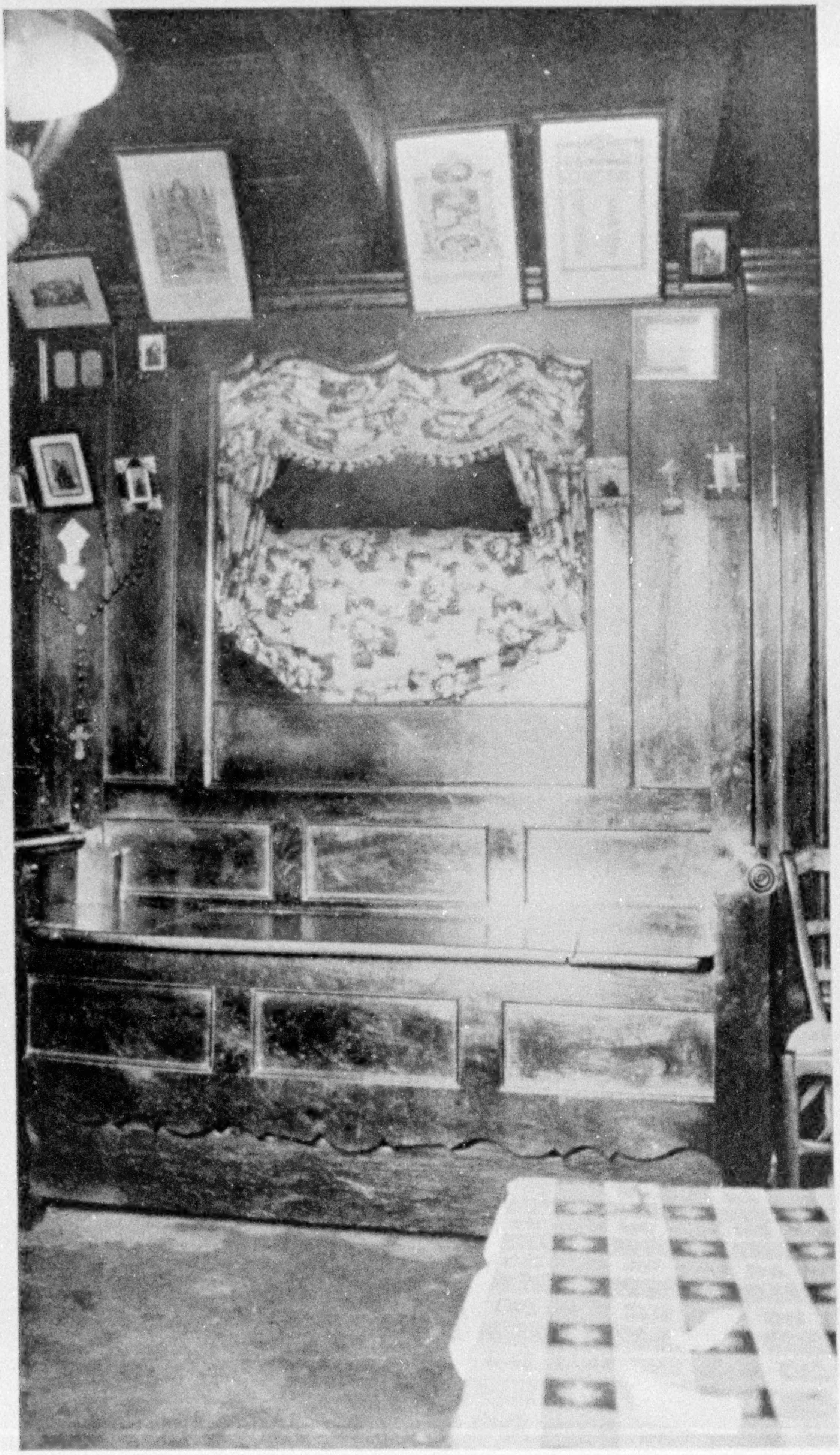

Photo by Arthur Stanley Riggs

A TYPICAL PEASANT'S BED IN BRITTANY

It is a sort of closet mounted upon a linen locker. The occupant climbs upon the mountainous feather mattresses, pulls the curtains or sliding doors tight shut, and goes to—suffocation. This bed was in a fisherman's house on the coast not far from St. Malo (see page 417).

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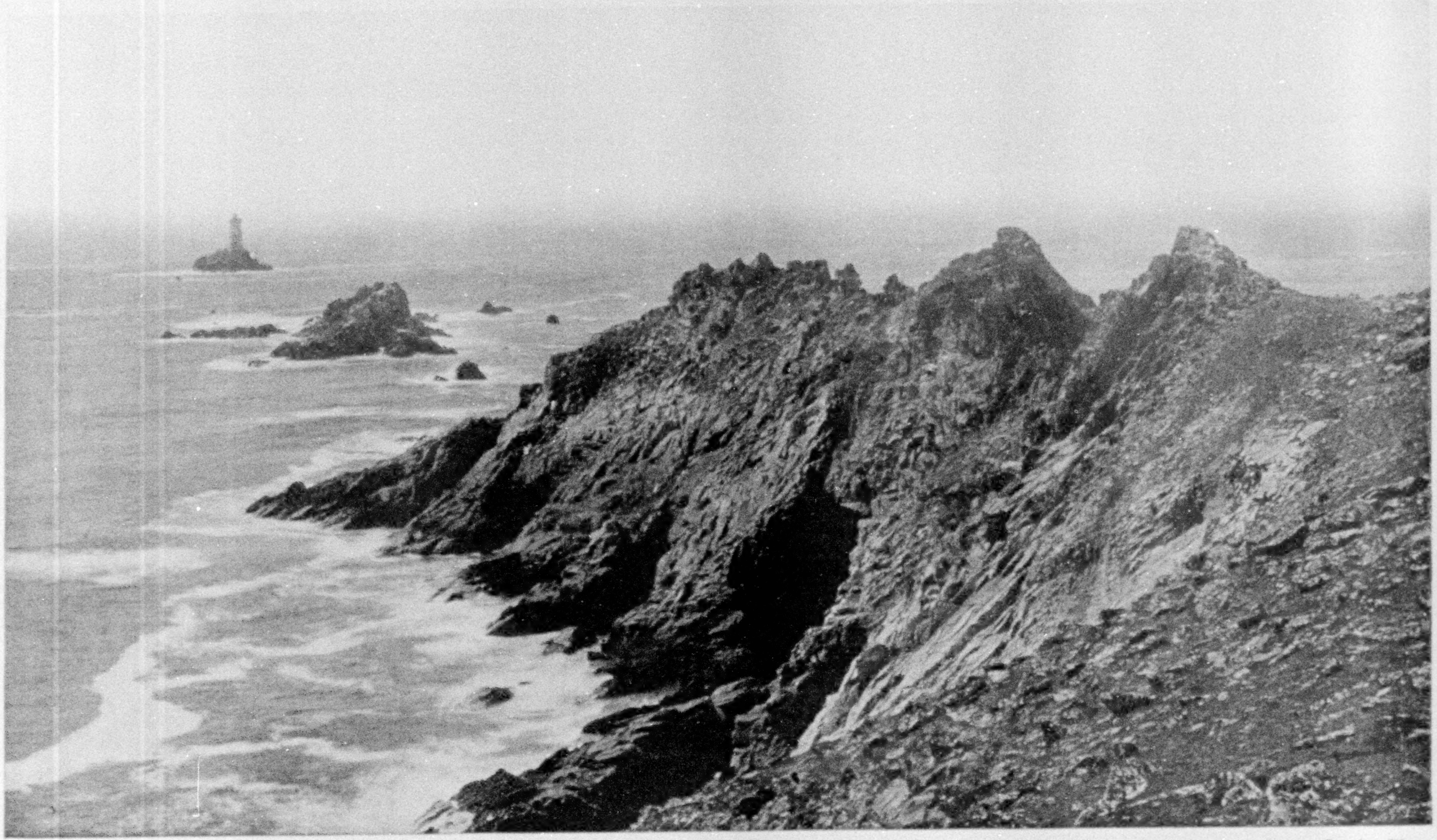

Photo by Arthur Stanley Riggs

INHOSPITABLE CLIFFS OF IRON ON THE SHORE OF BRITTANY

The coast of Brittany is very much indented, especially where it fronts upon the English Channel, and it is also very rocky and reef-bordered

Photo by Arthur Stanley Riggs

A SEA OF SAILS: DOUARNENEZ, BRITTANY

The fisherfolk of Brittany are a hardy, sturdy race, and while they have never brought the steam trawler into service to the extent that Great Britain has, their catch is still an important food resource for France

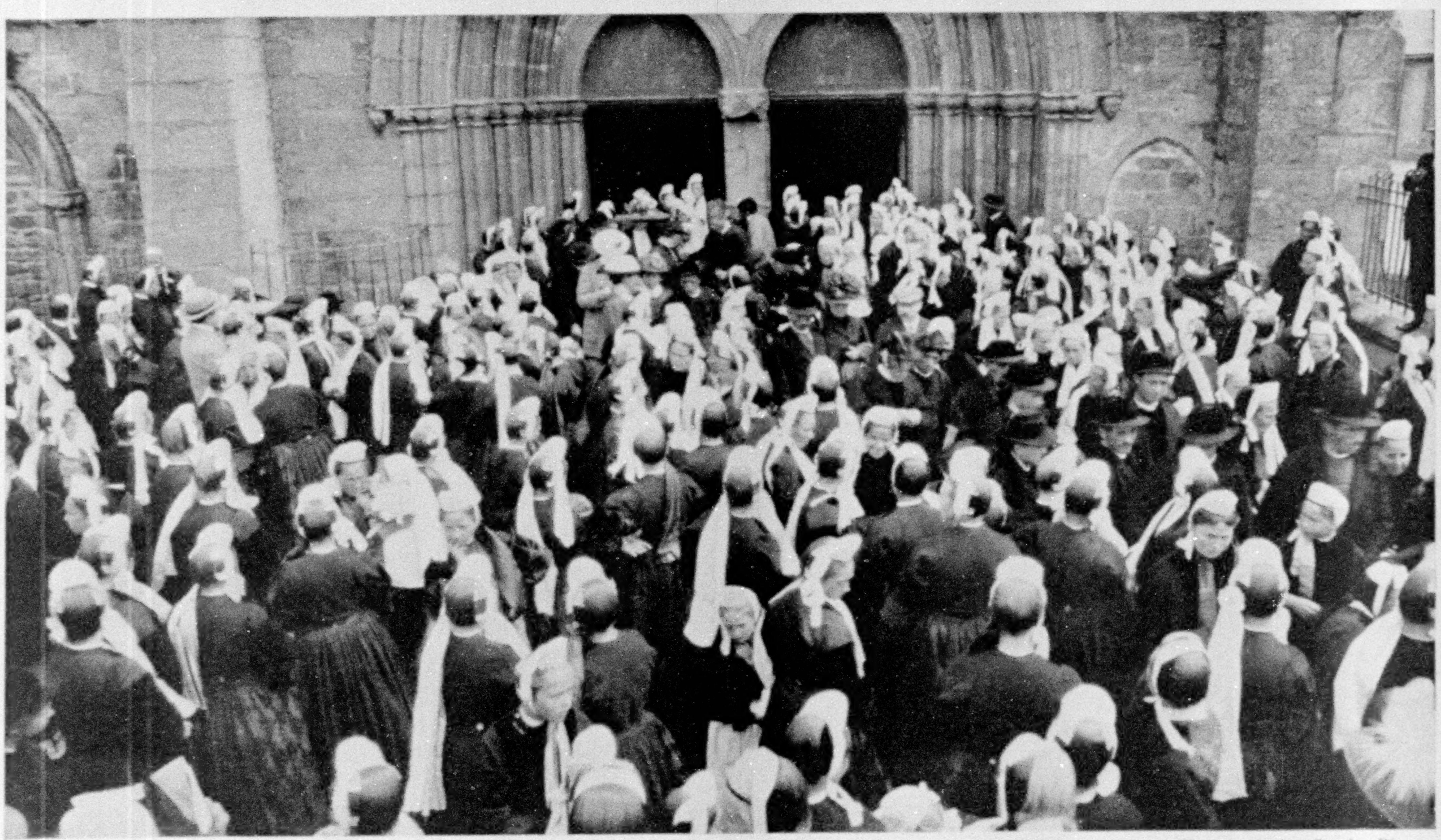

Photo by Arthur Stanley Riggs

SEEKING ABSOLUTION AT PONT L'ABBÉ: BRITTANY

The simple faith of the peasant folk, who gather at the pardons of Brittany, is impressive and touching to all who behold these ceremonies. Their very faces proclaim the pure and unsullied lives they lead and the humble contrition they feel for what they conceive to be their sins.

little brass-bellied engines snort importantly, as they tow clattering trains of toy cars behind in their wanderings. The sleepy railway stations glimmer a dull red or tan in the golden sun, and soft-eyed, black-haired country folk watch with unfailing interest as the trains roll in and out. Poitou is very easy of access from Paris by rail—yet who knows Poitou?

It is full of lovely little towns; here one clustering about the skirts of a moldering château upon a hill; there one compacted closely by the demands of modern commerce about railway station or factory. And there is St. Savin, straggling leisurely along the banks of the cold, dark, swift little river Gartemps, which is full of trout. As many houses as can have crowded down to the walled bank, and the tall, precise poplars whisper over their dull red roofs as the stream flows by, its shining breast gay with vast garlands of a slender weed spangled with myriads of tiny, white blossoms.

The lofty trees and the ancient monastery, now turned into a *gendarmerie;* the old mill, with its low dam; and the squat, massive bridges give St. Savin character and to spare. But the town's distinction is apart from its beauty—its towering old monastic church, whose soaring vault is illuminated yet with exceedingly curious and dramatic twelfth century paintings, among the rarest of their kind.

Photo by Arthur Stanley Riggs

PAPA AND LITTLE YVONNE AT THE PARDON

ONLY ONE LEVEL SPOT

Poitou's principal city and capital, Poitiers, has a most remarkable location upon a pear-shaped hill, moated about naturally by the little rivers Clain and Boivre, which have made it almost an island. It is so compact, so jammed together, that the only level spot in town is the main square, upon the very crest of the hill. Everywhere else you go either up or down, and every street is crooked.

All types of church architecture are represented on these crooked streets, from the unpretentious little primitive Christian chapel of St. Jean, part of which dates from Roman times, on through temples of every size and style and idea the creative centuries produced, past amazing Romanesque Notre Dame la Grande—an edifice so bizarre, so astonishingly carved and decorated, it seems more like a Hindu temple than a church—and on to the cathedral, with its remarkable southern Gothic interior, given perspective and beauty by the adroit narrowing and lowering of the lofty arches. It is the most astonishing ecclesiastical medley imaginable, with quite as much emphasis upon harmonic discords as upon the dignity and proportion that so distinguish most of the churches of France.

THE PEASANT WOMEN OF NORTHERN FRANCE

Simple in their tastes, industrious in their habits, devout in their beliefs, unselfish in their social relations, the peasant women of France are able to make the best of a great calamity like the present war, the outcome of which will be determined as much by the devotion of the women to their country as by the devotion of the soldier to his flag.

HOME INDUSTRY IN THE NORTH COAST REGION OF FRANCE

"The roofs are a joy, simply thick rolls of straw laid close by the farmer and cemented together by Nature in a few months with moss and flowers" (see text, page 395).

BYZANTINE ARCHITECTURE IN FRANCE

Périgueux, the principal city and capital of the province of Périgord, with its grand and beautiful Byzantine cathedral dreaming above the little river Isle, is a cross-section of the Levant. The soft, seductive colors of the gold and verdant landscape, the alluring vistas of the domed city that have somehow no small suggestion of the East, the languorous climate, all aid in establishing the illusion that this lovely region is not in western Europe at all. But why? How did this happen, and what gave the town its eastern personality? (see page 437).

Briefly, during the tenth and eleventh centuries, Périgueux was the headquarters of Venetian merchants, whose trade with the west of France and with distant Britain had perforce to come overland from the south because of pirates at Gibraltar. One result of their traffic was the noble Church of St. Front, now the cathedral. It is a glorious example of the Byzantine, a pure Greek cross in form, crowned by five soaring domes—which reveal St. Mark's as their progenitor—and a magnificently domed and colonnaded spire, or tower, just a yard less than 200 feet in height—the only one of its kind existing in France today.

Apart from the cathedral, Périgueux is a captivating little city, full of old houses that seem never to have been new, one of them half on struts over a miniature sidewalk. Quaint dwellings on the Rue du Lys, smothered with vines and flowers, haven't even a strip of sidewalk; they open doors at the very gutter and let out sleepy dogs and chickens. In the grounds of the beautiful ruined Château

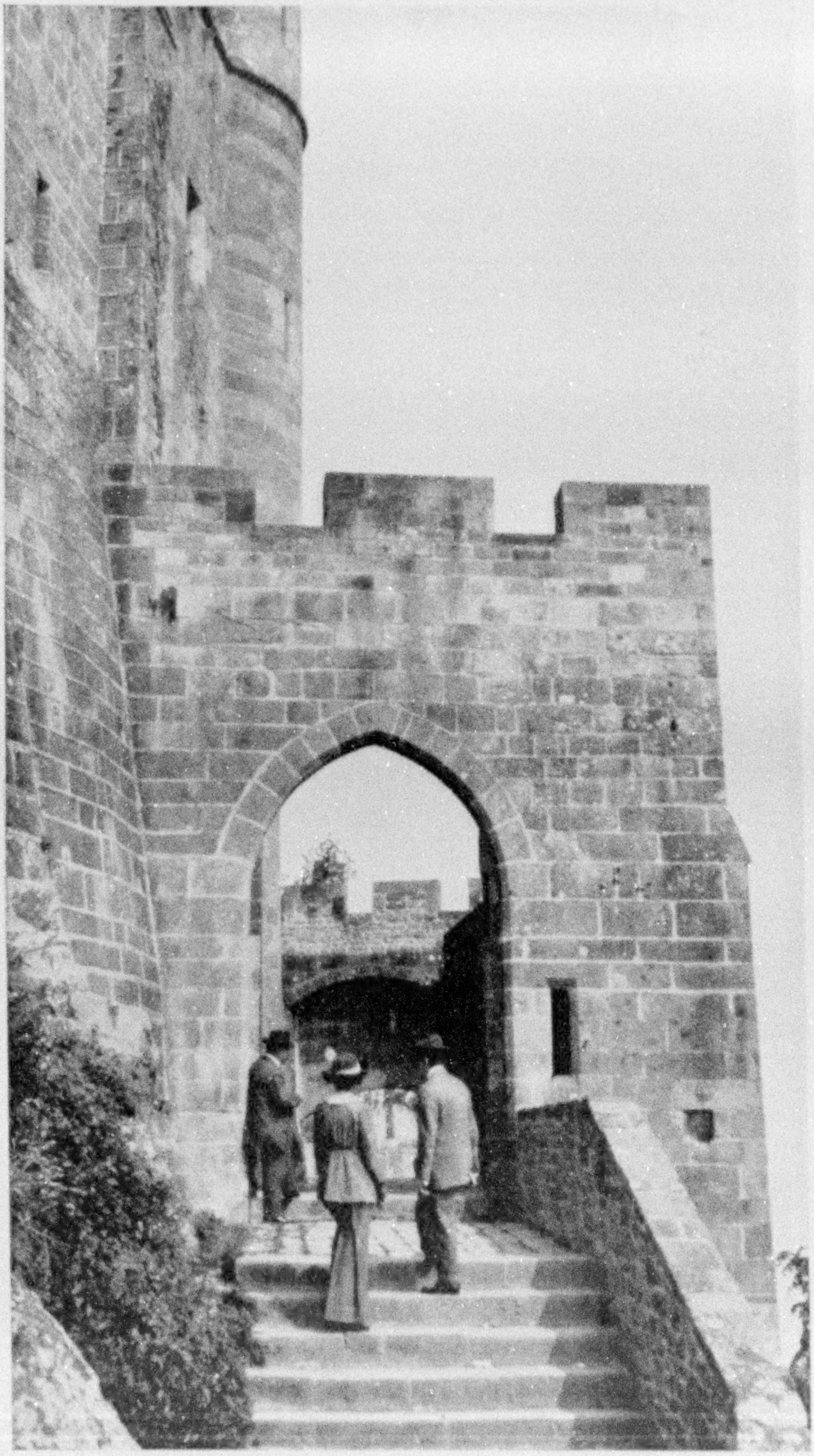

Photo by Lewis S. Rosenbaum

THE ENTRANCE TO THE FORTIFIED ABBEY OF MONT ST. MICHEL, FRANCE

The winding roads are so steep that stairs and paving stones alternate everywhere. This shows the first gateway to the fortified abbey crowning the summit (see page 452)

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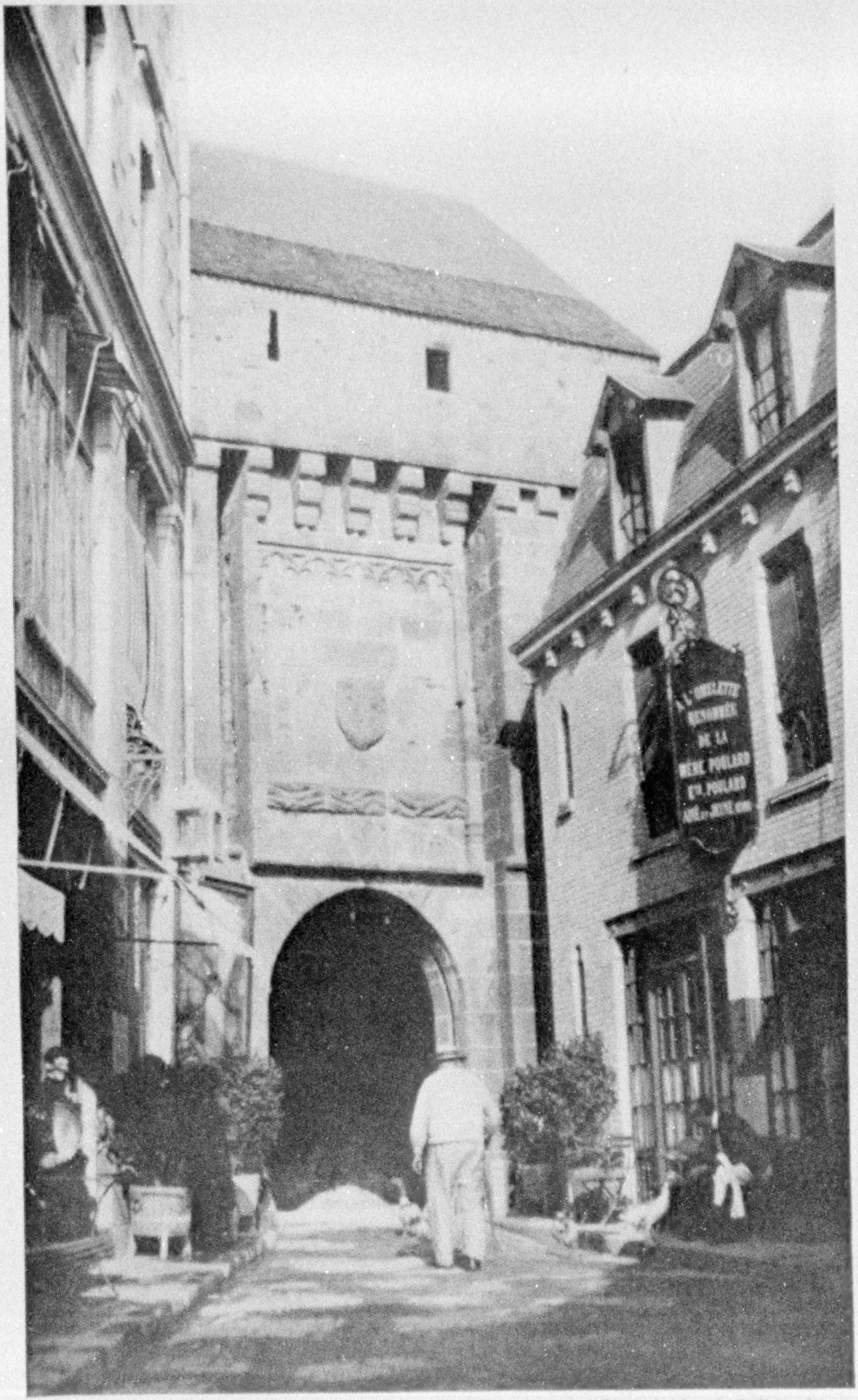

Photo by Lewis S. Rosenbaum

ANOTHER GATEWAY TO MONT ST. MICHEL

This is a little more than a huge rock, at high tide rising from the water, at low tide resting on the sand, off the coast of Normandy. On its side clings a picturesque fifteenth century village, surrounded by fortifications and crowned by an imposing abbey. This picture shows one of the gateways from the inside. On the right is a famous restaurant, where chickens are still roasted on the spit and omelettes are cooked in long-handled frying-pans over the huge open fire.

ORPHANS OF BRITTANY, FRANCE

Never before in the history of the world have there been so many orphans as there are today in Europe, and yet the process of orphaning a continent goes on with increasing momentum.

Barrière, tablets with terse inscriptions commemorate the gay and gallant days of the age of chivalry and romance by preserving the anonymous fame of a "sweet singer of Périgueux" and "another troubadour."

Nearby, in the green smother of a charming little public garden, lurk relics older than all the rest—the shattered fragments of the Roman amphitheater, so buried in the twisted greenery and flowers they take some finding. Another relic of early days, the lofty, broken-brick cylinder, called the Tour de Vésone, marks the center of the old town of Vesuna, and in its blasted cavern the imaginative soul may still feel himself in the presence of the gods to whom this unique temple was dedicated.

Between Périgueux and Albi is a chain of exquisite river valleys and low mountains, rolling farmlands and daring little hills that look as if they had popped up as perches for an old castle or a crowded town high above the plain. The railroad passes along one side of the vast natural amphitheater called the Circus of Montvalent, whose brutal crags tower up more than 500 feet into the sunny blue. It dives under hills and tears over slender bridges, which seem to be stretched to their fullest tension to span the gorges. Most of the town names here terminate in *ac*, a syllable that makes it impossible ever to forget this region.

Languedoc, the land of *oc*, with its green canals and turbid river Tarn, is a lovely district, where geography has influenced both people and architecture, from Roman times to the present day: a land of great cities and vast wild expanses, of weirdness and goblin fascination. Toulouse, the greatest city of the Midi and the embodiment of its history, is a living testimony to geographical influence. Palaces, houses, donjon library, and churches are built solidly of brick.

WORLD'S NOBLEST STRUCTURES IN CLAY

Toulouse lies in a flat and dusty plain, and the people, recognizing their opportunity, took the clay at their feet and wrought with it in noble structures full of local significance. The most notable, the largest, and one of the most beautiful Romanesque churches in the world, St. Sernin by name, is unforgettable, as it towers above the town, a great red pile trimmed with white. Its lofty five-storied spire hovers above the five handsome apsidal chapels with an effect of grace and symmetry surprising in so huge a mass built of such a material.

The city blooms with beautiful avenues and parks. The Garonne is a picture, with its quaint and ancient mills, its bridges, its great green island, and its innumerable fishermen, who angle from every pier, in every mill sluice, out of boats and trees, and from sand-bars. But these are features. Toulouse would be robbed of much of its character and charm were it to lose its beautiful radiating canals, which link the Atlantic with the Mediterranean through the Garonne. They all meet and mingle in the vast basin of the Embouchure, where trolley-cars empty out merrymakers by the thousand to enjoy the cool beauty of sweeping water vistas between the trees.

MANY NOTED CITIES

It would be hard to find a province where there are so many notable cities as in Languedoc: Albi, whose stupendous fortress cathedral, with walls 157 feet high and a tower like a donjon keep, frowns down from the top of its hill upon the dammed and twice-bridged Tarn; away in the distant hills, Carcassonne (see pp. 458-461), most fascinating and romantic of French cities, the slate roofs of its turreted double walls gleaming silver in the southern sun; Narbonne, with its startling, doubly battlemented Church of St. Just; Béziers, that thrusts out its massive, terraced shoulder to fend off the river and support its cathedral; "Black" Agde; beautiful Cette, a pearl floating upon a sapphire sea, and Aigues-Mortes, walled City-of-Dead-Waters, a dun town whose square battlements command the sickly lagoons where St. Louis laid its foundations (see page 457).

BEAUTIFUL NIMES

Most notable of all is Nimes, a big, healthy-minded, sprawling city full of languorous southern fragrance, rich in splendid avenues, and a park finer than

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any other in provincial France, and glorying in the finest Roman ruins outside Italy itself. Right through the smiling, scented heart of the city runs the little walled stream whose source is the cool spring at the foot of Mont Cavalier, that feeds the ancient Roman baths. Every art that man could wield has toiled to make the park and baths lovely beyond compare—landscape architecture, sculpture, hydraulic engineering, horticulture, and all the rest. With its formal eighteenth century urns, balustrades, statuary, and arrangement, it is not Roman now in anything save memory; but it is perfect (see page 464).

The great, shattered amphitheater tells more truly of Roman days, with its terrific masses of masonry and its suggestion of cruel sports; and where two busy streets cross, among the scanty remains of the forum, rises the most brilliant of all the ruins in France, the little "temple of the fortunate princes of youth." It is exquisite—a jewel so rare that not even its brummagem setting can dim the luster of the Greek spirit that infuses every detail of it, Roman though it be. To this day it reveals the breadth and scope of the architectural genius which found one of its loftiest expressions in the valley of the Gardon, a few miles away, when it threw across the gorge the tremendous three-storied aqueduct that is so beautiful because it so perfectly expressed the purpose of its builders (see page 463).

THE FRENCH COLORADO

To the north and west of the great cities and fertile plains lie the wild Jurassic limestone plateaux—from 2,500 to 3,700 feet above sea-level—barren and treeless and almost uninhabited, where the rivers Tarn, Lot, Jonte, Dourbie, Hérault, and their tributaries have hewn themselves deep beds. Most impressive of these is a gorge of the Tarn, a chasm from 800 to 1,000 feet deep and from half to three-quarters of a mile wide, comparable only to our own Cañon of the Colorado.

The walls rise here in sheer precipices, there in beetling heights that sullenly overhang the rushing stream, again in retreating terraces. The eroded rock has been shattered and splintered into a thousand uncouth shapes and gleams in pink, brown, yellow, white, black; now it is veiled with rich purple shadows, now it is cold and gray. Rank verdure adds its delicate greens to the colors of the rock. For 30 miles the cañon twists and bends and winds, now apparently blocked completely by a towering mass, now seeming to slip under a ponderous natural bridge, where an overhanging cliff looks as if it touched the opposite precipice. Then around an angle the little town of Ste. Enimie appears, at the bottom of an astonishing chasm 1,600 feet deep.

A "CITY NOT MADE WITH HANDS"

In this same region is Montpellier-le-Vieux, a phantasmal, ruinous city, "not made with hands." In a vast stony amphitheater Nature has reared, or eroded, the weirdest rock forms imaginable, cut into spires and obelisks, streets and blocks and a citadel, as though giants had built and deserted their savage town within the ramparts of the circumambient hill.

The valley of the Rhône—and Provence! For how many centuries have they not been pathways for conquering nations and an avenue where the world flowed to and fro, leaving its mark in many a stately monument and city? One example is Orange, with its memories of the high tide of Gallo-Roman culture in the beautiful triumphal arch and the most impressive Roman theater in the world (see pages 466 and 467).

THE CITY OF THE POPES

Avignon juts boldly up from the plain on a great isolated rock, from which springs the huge fourteenth century papal palace, a wonderful mixture of prison and fortress and pontifical residence. All about the town the sunny, battlemented walls seem entirely appropriate, and the clattering trolley-cars that dart through the now always opened gates an anachronism. The town is lively with color, and from the attractive park atop the rock the view along the great river, 300 feet below, and across the outlying country is broad and brilliant — wide fields under cultivation, olive orchards and flower-spangled meads that roll up-

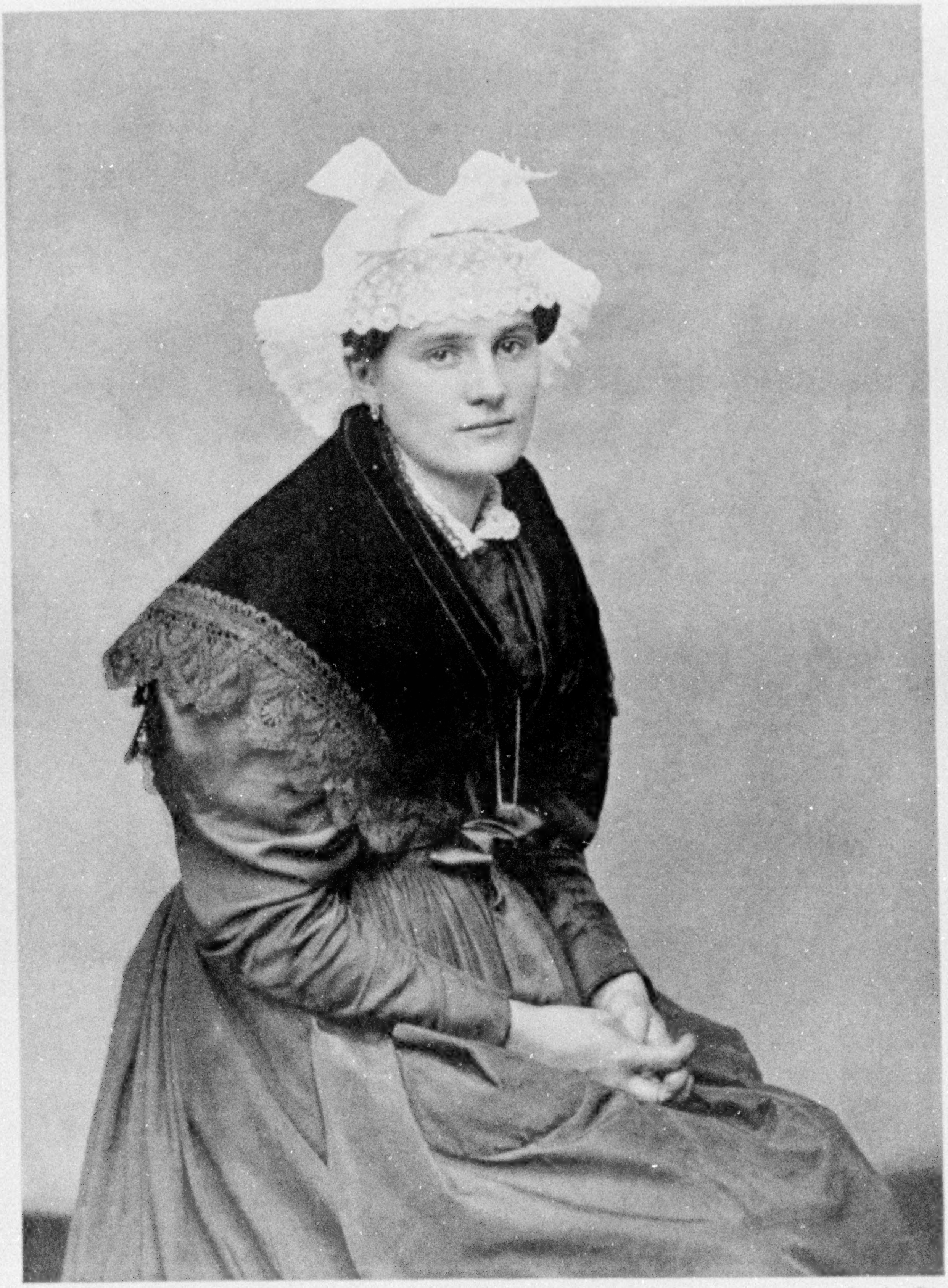

Photo by Arthur Stanley Riggs

THE CAP OF THE WOMAN OF ANJOU: ANGERS, FRANCE

Caps are the French countrywoman's index of locality and show her town as well as her province (see page 420)

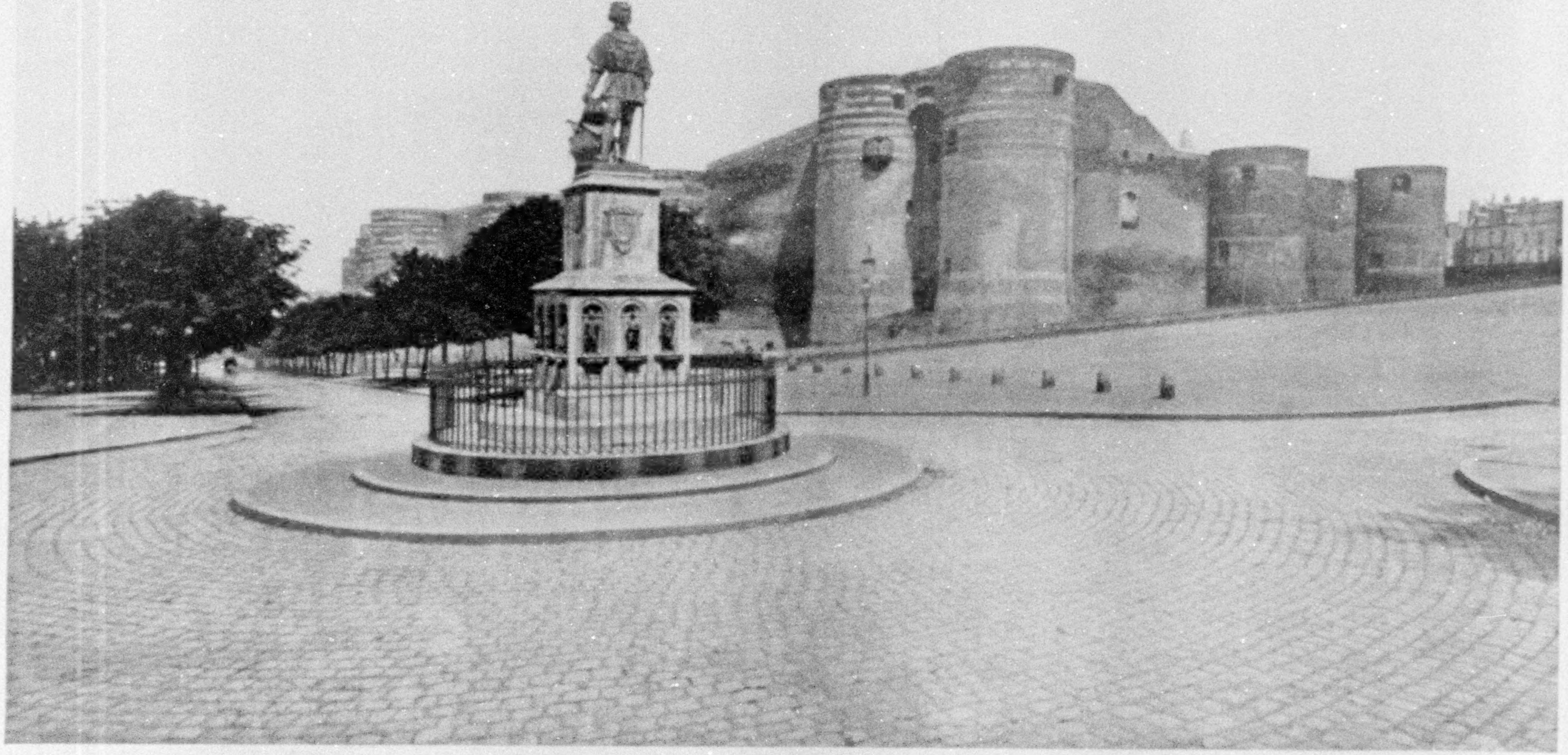

Photo by Arthur Stanley Riggs

THE CASTLE OF ANGERS, WITH THE STATUE OF COUNT RENÉ OF ANJOU IN THE FOREGROUND

"Although Angers used to be called Black Angers, there is today no brighter, more attractive town north of the Loire. It is a city that has not only fine modern boulevards and buildings replacing its ancient walls, but a perfect wealth of architectural relics that keep its historic past always in mind" (see text, page 420).

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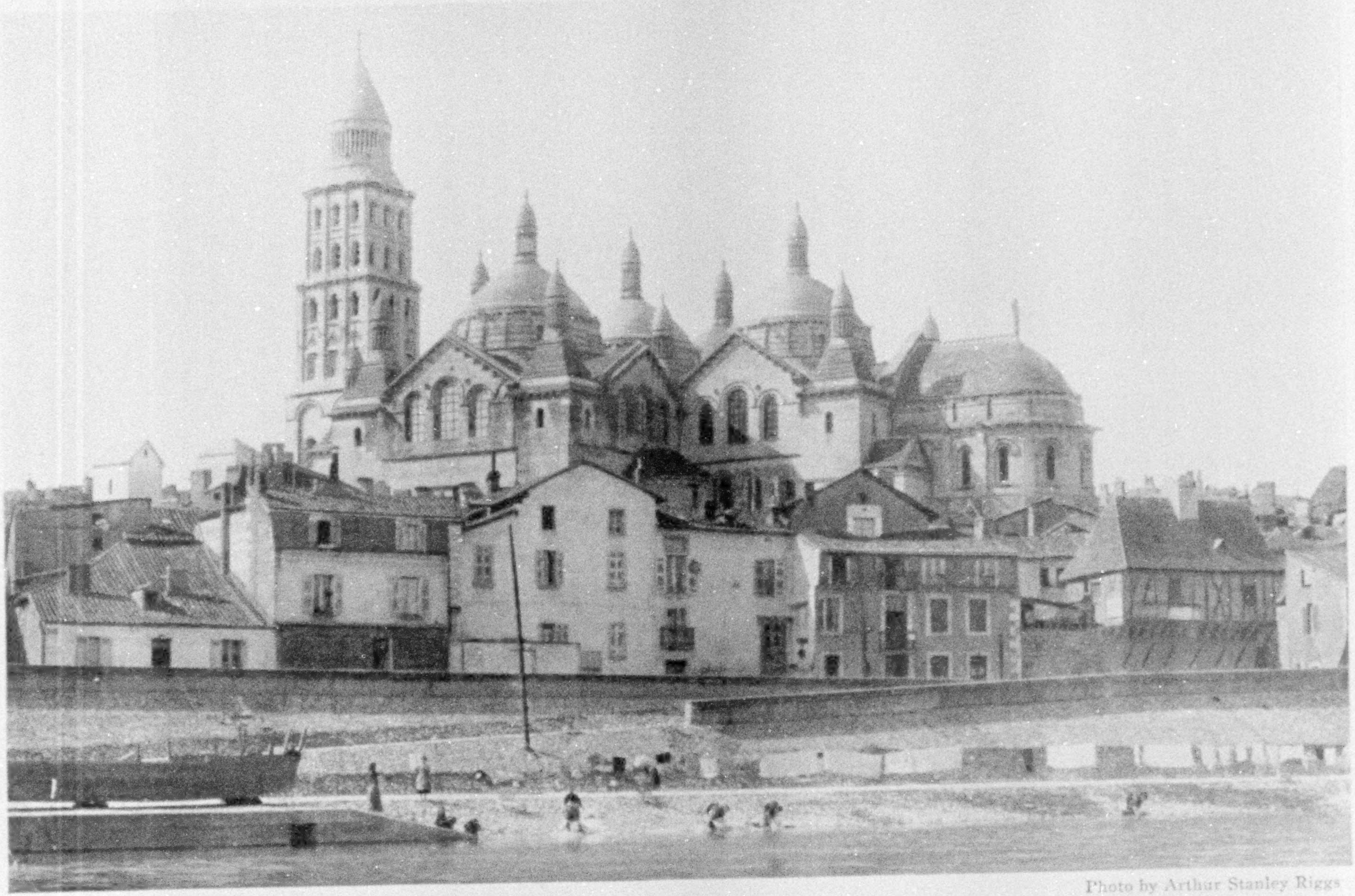

Photo by Arthur Stanley Riggs

BYZANTINE ARCHITECTURE IN FRANCE

The Cathedral of St. Front of Périgueux is pure Byzantine, built by the Venetian merchants, who made the city their trading headquarters in the tenth and eleventh centuries and derived their architectural inspiration from their home Cathedral of St. Mark in Venice (see page 429).

ward in gentle slopes toward the grim fort of St. André, that might be a walled city in itself, and below, opposite the broken bridge of St. Bénézet, the former defense tower of Philippe-le-Bel, a shaft of honey against the cloudless sky. But that view pales beside the one from the fort of the gaunt gray rock with its white palace, that grows and grows as it is looked upon until it dwarfs the city and itself becomes the only object in the great flat plain — a towering tombstone over dead ambitions.

Tarascon means unlucky King René's beautiful square castle, that clambers up the rocks of the river bank, a soft-toned medieval picture. At its feet the smooth green mirror of the Rhône, that has reflected so many a chivalric pageant in its day, holds up a quivering counterfeit of the stately structure, with every angle smoothed, every color softened.

The view from the great stone bridge is perfect, the delicate tan of the stones cut clean against the background of embaying trees and azure overhead. And what a scene at sunset on the low hills of the opposite shore! Silhouetted black and spectral against the flaming orb that goes down behind its slender, towering donjon keep, the storied castle of Beaucaire pulses again with life, and one feels the gentle ghosts of Aucassin and Nicolette hovering about the scene of their romance.

ROMAN MEMORIES AT ARLES

What a picture is the old Place du Forum in Arles, where once the togaed Romans gathered! Tall trees fringe it about and shade scores of little tables. The mellow Provençal sunshine dapples the bare earth and dusts with gold the coats of the swart cattlemen of the Camargue, who come here on market days to sip their *apéritifs* before the graceful Roman columns built clumsily into the walls of the hotels.

Unlike Nimes, there is nothing modern about Arles. At every turn is either the medieval or the antique—a statue on the corner of a house here, a yard of elegant Greek cornice there, a Roman carving or a bit of Renaissance frieze; the theater, where the spirit of Greece hovers, Roman though it was, and from twisty, narrow streets wonderful glimpses of the amphitheater, as through a crack in a door. The Cathedral of St. Trophime has a beautiful twelfth century cloister and a porch which is one of the two perfect examples of southern Romanesque work in France; the other is at St. Gilles, not far away. Both porches show clearly and with force and beauty the development of the classic Roman style into the Provençal form of the Romanesque.

A sunlit alley set with magnificent poplars, lined with old stone sarcophagi, leads to the ruined cemetery of Alyscamps, the celebrated Elysii Campi, or Elysian Fields, of the Romans, which grew more and more world-famous and used down to the middle of the twelfth century. None of the handsomest sarcophagi are left there, but some are to be seen in the Lapidary Museum of Arles, which has the most beautiful and important collection in France of magnificent tombs, Roman and Christian, precious Greek statues and figurines, little gems of carving, altars, vases, each telling its own story of culture and achievement.

And the women of Arles! The spirit of all the ages centers in them—Greek, Roman, Saracen, Provençal—types of beauty and dignity as distinct as any of the past. Their costume is the most elegant and distinctive in France—a sweeping black gown, with a sheer white fichu—the hair drawn softly up into a high knot on the top of the head, where it is covered by a bit of filmy white lace and banded with a broad, black velvet ribbon with one short flying end.

RAVISHING FRENCH RIVIERA

It is difficult to say which is the most beautiful section of France. The most vivid and ravishing is the Côte d'Azur, that "Blue Side" we call the Riviera. All the way from Marseille to Vintimiglia, at the Italian frontier, it is an endless floral paradise. Geographically it is a narrow littoral, protected from the fierce north winds by considerable hills behind, and consequently a forcing house for every flower that blows. The rugged coast ranges from the flat sands of Cannes to the iron cliffs at the border, and the col-

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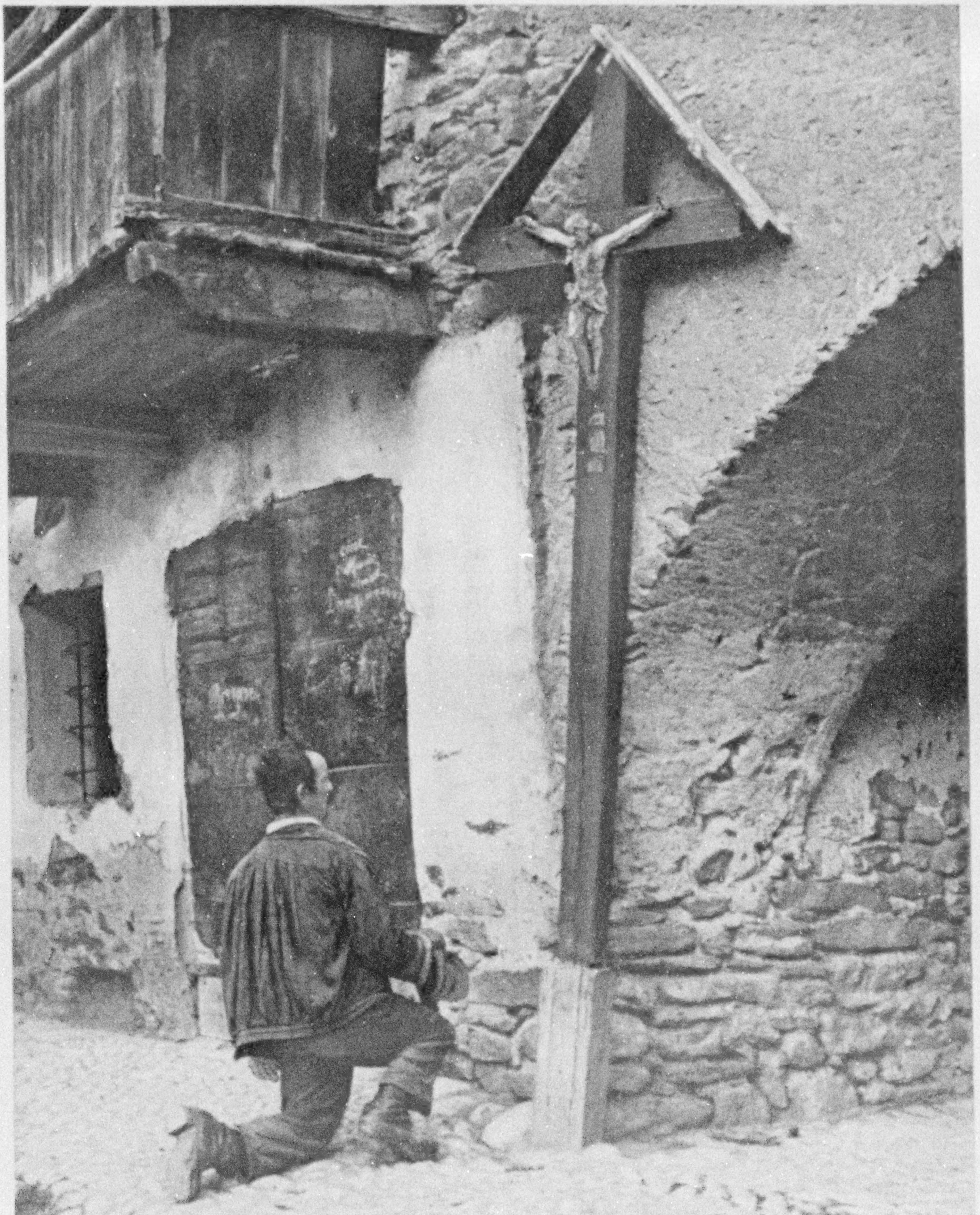

Photo by Donald McLeish

A STREET CRUCIFIX IN AOSTA: ITALY

"Other refuge have I none" is a deep sentiment in the heart of the Italian peasant, who finds solace for his sorrows as he bows before the image of Him who said: "Come unto Me."

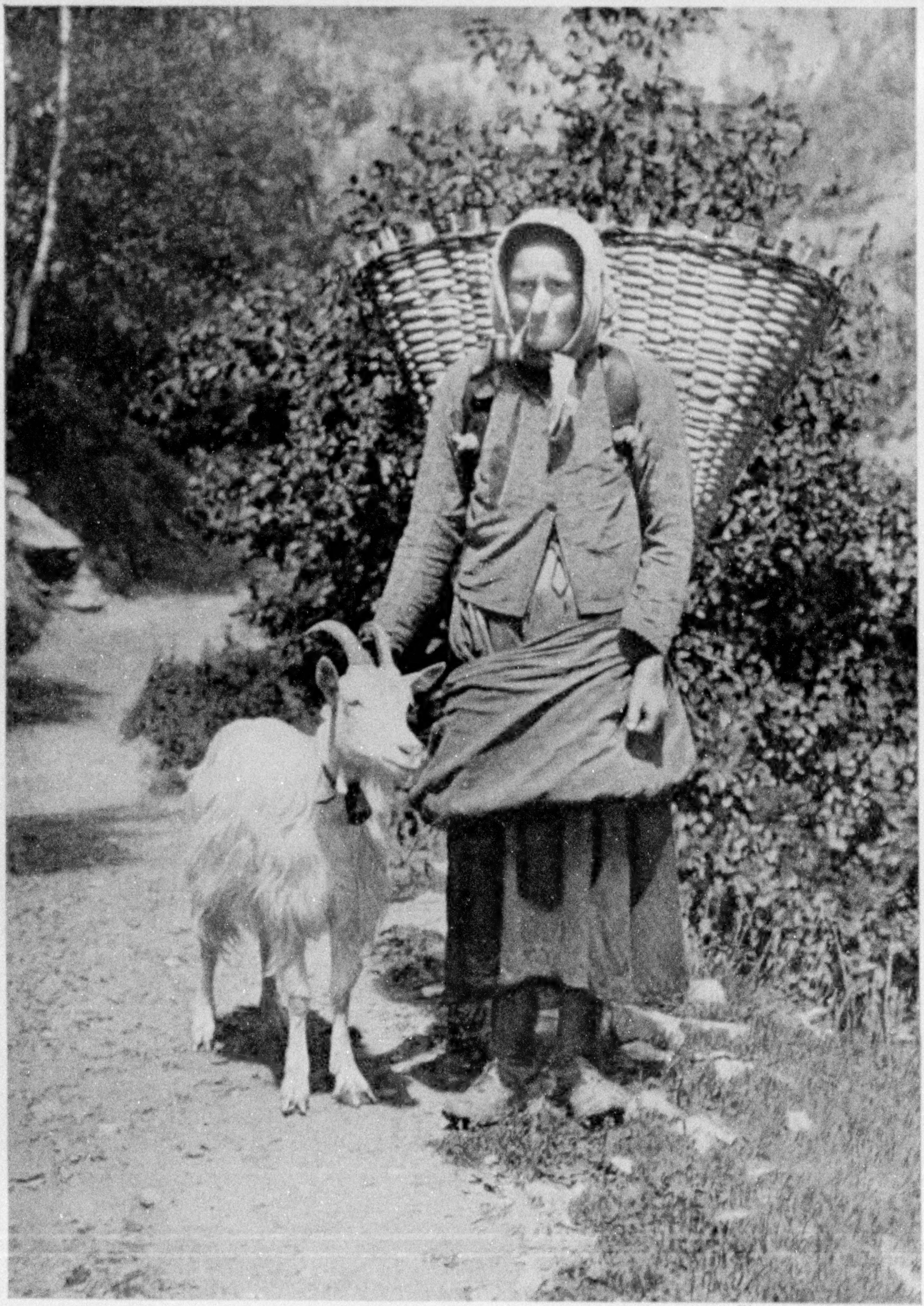

Photo by Donald McLeish

FAITHFUL FRIENDS OF THE HILLS

Although the burdens of the day lay heavy hands upon the peasant women of Northern Italy and Southern Switzerland, Time touches them gently, and keeps their hearts young, so that beneath the wrinkles, which are the scars of life's battles, there dwells a spirit of kindness and hospitality.

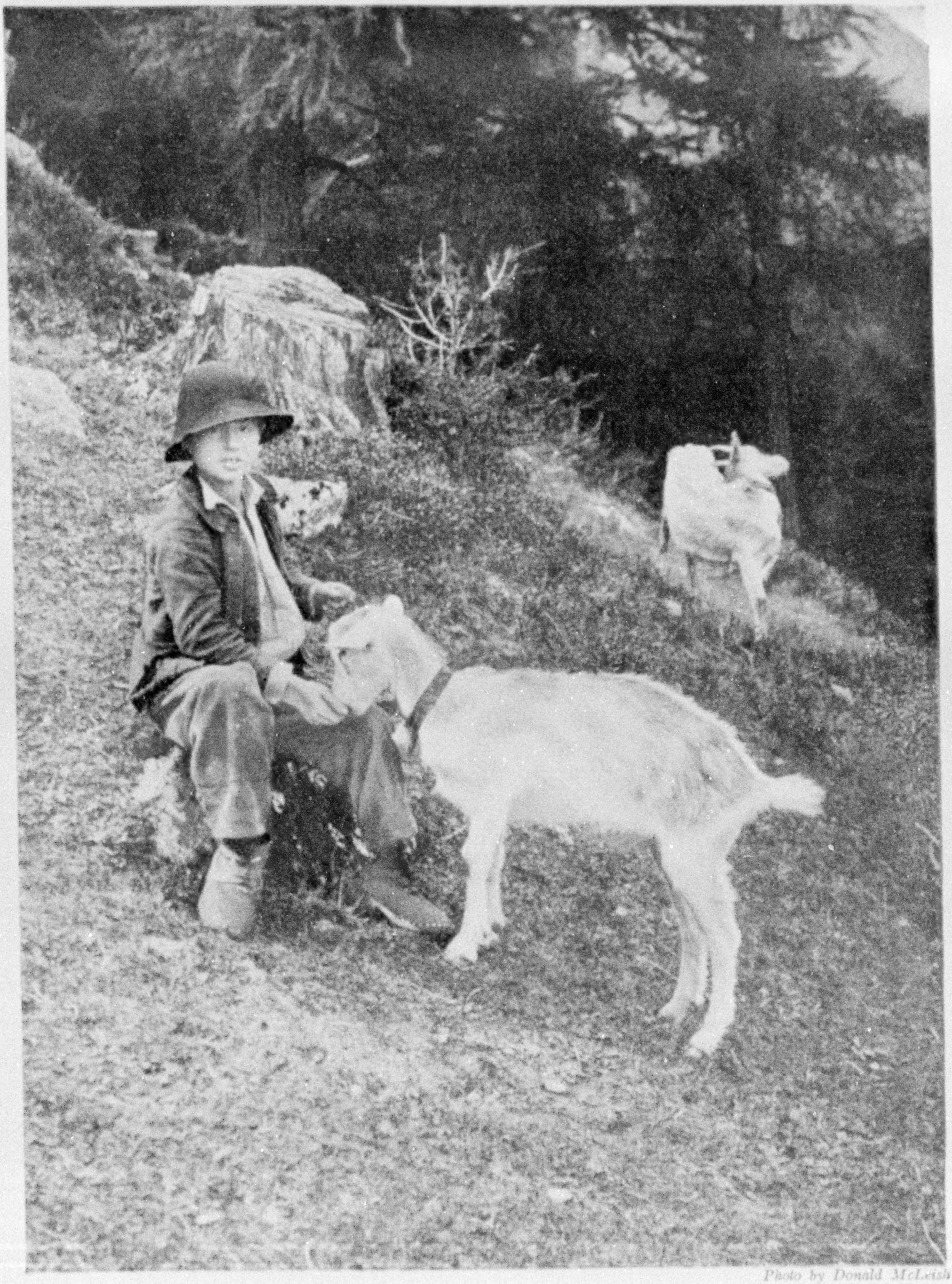

Photo by Donald McLeish

A SWISS GOAT BOY'S FAVORITE

The boys of Switzerland take to the rifle as naturally as a bird to the wing, and long before they are old enough to take upon themselves the burden of contributing their mite to the national state of preparedness, they are adepts with firearms and skilled as mountain climbers. They are as rugged of health as their land is of topography.

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A SHOP IN THE LAND OF THE MAMELUKES

Will it yet come to pass that the issue in the present great war will be decided in the land of the Mamelukes, where Napoleon's appeal to his soldiers about the forty centuries that looked down upon them did not bring the ultimate victory he sought?

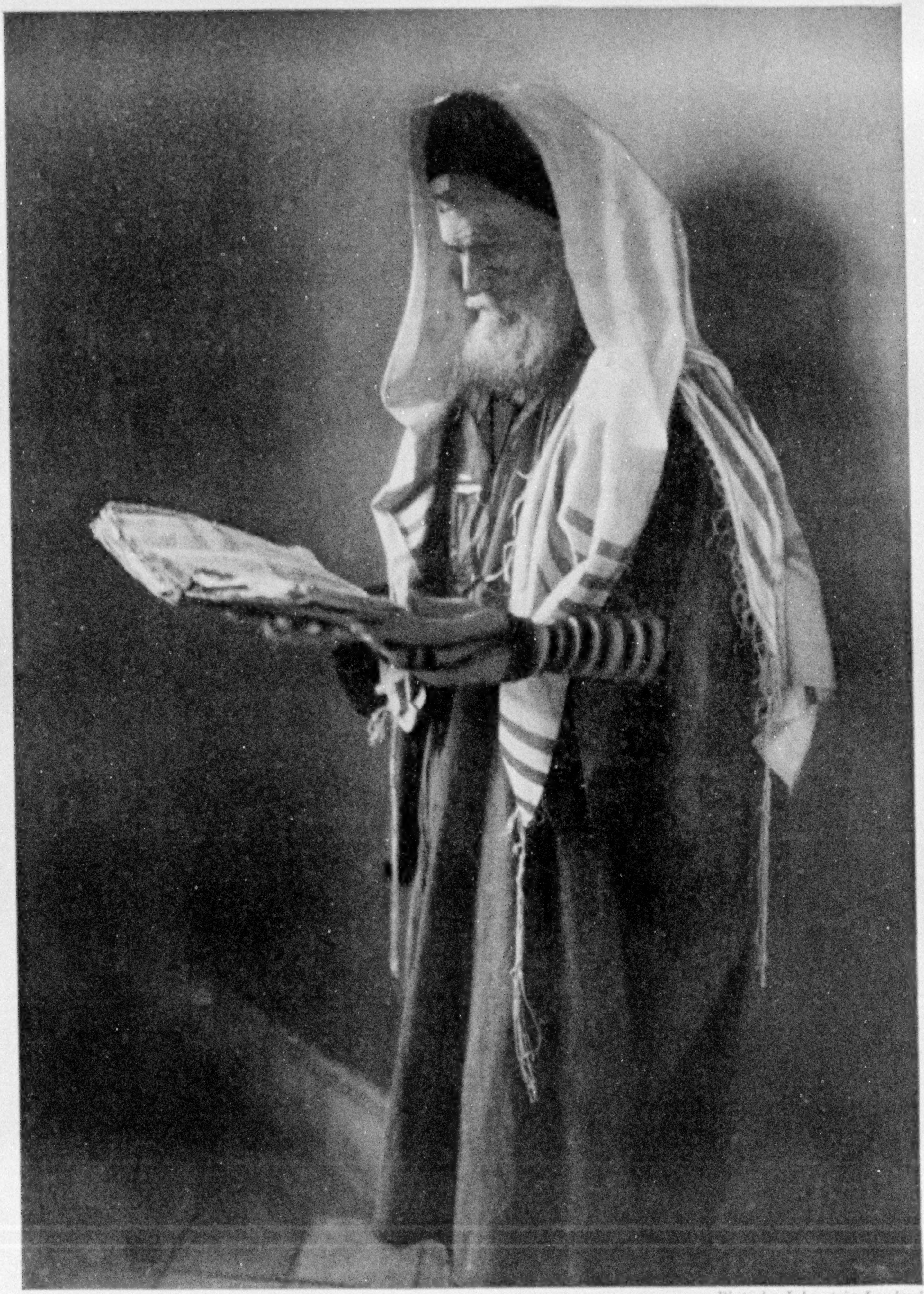

Photo by Lehnert & Landrock

A JEWISH READER OF THE SYNAGOGUE

From the ends of the earth have Jews gone up to Jerusalem to weep on remembering Zion. This ancient son of Israel journeyed there from Tunis to spend the remaining days of his life.

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Photo by Donald McLeish

A FAIR SAVOYARD IN HER LAUNDRY

Descendants of a brave and sturdy race, the women who live around the base of Mont Blanc borrow the purity of its snows, the grace of its outline, and the industry of its streams, and even a day with a mountain torrent for a washtub cannot deprive them of any of these.

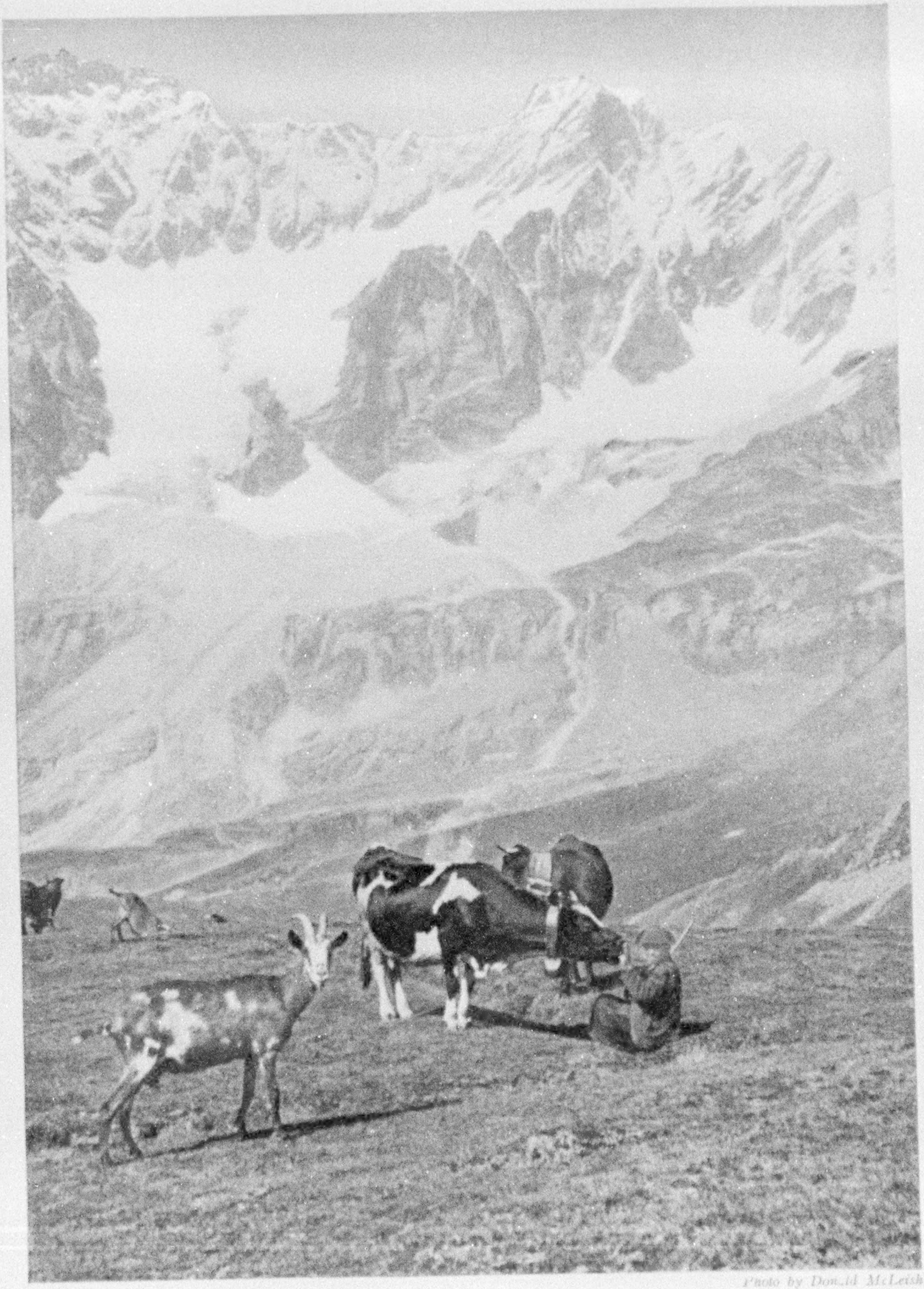

Photo by Donald McLeish

A HIGH PASTURE ON THE SWISS-ITALIAN FRONTIER

One is ever and anon surprised at the high altitudes at which, in summer, he finds sleek cows and well-grazed goats in the Alps. The verdure of early summer and the snows of mid-winter seem to wage perennial warfare for possession of the great mountains.

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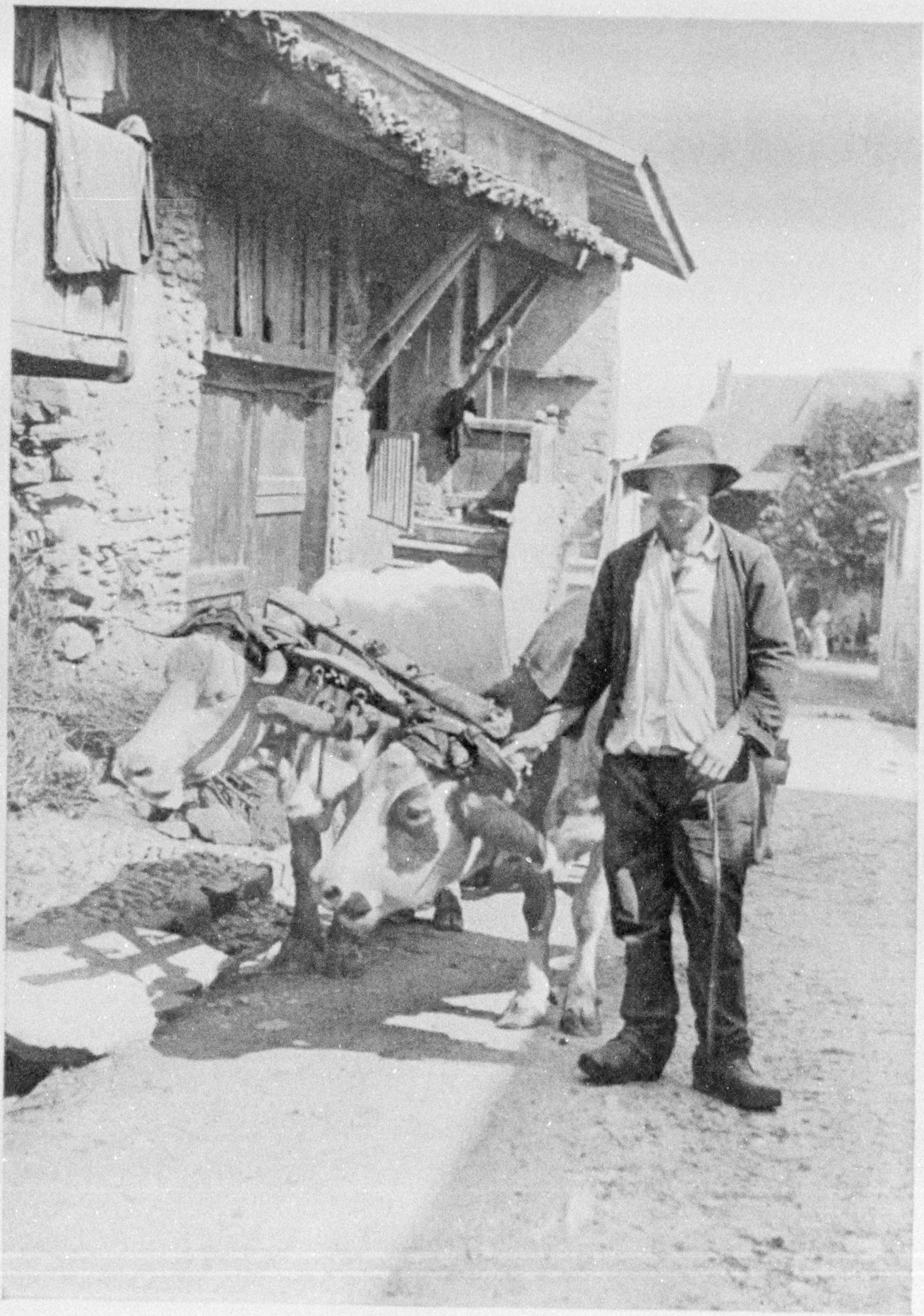


Photo by Donald McLeish

A SAVOYARD AND HIS TEAM ON THE FRENCH SIDE OF LAKE GENEVA

The man who but yesterday never knew a sterner duty than to urge on his gentle oxen, today stands in trenches, where the actualities of modern war make the fancies of Dante's Inferno seem tame and feeble in comparison.

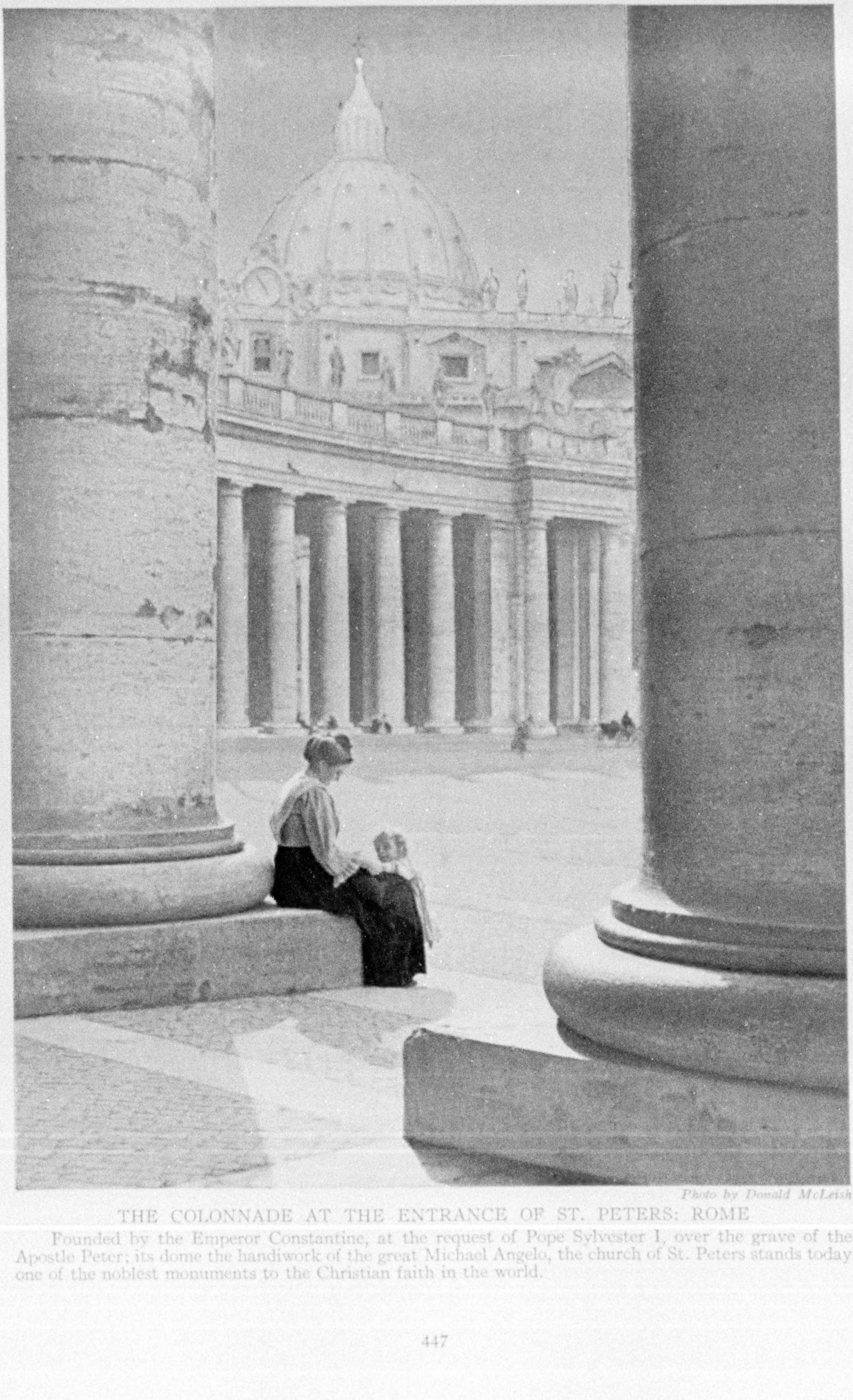


Photo by Donald McLeish

THE COLONNADE AT THE ENTRANCE OF ST. PETERS: ROME

Founded by the Emperor Constantine, at the request of Pope Sylvester I, over the grave of the Apostle Peter; its dome the handiwork of the great Michael Angelo, the church of St. Peters stands today one of the noblest monuments to the Christian faith in the world.

Photo by Donald McLeish

SONS OF SUNNY ITALY

Who can think of such jolly-faced lads as these called to battle at once with man and nature in the high altitude of the Alps that lie between Italy and Austria-Hungary. And yet thousands of the flower of Italy's young manhood are fighting in regions where it is a heavy task to keep step with nature alone.

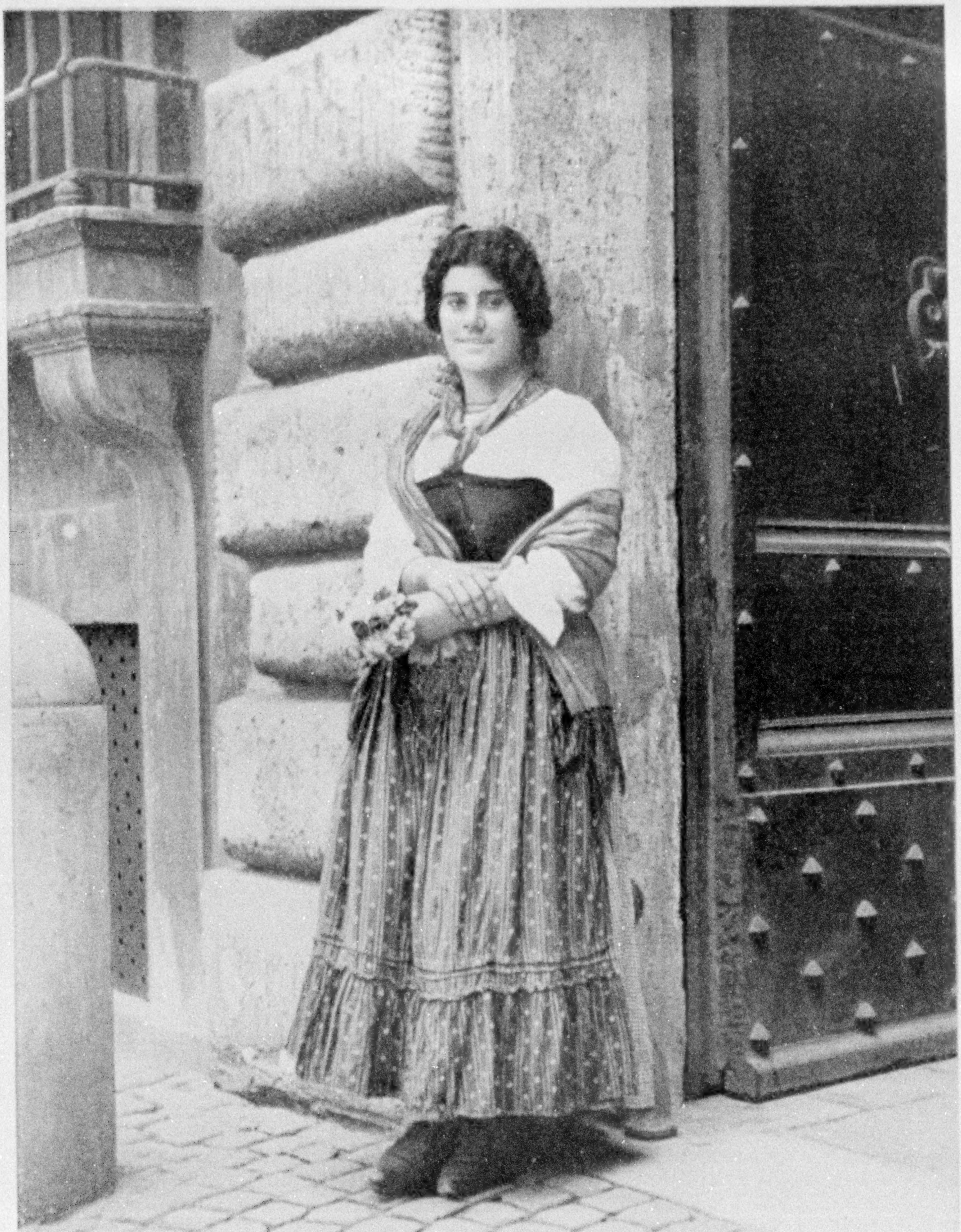


Photo by Donald McLeish

A ROMAN FLOWER GIRL

With cheeks that match the freshness of the flowers she offers for sale, with a disposition as bright as the climate of her sunny Italy, the Roman flower girl is to be found wherever there is promise of a sale in every Italian city. Business may be dull and prices low, but the flower girl seems always content with her lot.

XUM

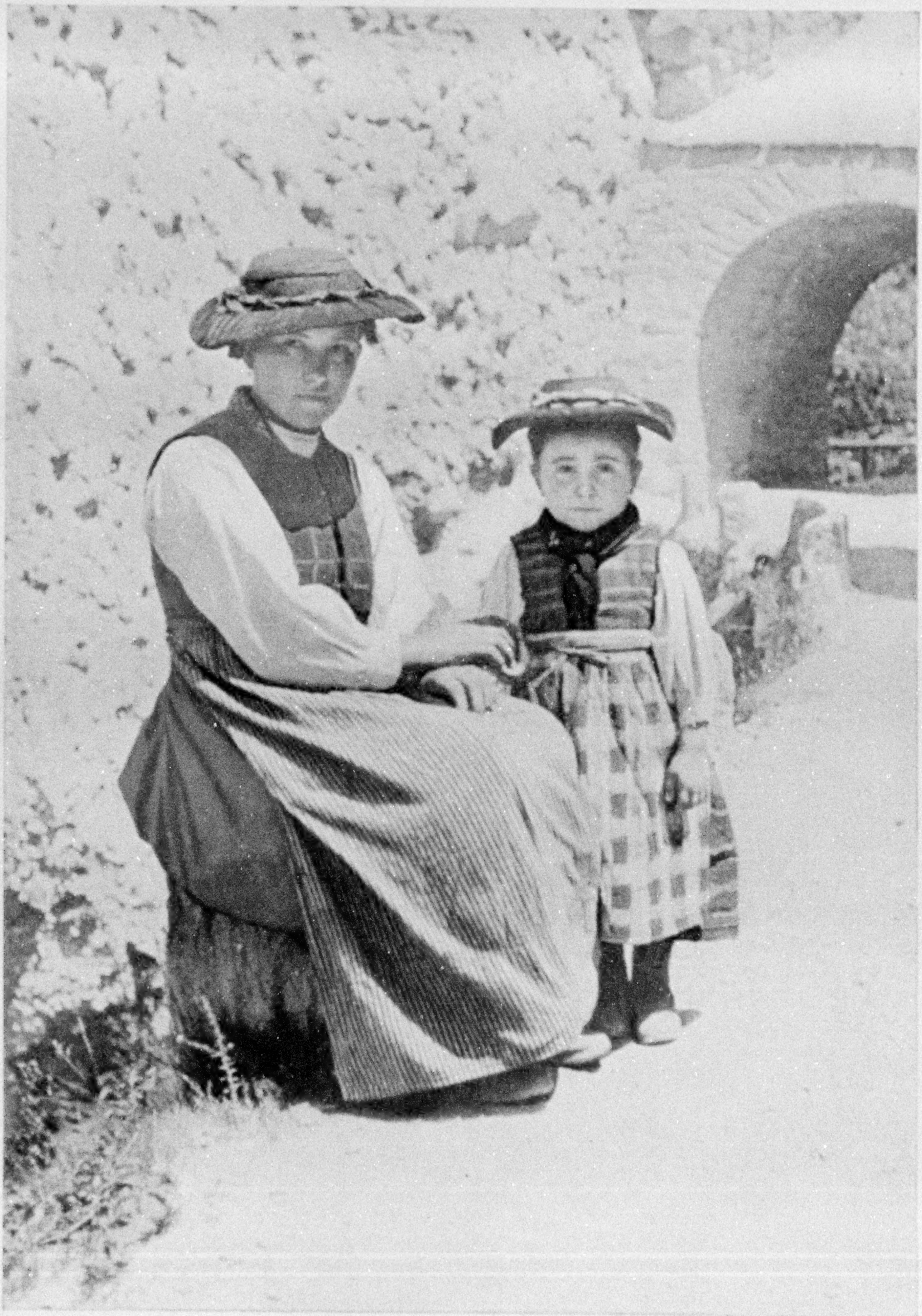
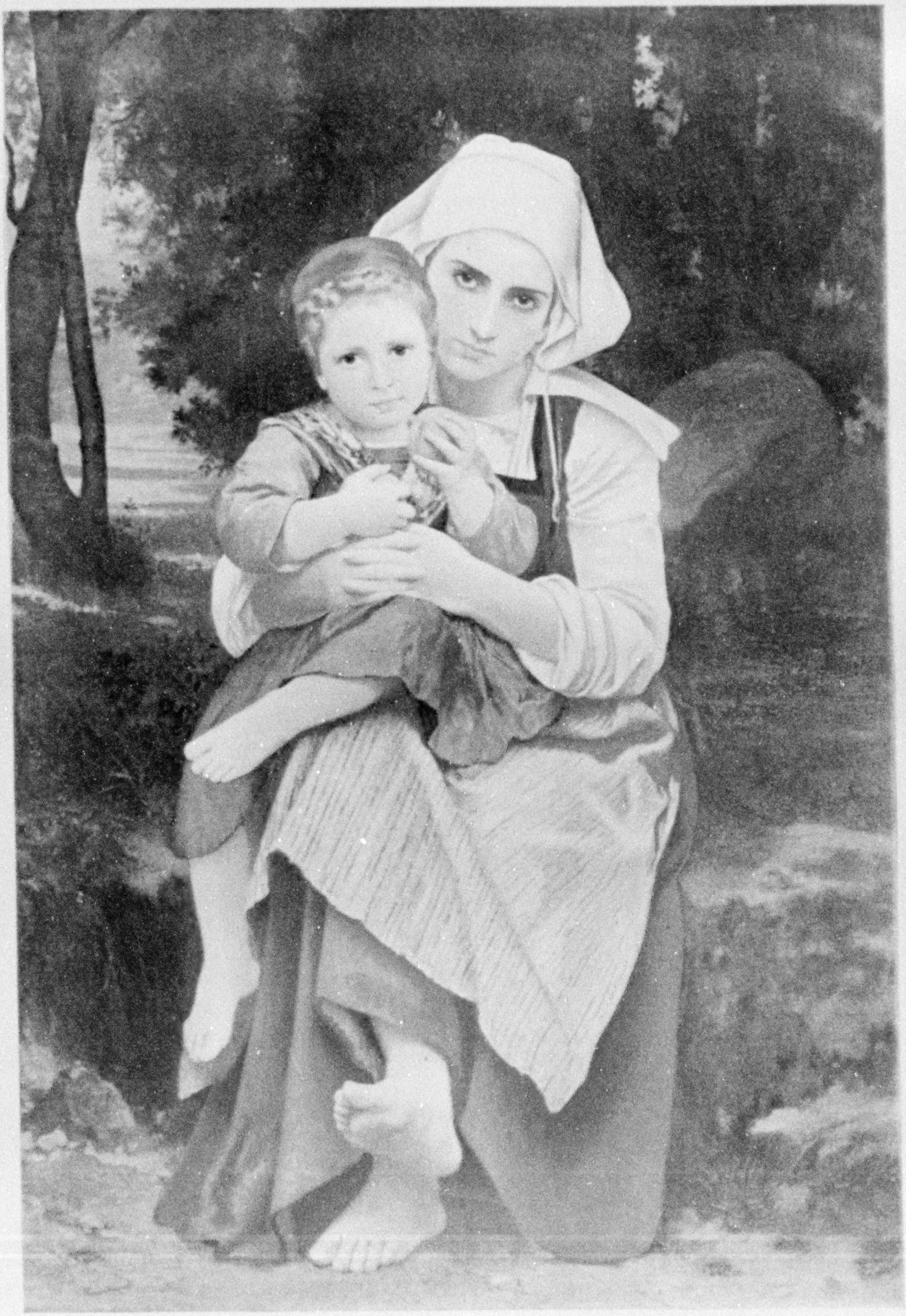


Photo by Donald McLeish

MAIDS OF EVOLENA: SWITZERLAND

Evolena is the metropolis of the beautiful little valley, Val d' Herens, six hours journey from the Rhone, situated in a broad green basin flanked with pine-clad rocks. The fact that the place has long been a summer resort has not served to spoil the rustic simplicity of the peasant folk roundabout.



BRETON SISTER AND BROTHER

Alas, that such innocence as this must know the cruel pangs of watching and waiting for father and brother who went out to fight for France and came down to die for her!

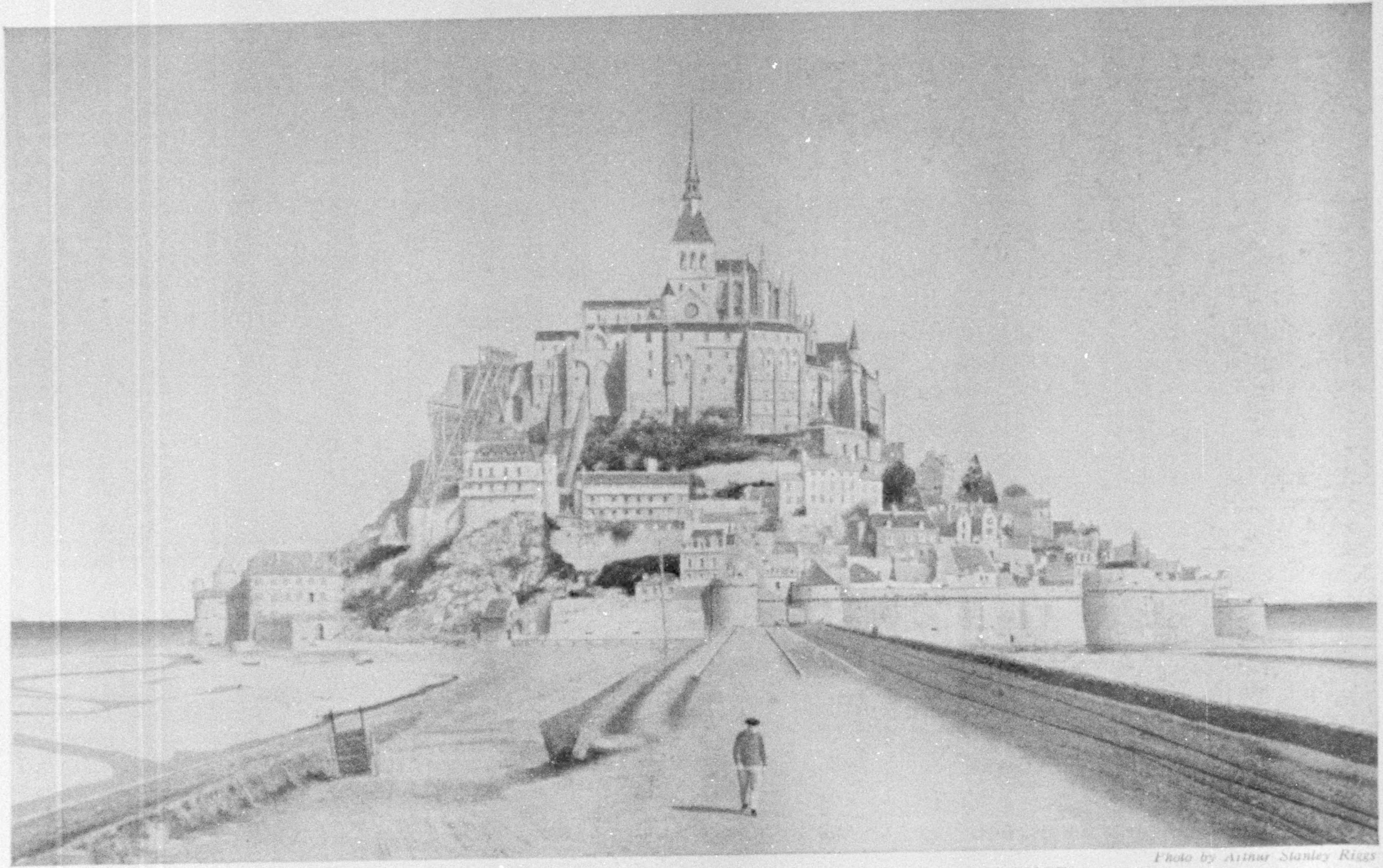


Photo by Arthur Stanley Riggs

THE HISTORIC ABBEY FORTRESS OF MONT ST. MICHEL: FRANCE

Nowhere along the coast of France is there a village more picturesque, a fortress more historic, or an abbey more strikingly situated than one finds at Mont St. Michel, a wall-surrounded stronghold perched on a rock in the Bay of Cancale, a bay, bare at low water, but noted for its quicksands and the treacherous rapidity of its rising tides. Neither the English nor Hugenots ever were able to capture this pinnacle-planted town, which is now connected with the mainland by a causeway.

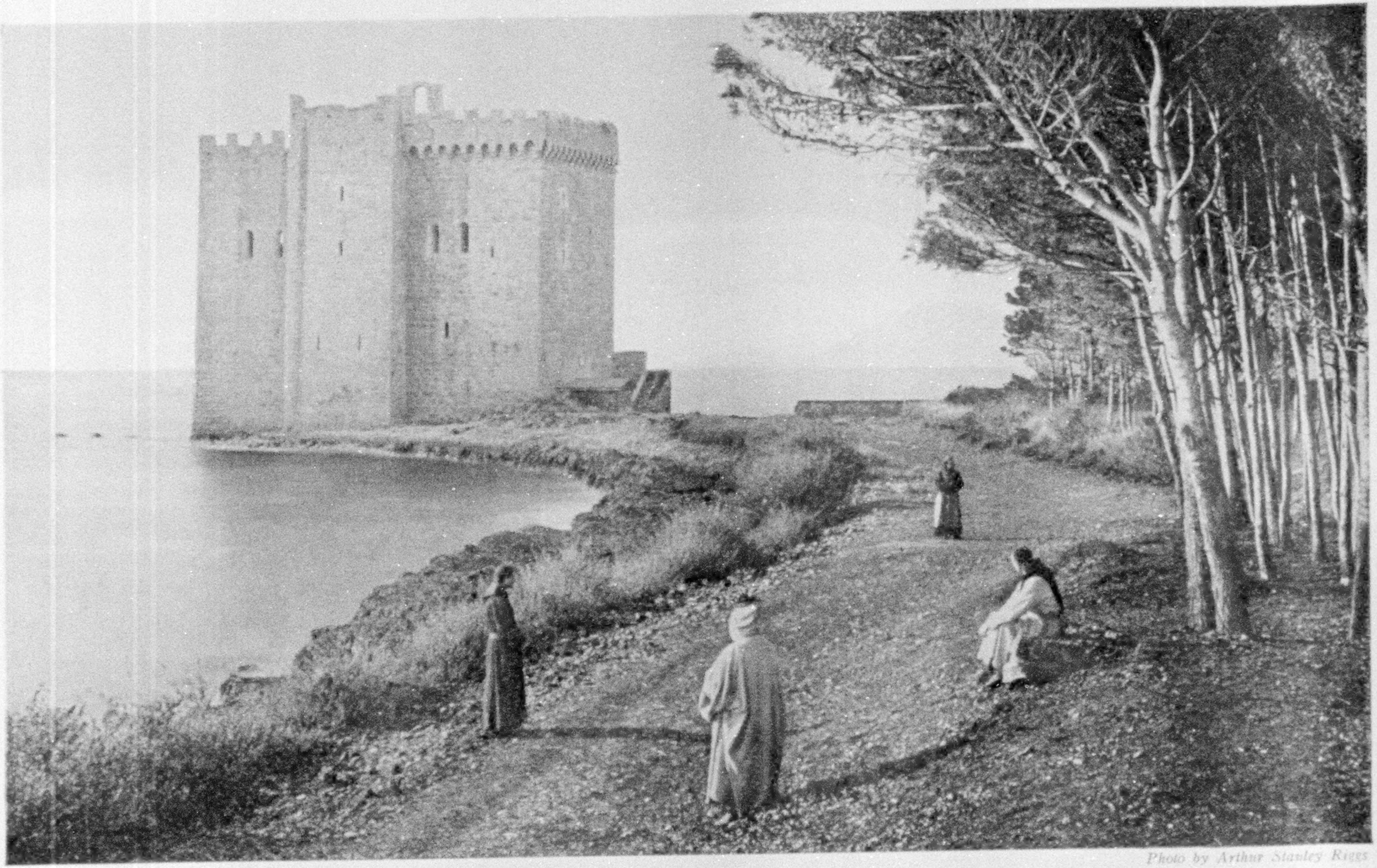


Photo by Arthur Stanley Riggs

THE ISLAND OF ST. HONORAT: OFF CANNES, FRANCE

There is no lovelier spot along the entire Riviera than the little island of St. Honorat, where fifteen centuries ago the monks built this gem of a castle-monastery to guard them against the terrible Barbary corsairs.

TWO BRITTANY GIRLS

While the war has spared Brittany from the tread of its iron heel, it has called from its homes every man able to bear arms in defence of their fair land.

XUM

ors from one end of the spectrum to the other. It is a blue shore—aye, and an emerald, and red, and black, and brown, and gray.

At Hyères its sensuous charm first becomes apparent in foliage and climate and color—and you remember the violets the street arabs sell in Paris at Easter. The flashing Gulf of St. Tropez, with its high shores and vivid colors—red cliffs, astonishing villas, with majolica tiled walls in every conceivable barbarity of color-combinations, emerald sea and white foam—is a dazzling prelude to Roman Fréjus, with its dull brick ruins of the days of the conquering Cæsars and its medieval houses, with wonderfully carved doors and portals. Cannes, the "Millionaires' Paradise," with its ancient fishing town on the long promontory at one side, surmounted by the gaunt old Tower of the Chevalier, and the new, fashionable section of magnificent hotels, villas, and gardens, shows how everything else can give place to sheer beauty and charm.

Of all the captivating spots along the Riviera there is none lovelier than the little island of St. Honorat, just off Cannes. At one edge, rising from the green water like a great square shaft of glowing amber against the warm southern blue, is the battlemented convent-fortress the monks of old built as a refuge against the Barbary corsairs—a pile stern and militant without, but within a monastery, with a two-storied cloister of remarkable beauty even in its ruin. And at harvest time the few monks who still inhabit the island give from a distance an old-world picture of women haying, their long black robes pinned up, their heads hidden in big, floppy farmer hats. Beyond "the meadows sweet with hay" the ground is all one deep, soft, aromatic bed of brown pine needles, and the old trees bend lovingly over to caress the shining water (see page 453).

NICE, THE POPULAR

Nice, the popular, drowsing along the magnificent Baie des Anges; Monaco, the rock, jutting forth like a great head, with its touseled hair full of flowers; Monte Carlo, on its superb hill, with the gambling casino, poised midway between sea and sky, in a garden which is a riot of almost tropical luxuriance and dazzling color; Mentone, of the soft tints and mild, perfumed airs, are only suggestions of the scenery through which the Grande Corniche road winds for mile upon mile of beauty that only a catalogue can render.

There are towns here all garden; others all rock, perched precariously under their towers within high walls upon a spike of hill, where space is too precious for anything but tenement-like dwellings, and a single, narrow, twisting road leading down to the world; and still others, like Antibes, jammed together on the beach, buttressed house upon house holding hands, as it were. At Antibes, too, a little cape thrusts out into the sea, solidly overgrown with daisies, a vast white and gold finger, like a huge streak of foam upon the waters.

HEART OF THE PERFUME INDUSTRY

But all the beauty is not along the coast. A few miles inland, at Grasse, the French perfume industry has built up flower plantations 1,000 feet above the sea and turned the whole countryside into solid masses of flowers—jasmine, roses, violets, orange blossoms, tuberoses, pinks—more than 12,000 acres of them, raised to be destroyed in the distilleries which have transformed ancient convents into factories whose very smoke smells sweet (see page 472).

Grasse itself has its feet in these wonderful gardens, and climbs laboriously up the terraced hill until its towered head rises clear—a town of villas so smothered in cascades of flowers and palms, aloes and oleanders and cactus that often the houses are invisible from the street.

To the east of Grasse, the narrow-gauge line of the little Sud Railway plunges recklessly over terrifying gorges on heaven-high viaducts that twist themselves nearly double to get across the ferocious chasms, full of distorted rock shapes and unearthly noises. Le Baou, a towering crag like Gibraltar, looms above the miniature town of St. Jeannet, a threatening monster.

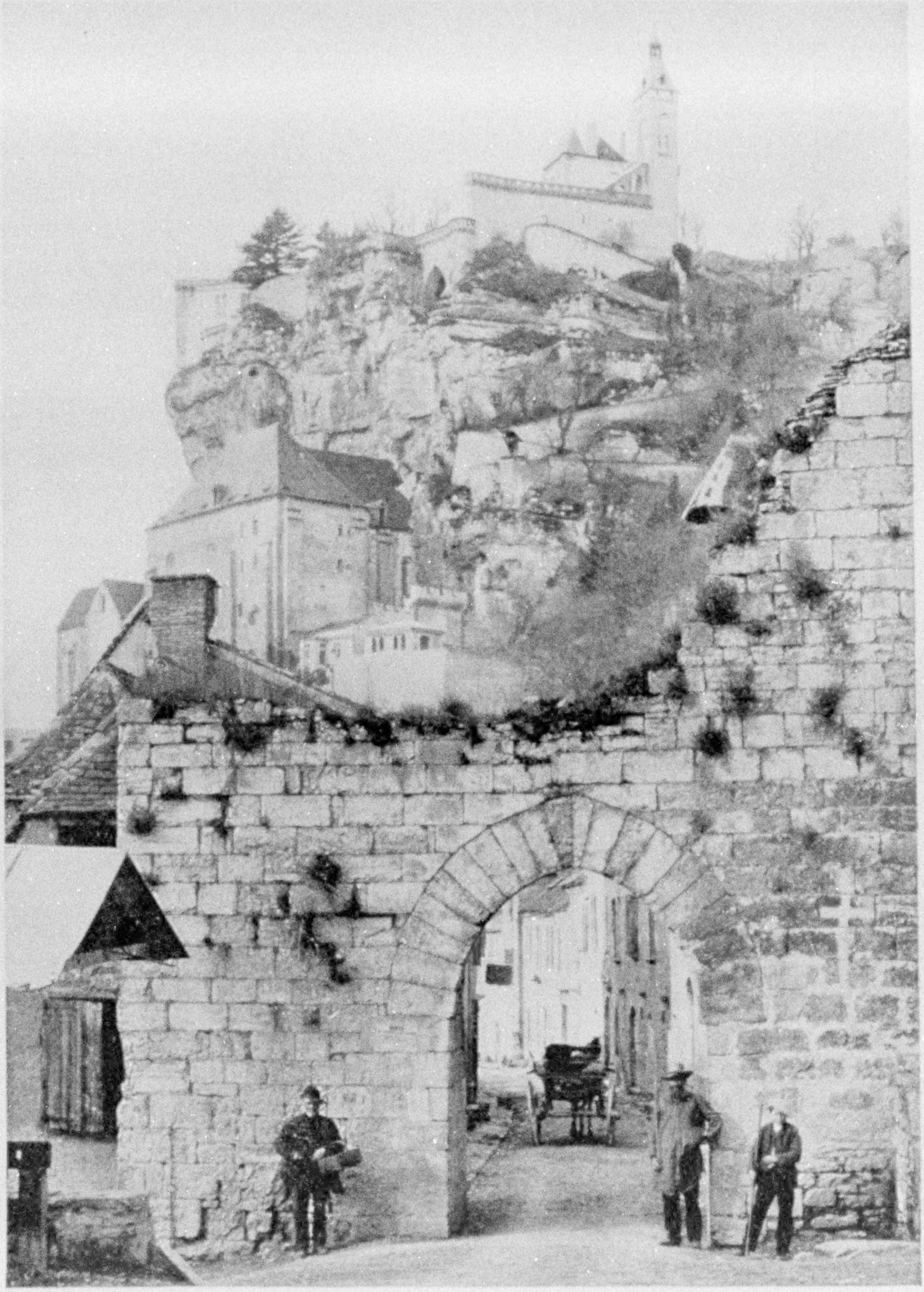


Photo by Arthur Stanley Riggs

THE HOME OF ZACCHÆUS, THE PUBLICAN; ROCAMADOUR, PROVINCE OF GUYENNE, FRANCE

Few towns, even in France, can rival Rocamadour in its picturesqueness of location and quiet, ancient charm. The church at the crest of the cliff is that of St Sauveur, begun in the thirteenth century. In its crypt reposes the ashes of St. Amadour, believed to have been Zacchæus the publican, who is reputed to have labored here in the first century.

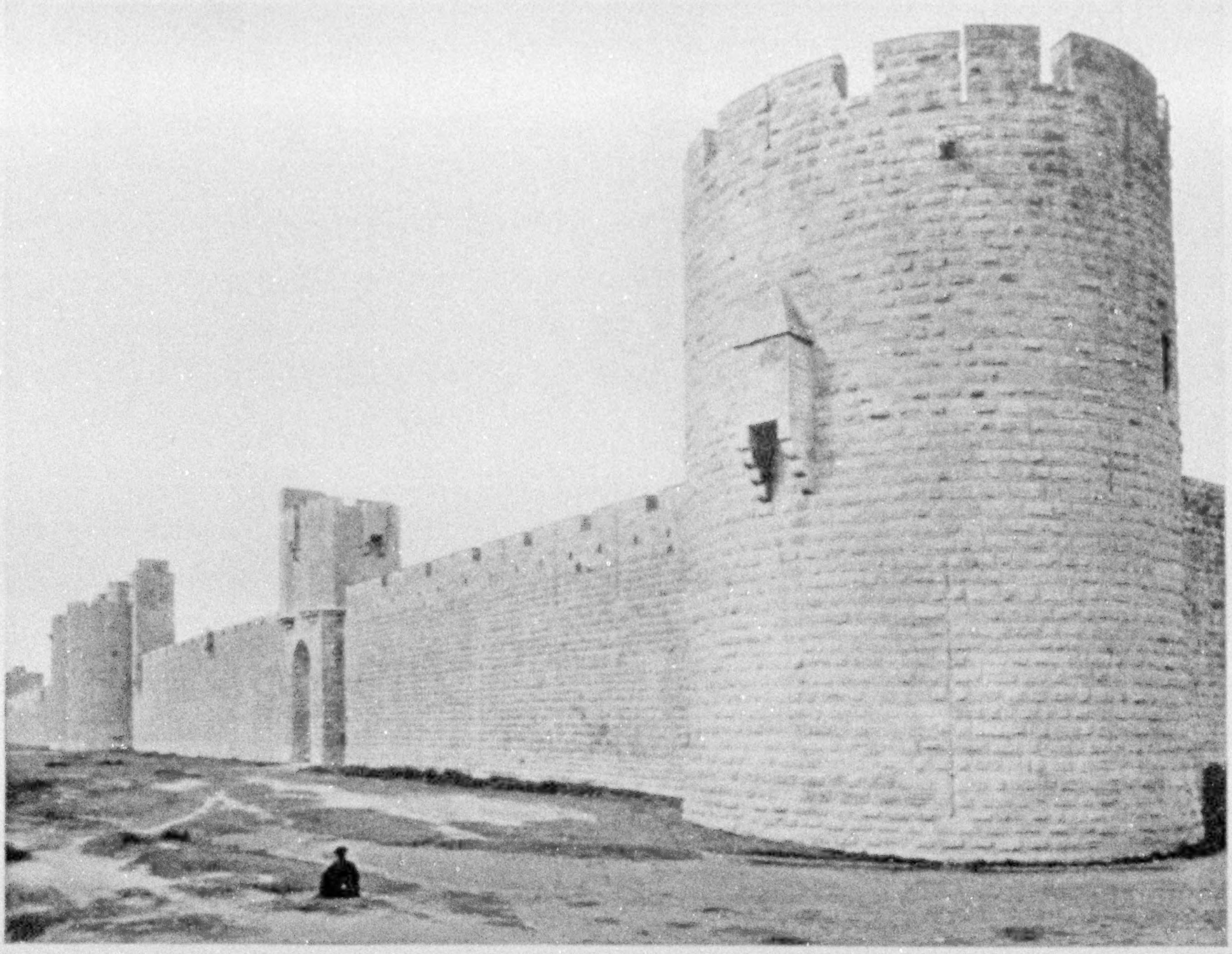


Photo by Arthur Stanley Riggs

THE FORTIFICATIONS OF AIGUES-MORTES: LANGUEDOC, FRANCE

One of the best examples of early military engineering in France. The fortress forms a rectangle 600 by 300 yards, with walls from 25 to 33 feet high (see text, page 433)

Northward, the scenery grows more mountainous, with an endless succession of dim ravines, deep gorges, towns here and there of houses rising one above the other in such close tiers they seem primitive skyscrapers of myriad stories. Again, the most incredible "houses," actually built under great isolated boulders, and looking as if a good rain or a slight shock of earthquake would throw them down with a crash.

PICTURESQUE MOUNTAIN TOWNS

Entrevaux, the quaint, unspoiled little town of Between-Valleys, crouches picturesquely between a rushing blue stream and the mountain side. Stout walls, which include the side of the ancient church, with guardian bastions and towers, straggle along the river and up the granite crag to the ancient citadel. A narrow draw-bridge over the river, with its portcullis still in place, gives entrance to the town, where the streets are so narrow one must step into a doorway to let a panniered mule go by.

There is no room in Entrevaux for the usual beautiful French gardens; but tiny, terraced *potagers* — kitchen gardens — fairly hang over the river outside for those who do not care to go to the farther bottom-lands. The children are shy and beautiful; their elders charming, simple souls, and all are uncontaminated by foreign influence and money.

Another picturesque mountain town is Sisteron, which curves around a big gray crag crowned by an imposing old citadel and pierced, like Gibraltar, with tiers of embrasures for cannon. At its feet the dancing, sparkling, blue Buëch sweeps a broad moat about one side of the hill before it cuts a vivid gash into the heavier gray tide of the Durance, which moats one side of the town.

The main street is a one-reel moving picture. Here a young girl, fit to pose for a Raphael, sits on the sidewalk grind-

XUM

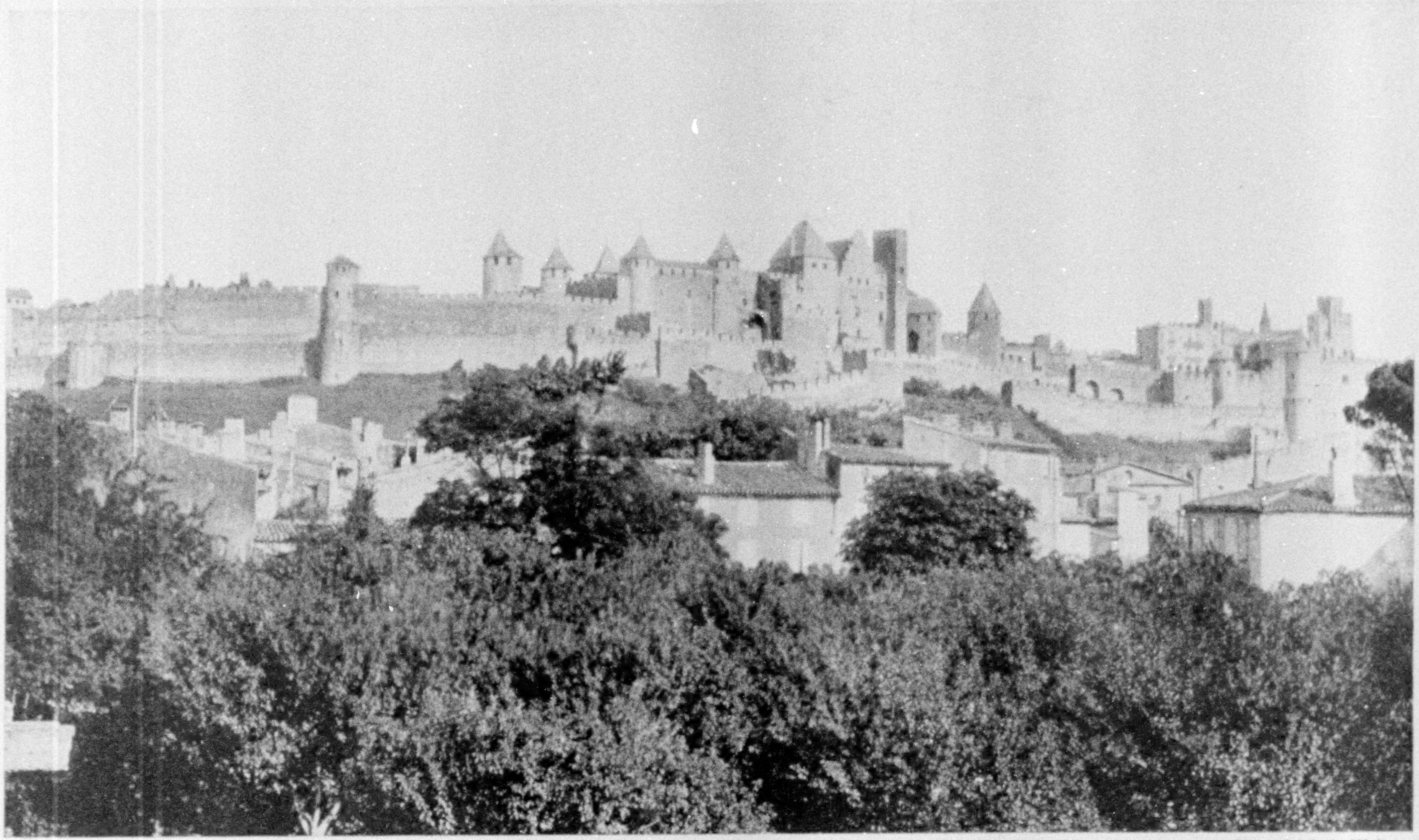


Photo by J. A. Welker

THE OLD FORTRESS CITY OF CARCASSONNE, FRANCE

Carcassonne dates from the Roman period, but attained its first importance under the Visigoths at the beginning of the fifth century. It is regarded by many as "the most fascinating, romantic, and wonderful of French cities" (see text, page 433)

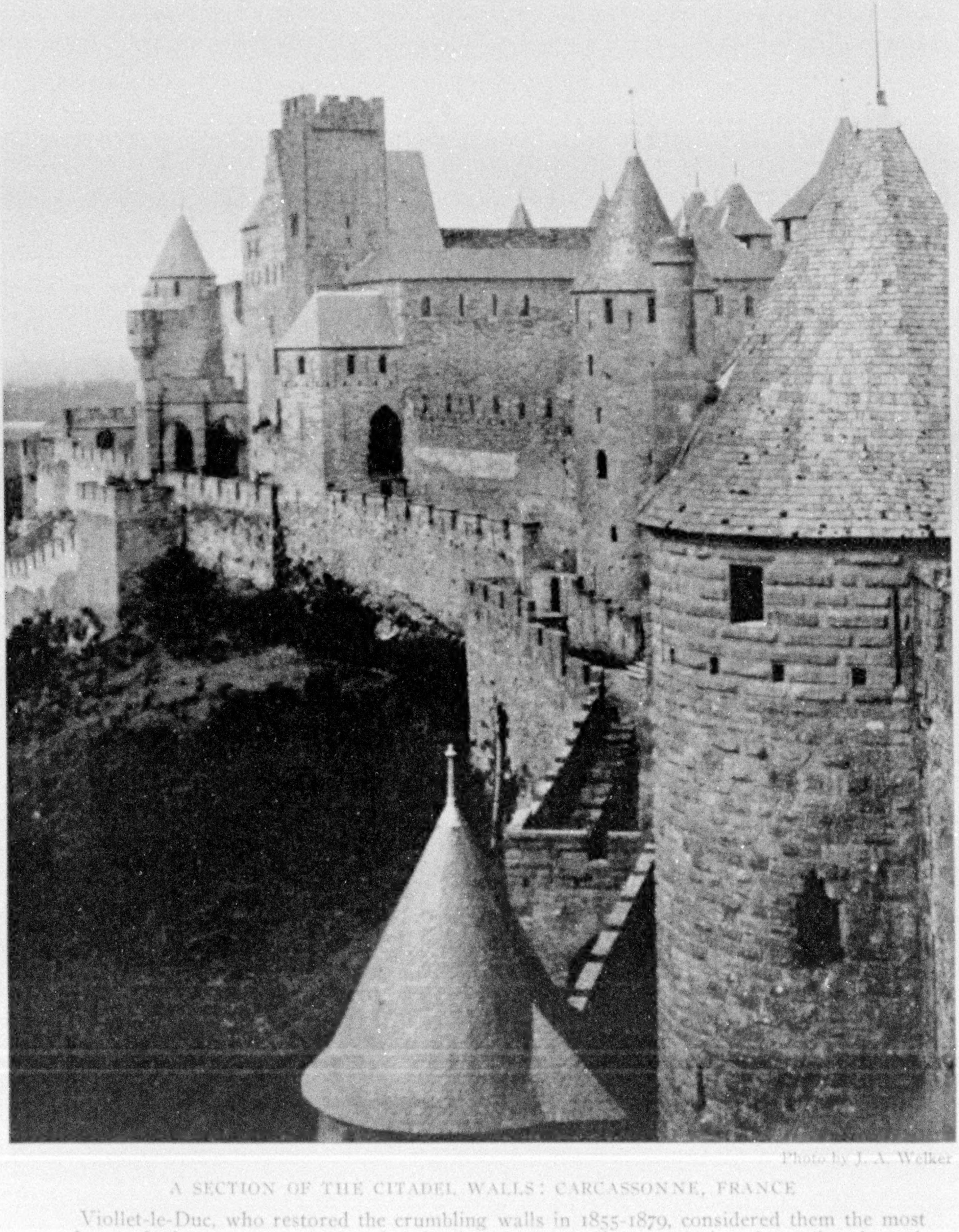


Photo by J. A. Welker

A SECTION OF THE CITADEL WALLS: CARCASSONNE, FRANCE

Violfet-le-Duc, who restored the crumbling walls in 1855-1879, considered them the most perfect and picturesque example of defensive works in Europe, dating from the eleventh and thirteenth centuries.

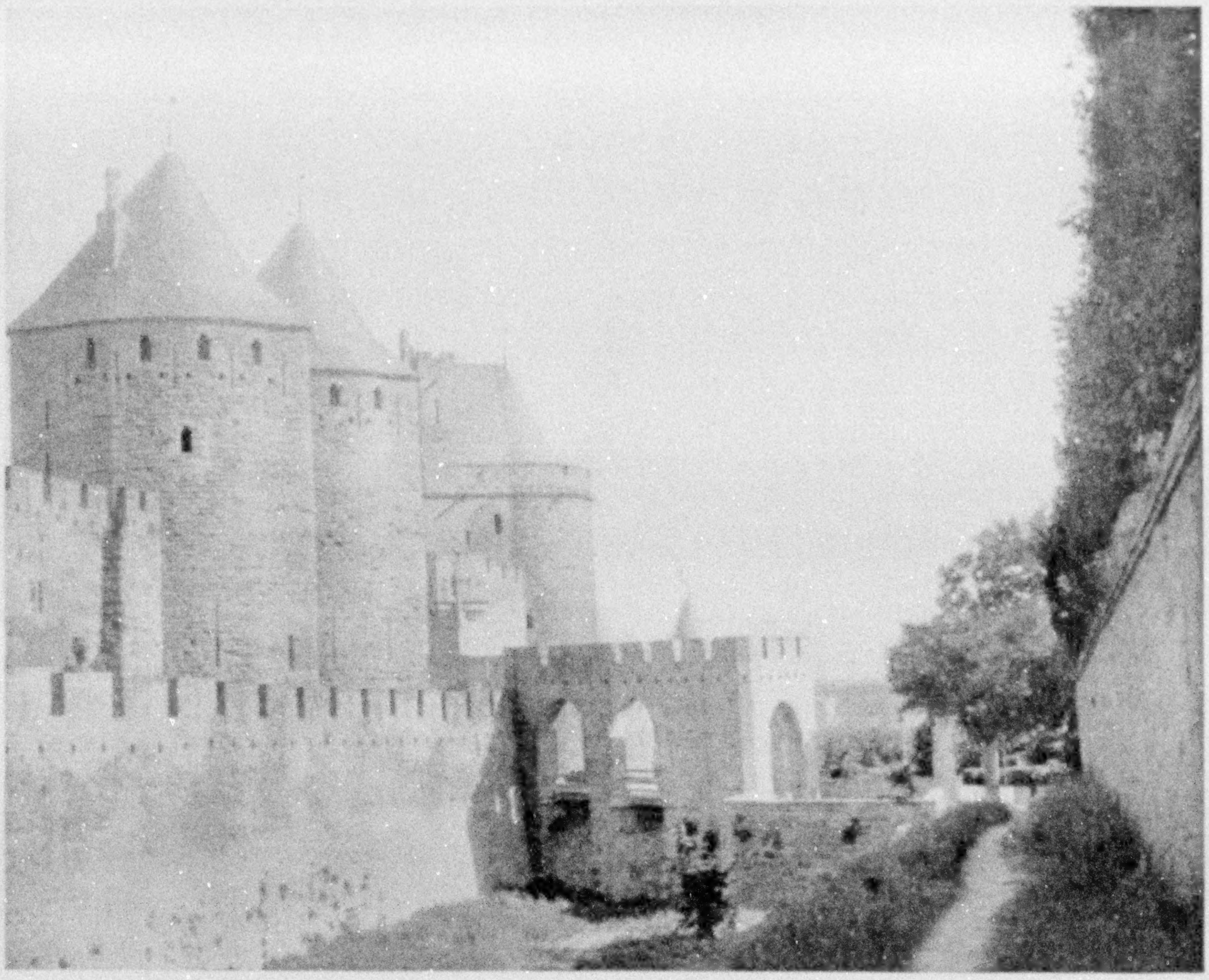


Photo by Mrs. A. H. Harris

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE WALLS OF CARCASSONNE, FRANCE

The citadel of Carcassonne was regarded as possessing so much "preparedness" that it was deemed impregnable and remained intact down to the French Revolution. In a single one of its barbicans, or strong towers, 1,500 defenders could be housed.

ing coffee; there a stout matron dams the rushing mountain gutter into a lake, so that she can swab off the front of her *débit des tabacs;* down a steep alley the street cleaners—a lazy man, a tired woman, and a brisk little girl—and a handful of farmer women, with pitchforks and enormous hats, move like figures on the screen. And in the principal plaza, before the remarkable old church, gypsies camping make another picture against the soft background of the Roman walls, in one of whose blasted towers a full-grown tree peeps through the windows and the open top.

All through this southern region there are astounding rock formations—mountains in the guise of giant heads, with vertical ridges up the middle of their backs, like the crests of ancient helmets; others, square of top, like walled cities, symmetrically flanked by low lines of carefully planned fortifications and outworks (see page 474).

ITALY AND SWITZERLAND MEET IN FRANCE

Dauphiné has been called an "Italian Switzerland" by the French themselves, for it has the sunny skies and rich vegetation of the Mediterranean Peninsula and the cold, stern, snow-capped mountains of the Swiss. The most characteristic feature of the province is its vivid contrasts: tremendous masses of granite pyramids, bare and blasted and savagely desolate; long stretches of primeval forest, pines and firs of noble girth and height, from among which here and there huge rocks leap up like uncouth animals of another age; smiling pasture lands and farms, cut by profound gorges; stormy-looking peaks starred with glaciers; tiny hamlets nestling among the pines; milky roads and sky-brushing sierras of needle-

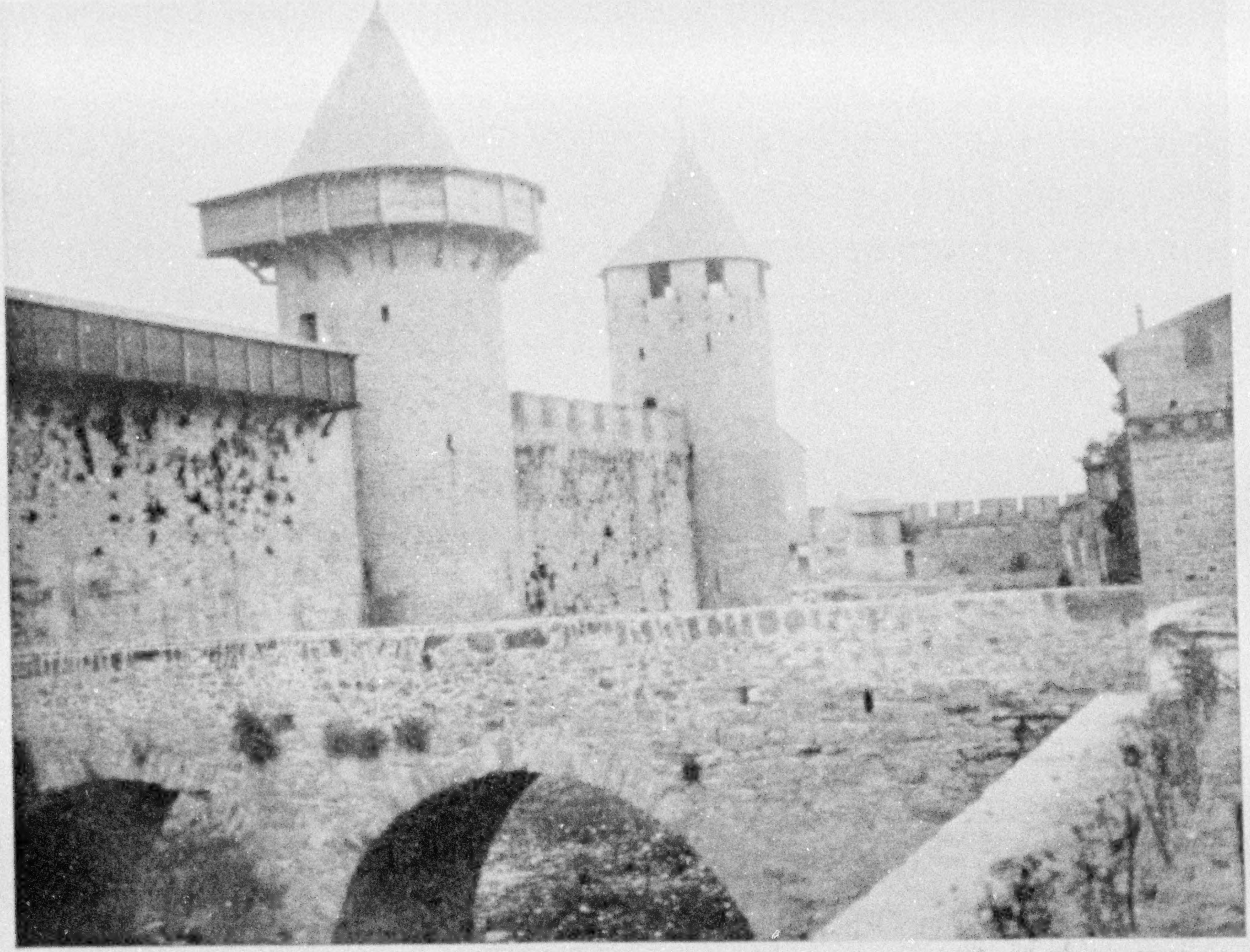


Photo by Mrs. A. H. Harris

TOWERS OF THE CITADEL: CARCASSONNE, FRANCE

The castle of Carcassonne adjoined the outer wall, so that if all other defenses failed there might be a possibility of communicating with relieving forces from the outside after the town had fallen.

like peaks; deep, irregular, narrow little gorges, each with its rushing, boiling torrent far down among the contorted rocks of the bottom.

The engineering difficulties throughout Dauphiné are exceptional. Along the railroad half the scenery is black tunnels and stinging clouds of cinders. But one cares not a whit for that when the train bursts from them upon spidery, inspiring viaducts, and goes zigzagging up or down the mountain side in graceful spirals that deprive one alike of speech and breath.

ON THE ISÈRE STANDS GRENOBLE

Where the cold gray flood of the Isère slips between the mountains like a thread, we find Grenoble, superbly placed at its junction with the Drac, in an exquisite plain, swept about on every side by range upon range of glorious mountains that tower up 10,000 feet, into the realm of perpetual snow. Bastioned, turreted walls leap picturesquely up to the forts on the top of the hill on the other side of the river. The fifteenth century Palace of Justice, with its high-pitched roof, bold dormers, and elegant chimneys, is said to be the finest Renaissance building in the valley of the Rhône. The handsomely towered Hôtel de Ville has a very effective formal garden.

Indeed, Grenoble blossoms with gardens, and one of its tree-decorated avenues runs straight as an arrow's flight five miles out into the country to the Drac, where the seventeenth century Hurdle Bridge (see page 478) humps its back for the leap across the stream, and gives an exquisite picture, in the rough frame of its arch, of the peaks beyond. But grandest and most inspiring of all is the scene every evening when Mother Nature reveals her fiery alchemy

XUM

Photo by Mrs. A. H. Harris

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY AUTOMOBILE IN A SIXTEENTH CENTURY STREET: CARCASSONNE, FRANCE

in sunset and nightfall. Nothing short of an heroic poem can do justice to the marvelous transformation—the flood of ruddy lavender fire that suffuses sky and snow peaks, tints the gray old town, and fires the Isère for a few all-too-fleeting moments before the coming of the terrible, tangible green that succeeds and quenches it, leaving the silent town pallid and sere, and the slow, tender darkening of sky and water and air to the crystalline azure of the southern night, flecked with the gold of star and light in heavens and city.

MOTHER-HOUSE OF THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE

What a spot St. Bruno and his six austere, silent companions chose for their monastery, which became the Grande Chartreuse, the mother-house of the Carthusian Order! Here is a sloping, sunny mead, embayed by dense pine forests, 3,000 feet above the sea, and dominated by the towering limestone crag of the Grand Som, that rears its savage crest still 3,600 feet higher. Surely no more ideal location could be found for ascetics who wished to live in holy solitude and mortify the flesh. Here the fathers lived in their cells, really small two-storied houses, each with a woodshed and workshop on the ground floor and a little garden outside.

What we see of the convent today belongs to the State. It is a tremendous walled inclosure, filled with ugly seventeenth century buildings, whose high-pitched roofs, however, give them a certain distinction. The monks, exiled by the Separation Act, now reside in Tarragona, Spain, where they may pray and distil their famous liqueur undisturbed. Deserted though the convent is now, there is still a grim spirit to it that gives one the sense, especially in the grand cloister, more than 700 feet long, that the sort of life lived here for centuries can never be entirely forgotten or ignored.

Of the many magnificent views along the driving road between Grenoble and Aix-les-Bains, there is one in which, at the mouth of a lofty tunnel, Nature has painted a sublime picture. Right below the road winds in one vast horseshoe curve and a whole series of smaller ones down the blue and green foothills into the rolling plain where Chambéry nestles, all red roofs and tan walls. Away in the distance Lake Bourget turns its sparkling sapphire toward the sun between high inclosing mountains gemmed with stately and commanding châteaux. Scarlet poppies lift their hot tongues of flame

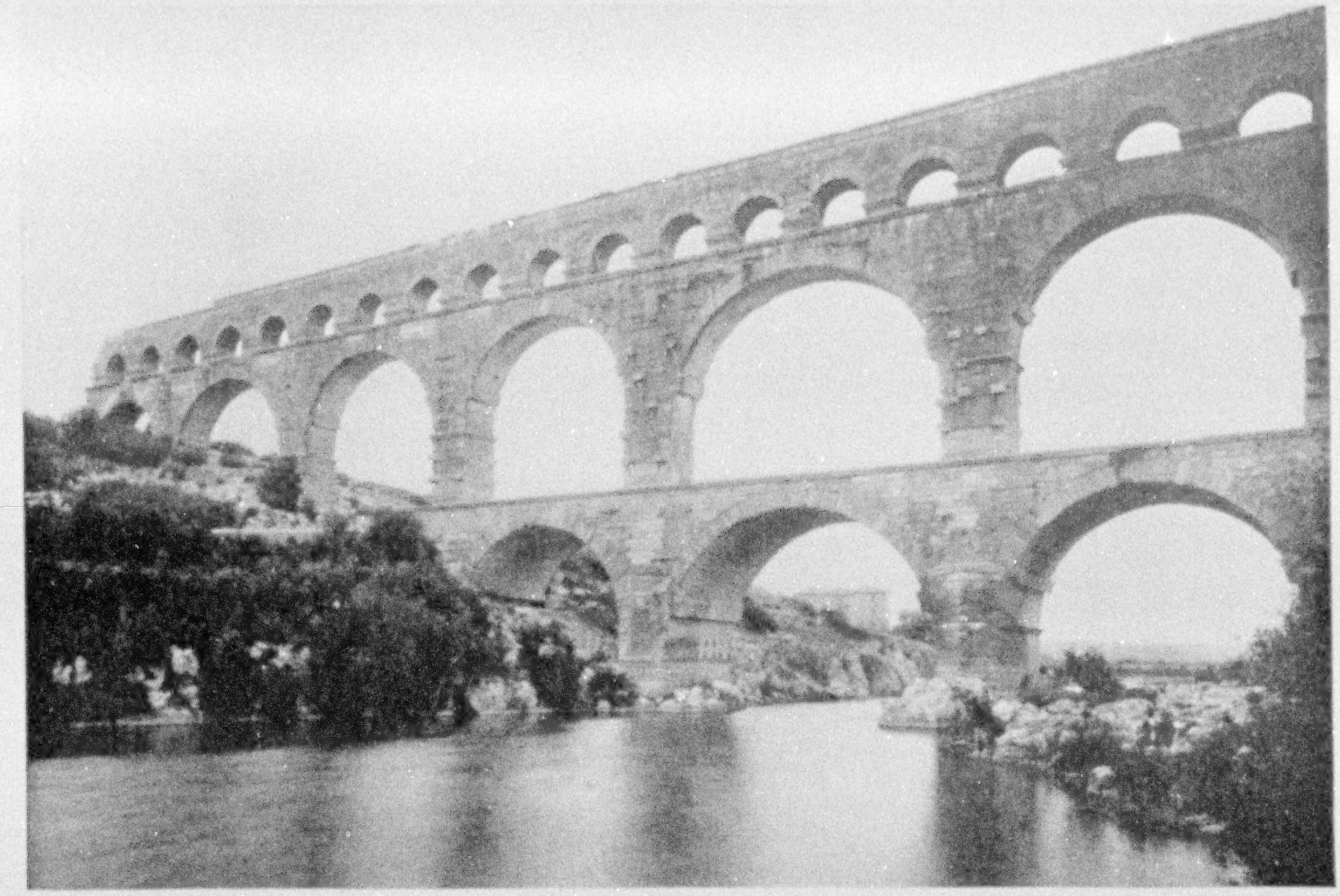


Photo by Arthur Stanley Riggs

A FEW MILES FROM NIMES THE ROMANS FLUNG THIS WONDERFUL AQUEDUCT ACROSS THE VALLEY OF THE GARDON

It stands 160 feet high and is as full of grace as it was of utility (see pages 433-434)

through the fields and beside the milky roads; buttercups and mustard gild them.

CRADLE OF THE SAVOYARDS

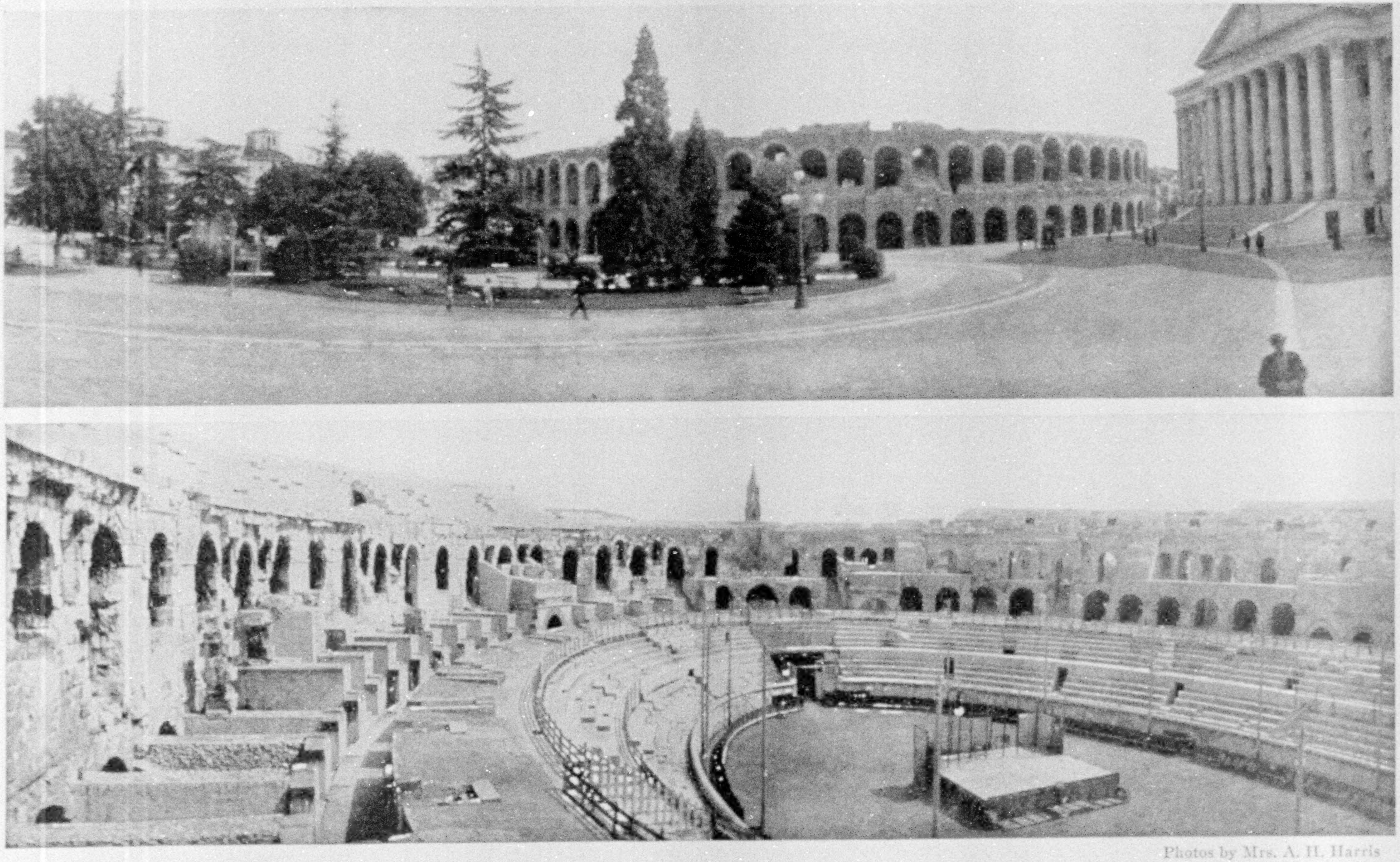
And Chambéry, in the sunny heart of this colorful panorama, is not less temperamental than its setting. It delights the dreamer with its profound air of mystery; with its passageways that burrow ostentatiously under whole blocks of houses in every direction, making it possible to traverse much of the town without using the streets; with its tremendous castle—now a police station—that cradled the Savoyard dynasty, today upon the throne of Italy; with its river that loses itself in the main square; and with its rustic charm of a shepherd and his flock on the principal thoroughfare.

The country between Grenoble and Lyon, after the crags of Dauphiné are left behind, is no less magical, though in a quieter way: soft pastorals that unroll in placid succession; tiny towns on gentle swales that seem ancient woodcuts come to life; cows cropping the rich grass or ambling home to their rude byres beside farm-houses guarded by straight old poplars; now a Spanish-looking town, all made of mud; hedge-rows not too tall to keep sleek goats from nibbling at their tender tops.

RICH, INDUSTRIAL LYON

Lyon might be called the New York of France, a great manufacturing city, its heart on the tongue of land at the confluence of two great rivers, the Rhône and the Saône, and dominated at one side by a towering palisade, on whose very summit rises the monstrous modern Byzantine Church of Fourvière. The people inevitably suggest Americans—the beautiful women gowned with taste and restraint; the men broad-shouldered, energetic, and alert; the flocks of pretty children well dressed and with charming manners, while what one sees of the life of the city is as spirited and delightfully refreshing as the cool floods that sweep past its long quays.

It is a beautifully arranged city, which



Photos by Mrs. A. H. Harris

THE ARENA OF NIMES, FRANCE

The city of Nimes is said to contain more monuments of antiquity than any other place in France. The arena, the temple dedicated to the nephews of Cæsar Augustus, the Temple of Diana, and the Great Tower are a few examples (see page 434) has taken full advantage of its situation. Its twin rivers, spanned by 22 handsome bridges and dotted with battered public wash-boats, are lined with superb, tree-shaded quays on all sides. There are miles of other fine streets and many parks and squares—the fashionable Bellecour, with its ponds and swans, its café and bandstand; the Terreaux, with its monumental fountain of the rivers and springs, its flowing crowds and fluttering pigeons. The less noted squares, each with its monument embayed in flowers, are unusually attractive because of the French genius for design and location. In one square no less than nine great streets are focused, thus giving flower beds and monument their happiest effect.

Imposing modern commercial and public buildings in no way detract from the interest of the remarkable Cathedral of St. Jean and its attendant, the incrusted and arcaded eleventh century Manécanterie, or Choristers' House, or from the quaint Romanesque Church of St. Martin-d'Ainay, with its inlays of colored stones and its tower with acroteria. A superb view from the balconies of the tower of the Fourvière Church sweeps a hundred-mile circle of city and plain, fenced in by snowy peaks, among which Mt. Blanc is clearly visible in good weather.

A FIELD OF STILL VOLCANOES

There is probably no part of the world in which prehistoric volcanic action can be so easily studied and understood as in the old province of Auvergne. It is warty with three groups of extinct volcanoes, and bubbles with important medicinal springs; it is full of rural beauty and urban significance in architecture. The volcanoes are so symmetrically round-topped, they must have looked like titanic old-fashioned coke-ovens when they were "going." Now, cooled off, they are rich in the most fertile of soils.

One has an excellent observatory for this on the tram-funicular that ascends the Puy de Dome, opening at every turn some new and inspiring vista of the round heads of the domes fading into the distance, their dark flanks splashed with vivid yellow gorse, oblongs of grain or plowed earth, fired suggestively with poppies, and touched in places with clusters of enormous, tigerish violets striped with black.

The coming of a storm is marvelous; you seem suspended in vacancy, while the tops of the domes whirl away, one after another, and vanish into emptiness long before the charging rain clouds blot out the world below. Curious grottoes, innumerable glancing cascades, and little mountain lakes add to the interest and beauty of the region.

Clermont-Ferrand—Bright Mount, because of the sunshine that floods it, while the neighboring domes are swathed in fog and mists—is anything but a gloomy place, though built almost entirely of black lava. The inhabitants are as sunny as the town, from those old folks and children who sun themselves in the high Place Poterne, with its views of the domes, to the sleek goats, who stroll after their piping herdsman through the large and handsome Place de Jaude, while the sidewalks, filled with chairs and covered with bright awnings, shelter a cosmopolitan throng sipping its tea and *apéritifs* to the music of string bands.

Here once more we find that architecture has strikingly adapted itself to the material resources of the district and the habits of the local builders. The notable Church of Notre Dame du Port is a typical specimen of the Auvergnat style of Romanesque, with its black and white volcanic inlays, curious pedestal above the crossing as a support for the octagonal tower, and four symmetrically radiating apse chapels.

A HIGHLAND SPA

Nearby is the famous spa of Royat, with its little town behind in the hills, straggling along the edge of a precipitous gorge, whose black walls drip vines and flowers that fringe wet grottoes where laundresses splash and sing. An amazing old battlemented church, founded by Benedictine nuns 1,200 years ago, with crazy, crooked houses jammed close about it, dominates the town, and sets off charmingly its raggedy, spirited population of men and women market gardeners, who think more of their strawberries

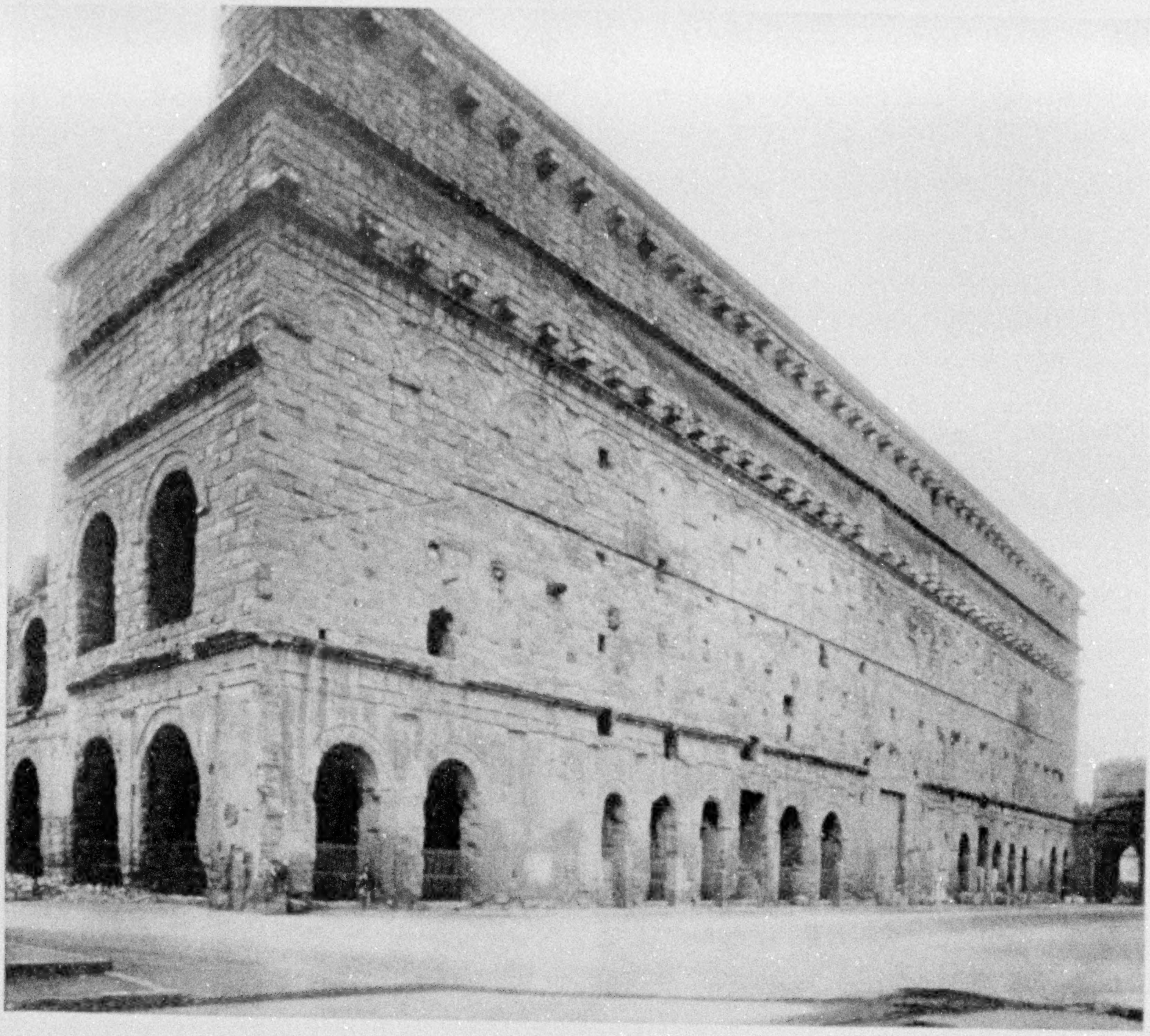


Photo by Arthur Stanley Riggs

THE RUINED FACADE OF THE GREAT ROMAN THEATER AT ORANGE, FRANCE

Considered the finest and most imposing structure of its kind in France, notwithstanding that it has lost almost all of its superficial decoration. This façade is 121 feet high and 338 feet long. Every August in peace times the Comédie Française gives a series of performances in the theater (see text, page 434).

than of their historic and picturesque background (see page 483).

Nevers—and New Hampshire! A main street, with neat, separated houses set well back from the precise sidewalk, the blinds down to keep out the sun that dapples lawns and road with gold. But there the similitude that strikes one at first ends; for Nevers is crowned with a kingly old feudal chateau—now the Palace of Justice—that frowns down upon the great, lazy serpent of the Loire smiling indolently back of it. And there is the strange, double-ended Cathedral of St. Cyrus and the magical old square city gateway, called the Croux, with its protecting barbican and outworks, as perfect a picture of medievalism as any artist ever dreamed on canvas.

Toward Bourges the landscape suggests nothing in the world so much as Sicily, with a blaze of purple and gold, scarlet and white and green in countless masses of delphinium, mustard, buttercups, poppies, and daisies that ravish every sense. It is the most brilliant *paysage* in France, and the snowy white cattle, the tremendous horse-chestnuts, towering locusts, sturdy lindens and maples, and the gray, old red-roofed farm-houses that peep between give it solid strength as well as consummate charm. Seeking the Loire, the Allier slips through, broad and shallow, its course marked by de-

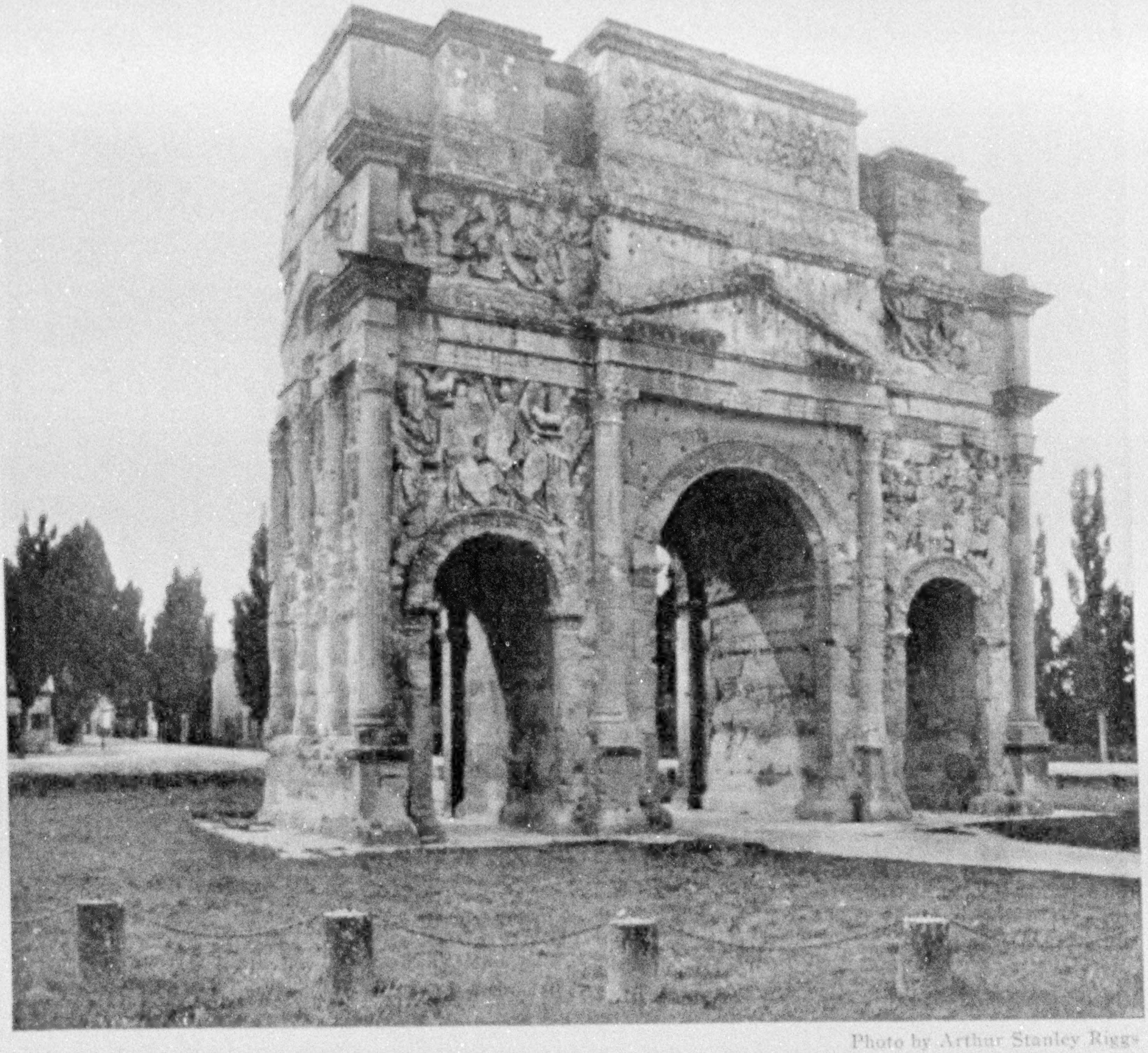


Photo by Arthur Stanley Riggs

THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH OF MARIUS AT ORANGE, FRANCE

This arch stands on the road from Orange to Lyon and is regarded as the finest monument of the Roman period in France. It is believed to have been built to commemorate the defeat of Sacrover in the year 25 A. D. (see text, page 434).

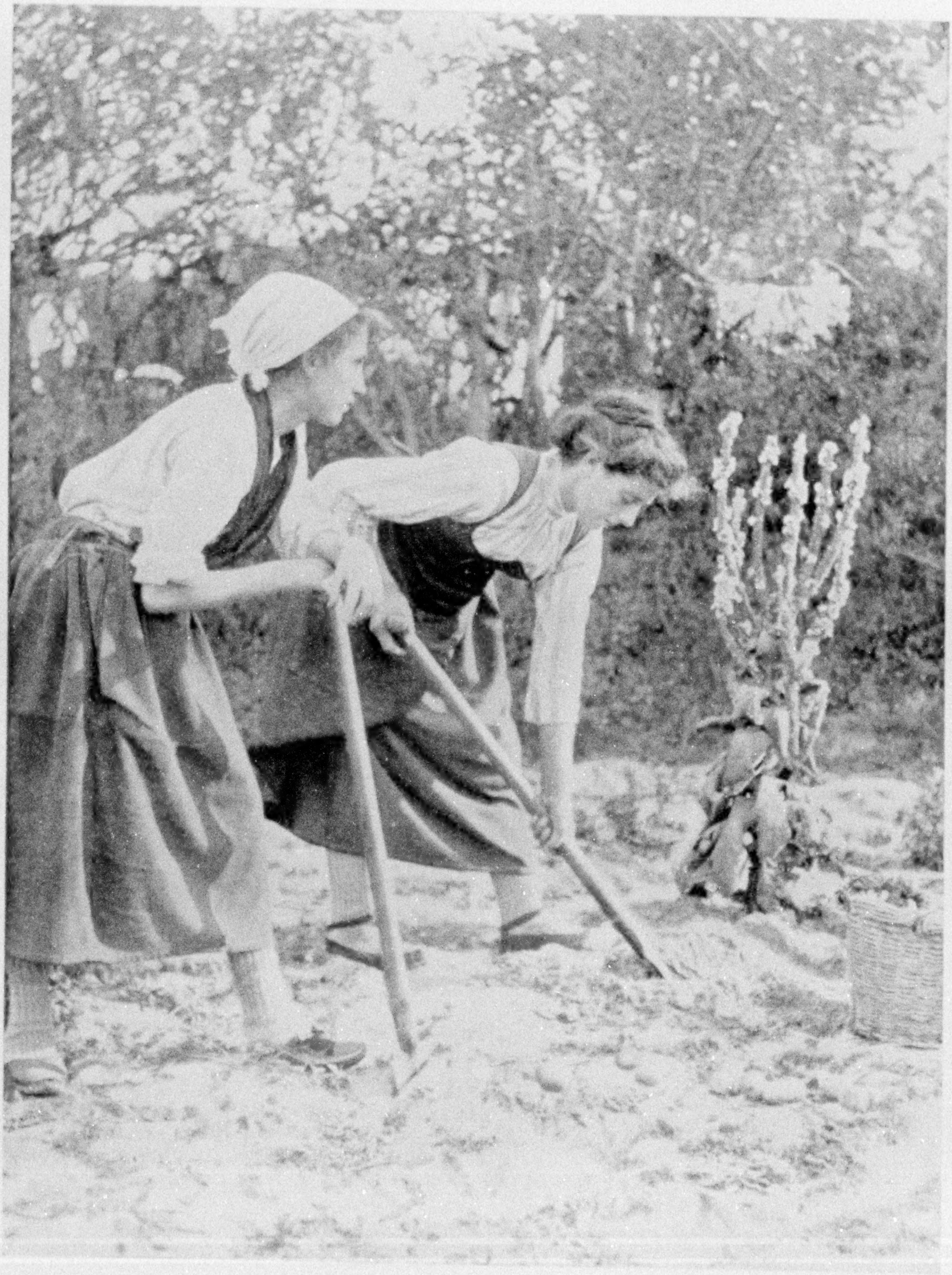
capitated willows, sprouting foliage that looks like bushy hair all on end, and skeleton poplars—so many living signposts to say: Here is water.

"HE WHO HAS SUCCESS HAS HONOR"

When one thinks of gray old Bourges, picture after picture forms on the mental canvas, each seeming more beautiful than the others, except Louis XI! Yet even he is fascinating, as he squats in bronze effigy behind the house of Jacques Cœur, a malignant, inscrutable human monster, as strong as he was guileful. His personal idea of diplomacy was, to use his own words: "He who has success, has honor." How far has the world progressed in four centuries?

The Jacques Cœur house is one of the most glorious monuments to the taste and skill of the Middle Ages in existence, a royal palace in size and beauty, built partly upon or with the ancient Roman walls of Bourges. Two of the original towers blend harmoniously with its myriad other decorative features: turrets, gargoyles, beautiful round-cornered chimneys, carved and fretted casements, and, over the main doorway, counterfeit windows, from which stone servants lean out against the coming of the master. No less alluring is the courtyard, with carven stair-towers, coats of arms in *cœurs*

XUM



TOILING THAT FRANCE MAY BE FED

AGE MUST COMFORT YOUTH WHEN WAR'S LIGHTNING IS IN THE SKY

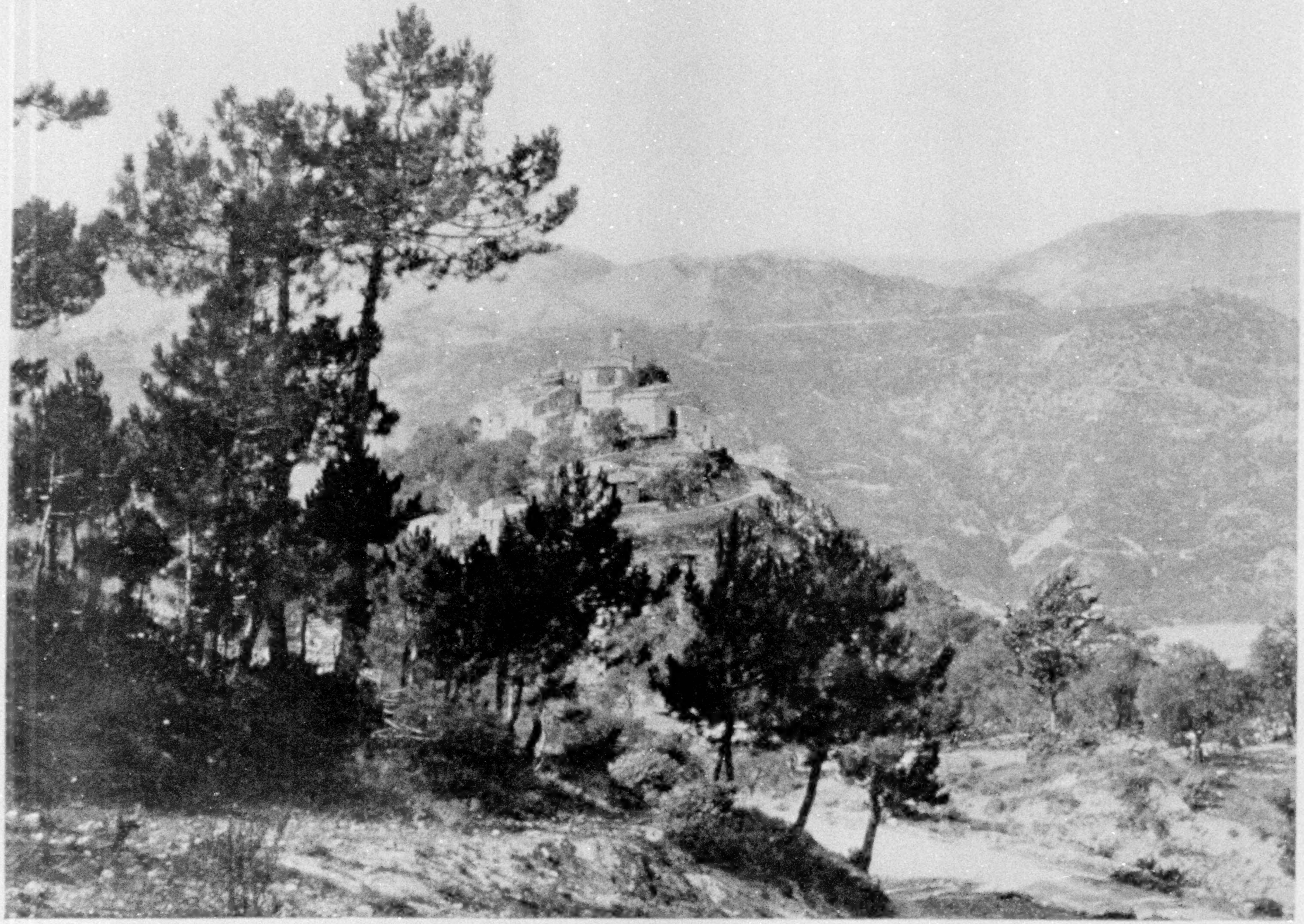
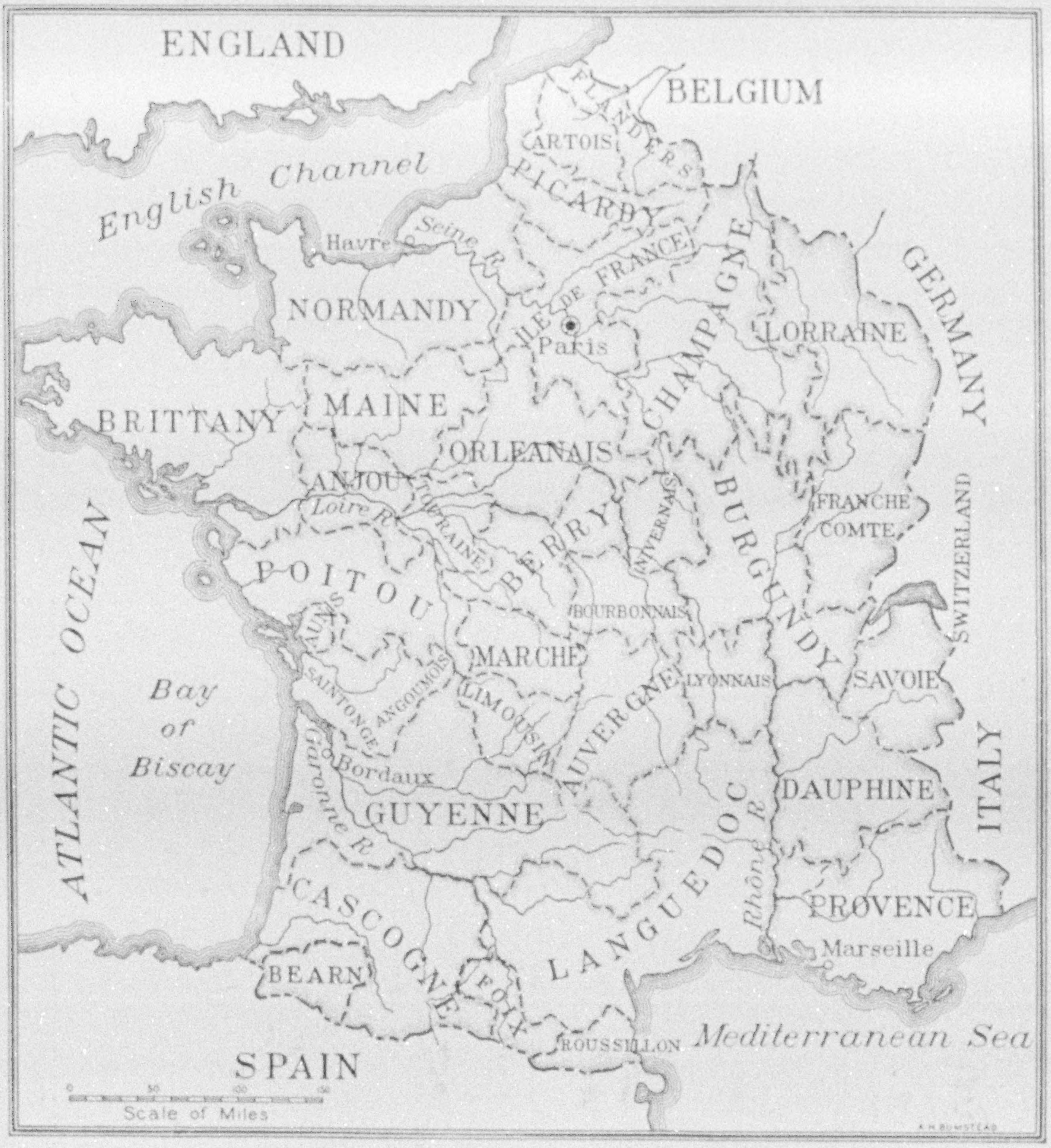


Photo by Arthur Stanley Riggs

ONE OF THE LITTLE "HILL CITIES" OF PROVENCE, FRANCE

The little town of La Roquette is one of those wonderful hillmen's homes which were built on the tops of inaccessible crags, so that they would be safe, in the days when any town was liable to attack and pillage without a moment's notice


ENGLAND
BELGIUM
FLANDERS
ARTOIS
PICARDY
English Channel
Havre
Seine R.
ILE DE FRANCE
GERMANY
NORMANDY
Paris
CHAMPAGNE
LORRAINE
BRITTANY
MAINE
ORLEANAIS
ANJOU
Loire R.
TOURAINE
BERRY
NIVERNAIS
BURGUNDY
FRANCHE COMTE
SWITZERLAND
ATLANTIC OCEAN
POITOU
AUNIS
BOURBONNAIS
MARCHE
Bay of Biscay
SAINTONGE
ANGOUMOIS
LIMOUSIN
AUVERGNE
LYONNAIS
SAVOIE
Bordaux
Garonne R.
GUYENNE
LANGUEDOC
Rhône R.
DAUPHINE
ITALY
CASCOGNE
PROVENCE
Marseille
BEARN
FOIX
ROUSSILLON
Mediterranean Sea
SPAIN
0
50
100
150
Scale of Miles
A.H. BUMSTEAD

OUTLINE MAP OF THE PROVINCES OF FRANCE

For a map with more detail, see map of Europe, 28 x 30 inches, in the July, 1915, number of the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE

(hearts) and scallop shells, bas-reliefs and a series of portrait panels.

Most beautiful of all is the picture made by the public garden and the transeptless side and apse of the stupendous Gothic cathedral, with its forest of slender, flying buttresses. Against this magnificent background range splendid poplars, clipped and trimmed into an impenetrable flat screen; then smaller trees, coaxed into green domes; then the roses, slender, delicate little trees coronetted with fragrant bloom. And in their season, fair and winsome as the roses, the little maids of Bourges thread flowered walks in confirmation dress that makes them the daintiest white blooms in all the town.

THE LAND OF WINE AND VINE

Burgundy, the Golden Side, is a land of vines—vines, vines everywhere, fenced in by the high stone walls of *clos,* growing in the very houseyards until there is room for not a flower or weed, clinging, climbing, wandering everywhere. In the heart of this region is Beaune, a temperamental little city full of pink stair-tow-

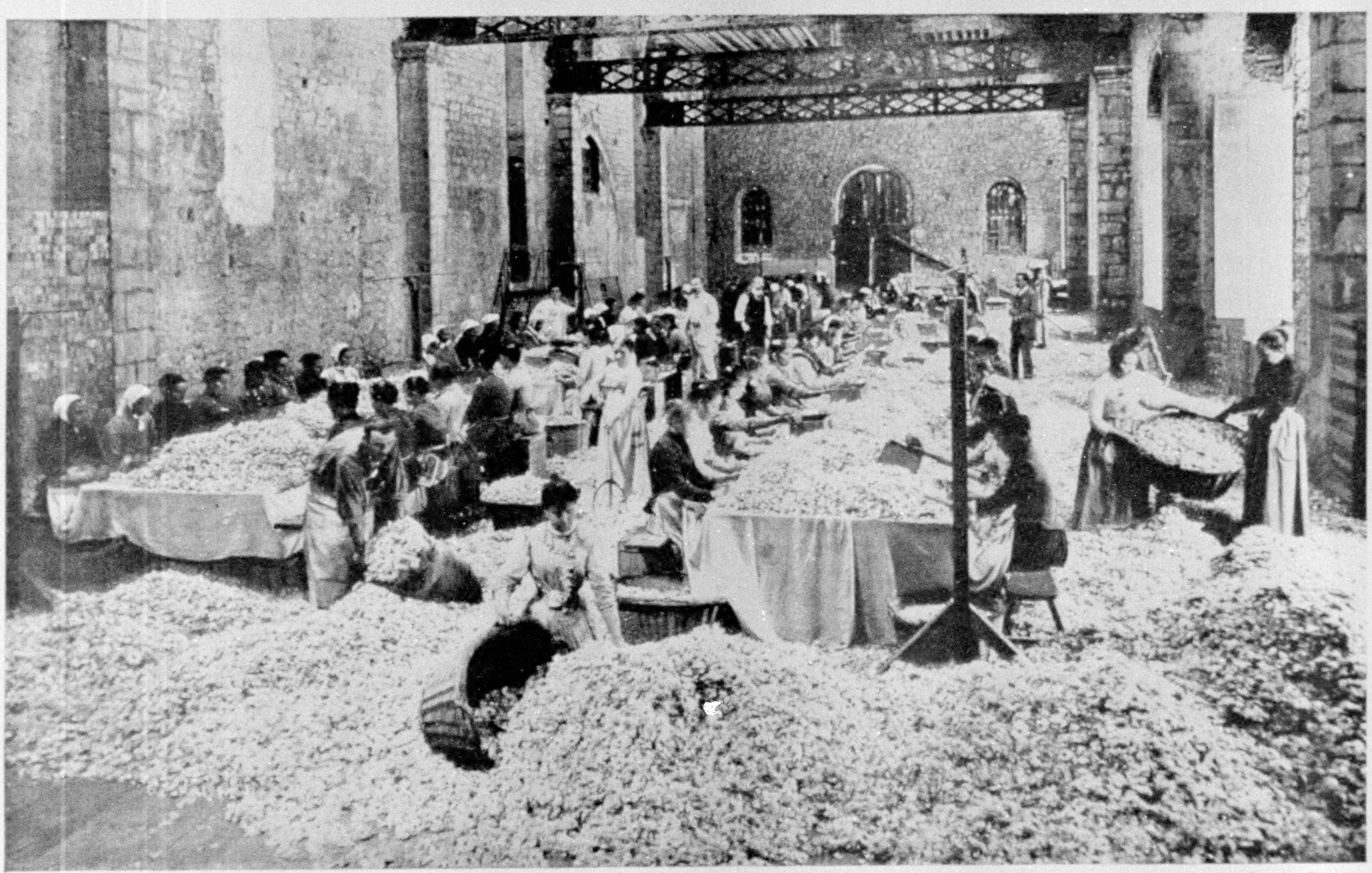


Photo by Arthur Stanley Riggs

STRIPPING ROSES IN THE CONVENT FACTORY OF NOTRE DAME DES FLEURS: GRASSE, FRANCE

"But all of the beauty is not along the coast. A few miles inland, at Grasse, the French perfume industry has built up flower plantations 1,000 feet above the sea and turned the whole countryside into solid masses of flowers—jasmine, roses, violets, orange blossoms, tube-roses, pinks—more than 12,000 acres of them, raised to be destroyed in the distilleries that have transformed ancient convents into factories whose very smoke smells sweet" (see text, page 455).

Photo by Caroline Robinson

THE DISTAFF SPINNER OF GOURDIN, NEAR CANNES, FRANCE

ers, bulgy turrets that seem to have attached themselves to their houses by accident, funny little balconies, and saintly images over the doors.

But always and everywhere it is a town of wine, the rich, heady red of Burgundy. Wine permeates even the courtyard of the lavish old Hospice of Beaune, where at one time the Fete de Dieu is held among priceless old tapestries, and at another an auction, which fixes the prices of burgundies for the whole world. The building is Flemish-Gothic, and through the magnificent courtyard, with its striped roofs, carved wooden pignons, and galleries, flit the white-robed figures of the sisters, who dress even yet in the beautiful and stately costume of the noblewomen of the fifteenth century.

The Burgundian capital, Dijon, is a city of ducal memories, with a remarkable Place d'Armes, a huge Palais d' Etat—with its picturesque remnants of the ancient Palace of the Dukes—and the magnificent gilded and painted alabaster and black marble tombs of Dukes Philip

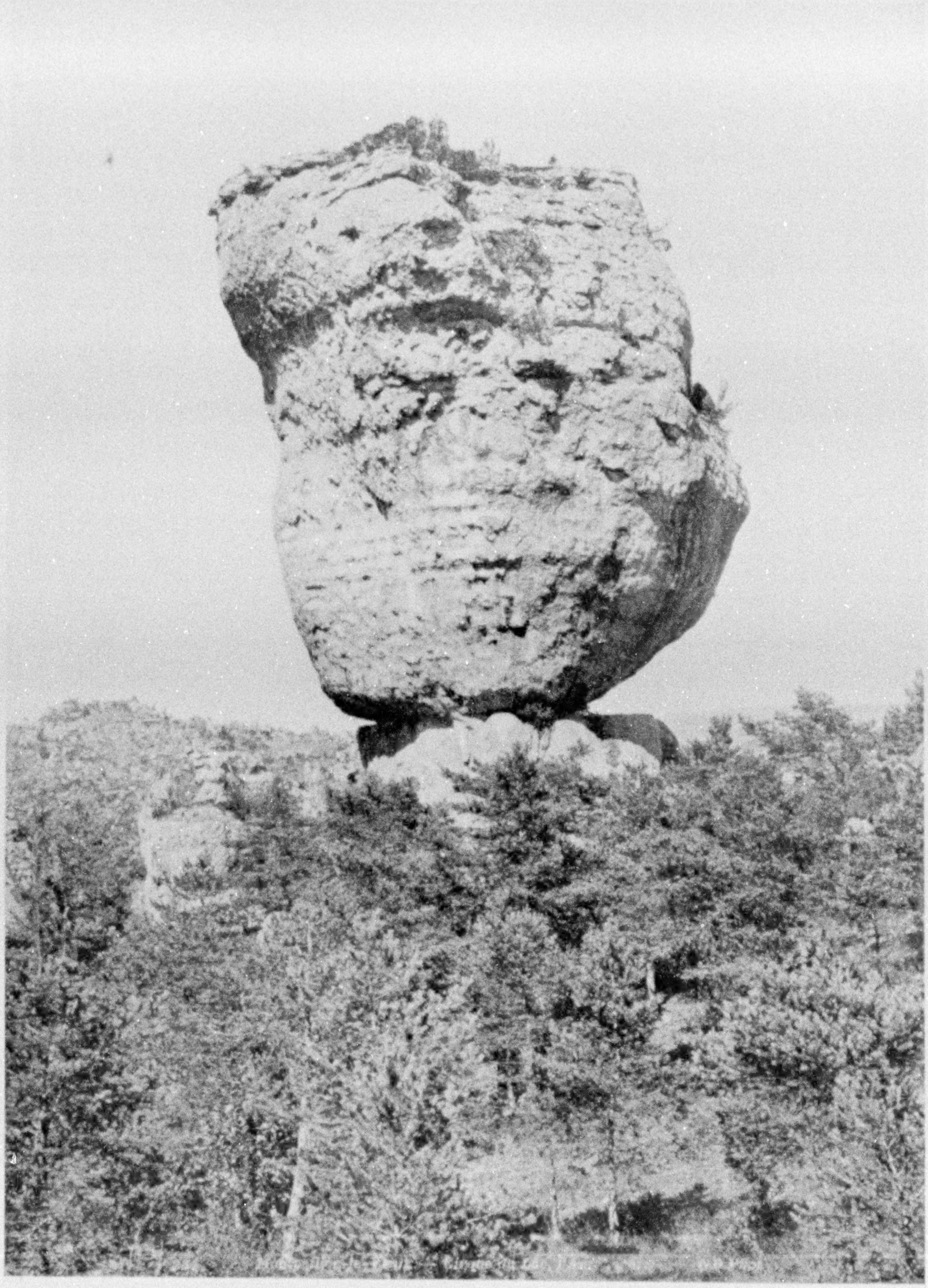


Photo by Arthur Stanley Riggs

THE MARMITE, AN ENORMOUS BALANCED ROCK IN SOUTHERN FRANCE

This is one of what is said to be "a chaos of rocks resembling a ruined city." In many places "houses" have been built under the shelter of such rocks. The trees in the foreground give some idea of the size of this balanced rock (see text, page 434).

the Bold and John the Fearless, with their "world of weepers, who clamor under the intricacies of the delicate arcades."

Dijon's most remarkable church is not its cathedral, but phenomenal Notre Dame, the most brilliant work of the thirteenth century Burgundian school. Above the fine porch each of the two stories is turned into an astounding churchly nightmare by great gargoyles that run the gamut of emotional expression, glaring, sneering, grinning at the pedestrian on whom in wet weather they spout—seventeen to each row—craning their lean necks to catch the unwary.

THE CHAMPAGNE CITY

Whether your point of view is that of the art critic or of the wine connoisseur, Rheims is *the* city of champagne. To the latter the city's show-places are the great and beautiful wine parks, and 75 feet below them, hewn from the solid rock, the miles of white caves or galleries where the sunshine — all in bottles — is aged and "dosed" and stored, millions upon untold millions of bottles of it.

Never in all the history of mankind since the high tide of Greek glory has there been so marvelous and deeply personal an architectural expression of the aspirations and character of a people as the Gothic, and of all its stupendous erections, none was so magnificent, so kingly, so perfect in beauty, as the Cathedral of Rheims. So, too, was its sculpture, figures that represented a mastery which equaled that of the Golden Age of Pericles in classical purity, and, besides that, glowed with an individuality the older masterpieces almost entirely lacked, while the vines and leaves that clambered over pillars and capitals were so instinct with naturalness and life they seemed to rustle as one watched.

What the twentieth century may bring forth, no man can say; but thirteenth century genius cannot be made to live again.

Rheims was a city of wide-open spaces. There are wider open spaces now.

ALONG THE COAST

When John Ruskin pleaded with people to see Amiens and its cathedral, even if they only stopped over between trains, he might also have included the whole of Picardy, for it is as distinguished and varied in its appeal as it is beautiful. "The Golden Sands of Picardy" are a guide-book byword; broad, majestic reaches of firm, clean sand and shining pebbles, perfectly safe for the smallest child (see page 486).

At Wimereux the beach is a huge English family sitting-room, with gay little striped tents and shelters and bathing machines. At Le Portel, a fishing town, where the cliffs open an inverted V to the sea, the French bourgeois disport themselves at reasonable prices, and the native women in picturesque shawls and embroidered caps are the beasts of burden. It is fabled that they carried in baskets on their mighty backs all the great stones and the sand with which their handsome church was built.

Between Wimereux and Portel is the great seaport of Boulogne, with its cosmopolitan forest of masts, its bustling water streets full of Picard costumes and foreign clothes. To one side are the big white Casino, fine hotels, and a trig little park, while high on the hill nestles the original Boulogne within massive walls, now so useless that a good part of them has been planted with shade trees and transformed into an elevated promenade. Away to one side on the cliff towers Napoleon's column, commemorating his "invasion" of England that died aborning.

"PARTHENON OF FRENCH ARCHITECTURE"

Picardy's great monument, however, is the glorious thirteenth century Cathedral of Amiens, the "Parthenon of French architecture," according to Monsieur Viollet-le-Duc, because of its absolute purity of style. Wonderfully beautiful it is, with its fretted towers, its great blazing rose window, its three vast recessed portals, its carven prophets and priests and kings, and the "Beautiful God of Amiens," on the central pillar of the central door, the foundation and central theme of all. One of the rare things about the façade is the series of delicate and spirited quatrefoil medallions. On one of the porches they represent the "pleasant order of the year, the zodiacal signs above," the labors of the months

XUM

Photo and copyright by Standard Scenic Company

IN THE MARKET-PLACE: NICE, FRANCE

In normal times a quarter of a million invalids and pleasure-seekers visit this balmy city by the southern sea. The great regattas and aviation meets of yester-year are now forgotten, while all minds turn to the stern realities of war.

below—old man February warming his bare feet at a fire, March working his vineyard, young April feeding a hunting-hawk, and so on (see page 486).

But the outside of any cathedral, except the façade only, is the reverse—the wrong side of the design, simply the warp that makes possible the wonderful, airy, soaring grace and majesty within; where the true scheme of the builder unfolds in the bold symmetry of lofty column, arching vault, jeweled windows, and light-sparkled chancel. And in that chancel at Amiens the most beautiful wood-carving in the world blossoms in the solid oaken stalls, doweled together without a nail or screw or bolt. Heads and figures, ornaments and scrollwork, Bible stories and portraits are there. The tough wood was pliant as putty in the hands of those sixteenth century artists, who could send it writhing upward like twisted flame in 40-foot decorative pillars and mold it into the most delicate of fancies.

Photo and copyright by Standard Scenic Company

STE.-MARIE-MAJEURE CATHEDRAL: MARSEILLE, FRANCE

All the beauty of Amiens is not focused in the cathedral. The miniature Parc René Goblet is pure delight and reanimation; the "soft-glittering" River Somme, parting into numerous crystal streams, transforms the older section into a Venetian picture of canal streets, and out along the river road above the city, by the low island vegetable gardens, picture after picture unfolds—of moated villas, little dye-works that tint the stream blue and red, curious rickety houses with old-fashioned flower gardens, a distant gray cathedral, sturdy farmer women paddling their snaky black boats, which might almost be gondolas brought from Venice.

The finest picture of all is the market in the long, tree-shaded Place Parmentier, beside the river, almost under the cathedral walls. What color and realism in the huge piles of golden carrots, purple turnips, red tomatoes, white cheeses, small mountains of eggs and hills of butter, meat and fish and cabbages. It is a moving picture, to the music of Picard patois jarring against liquid

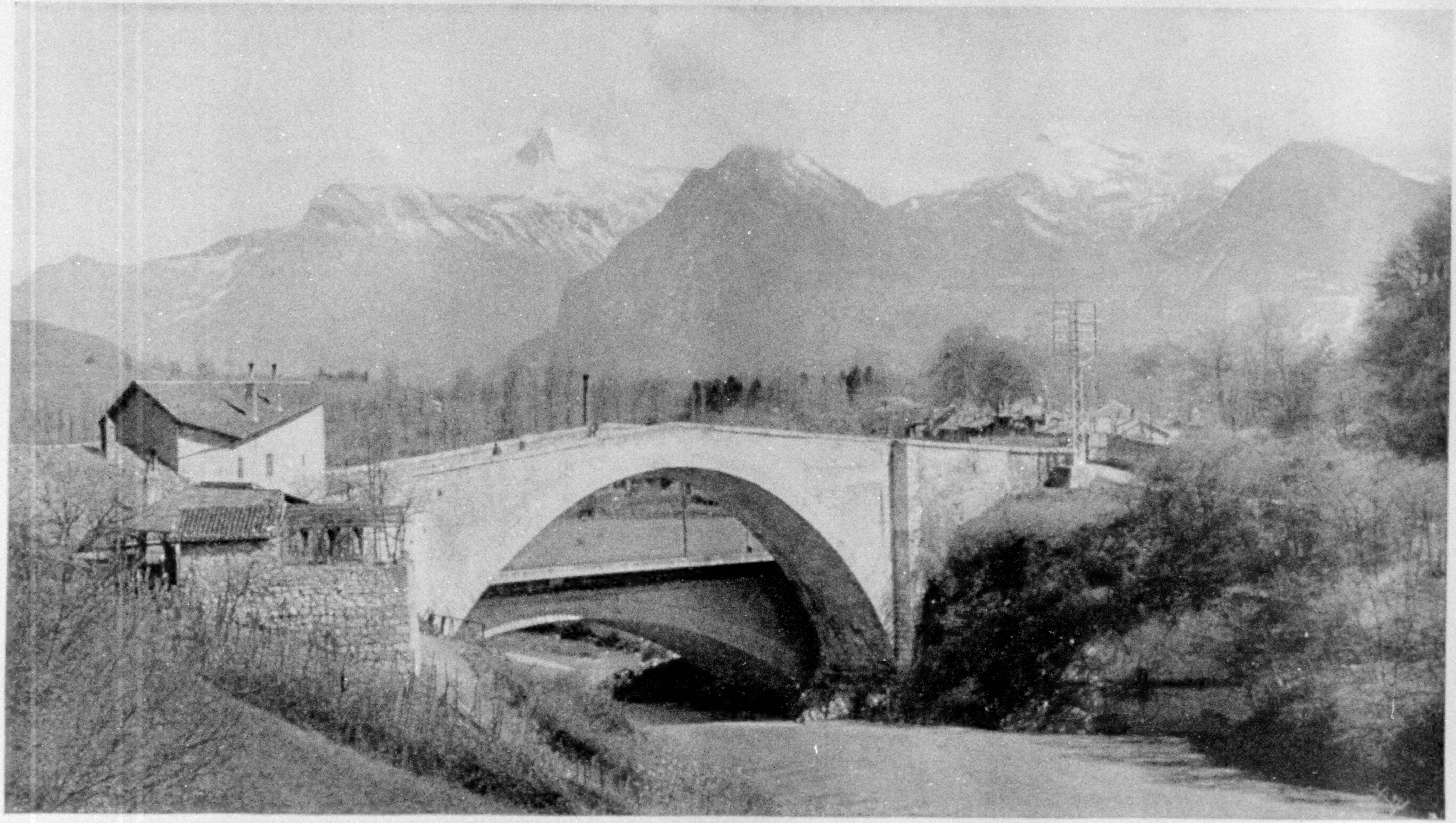


Photo by Arthur Stanley Riggs

HURDLE BRIDGE, WITH OISANS ALPS IN THE BACKGROUND: GRENOBLE, DAUPHINÉ

The Pont de Claix, or Hurdle Bridge, crosses the River Drac about five miles outside Grenoble. All traffic now uses the level, modern bridge, and the old Hurdle is merely a picturesque reminder of the past (see text, page 461)

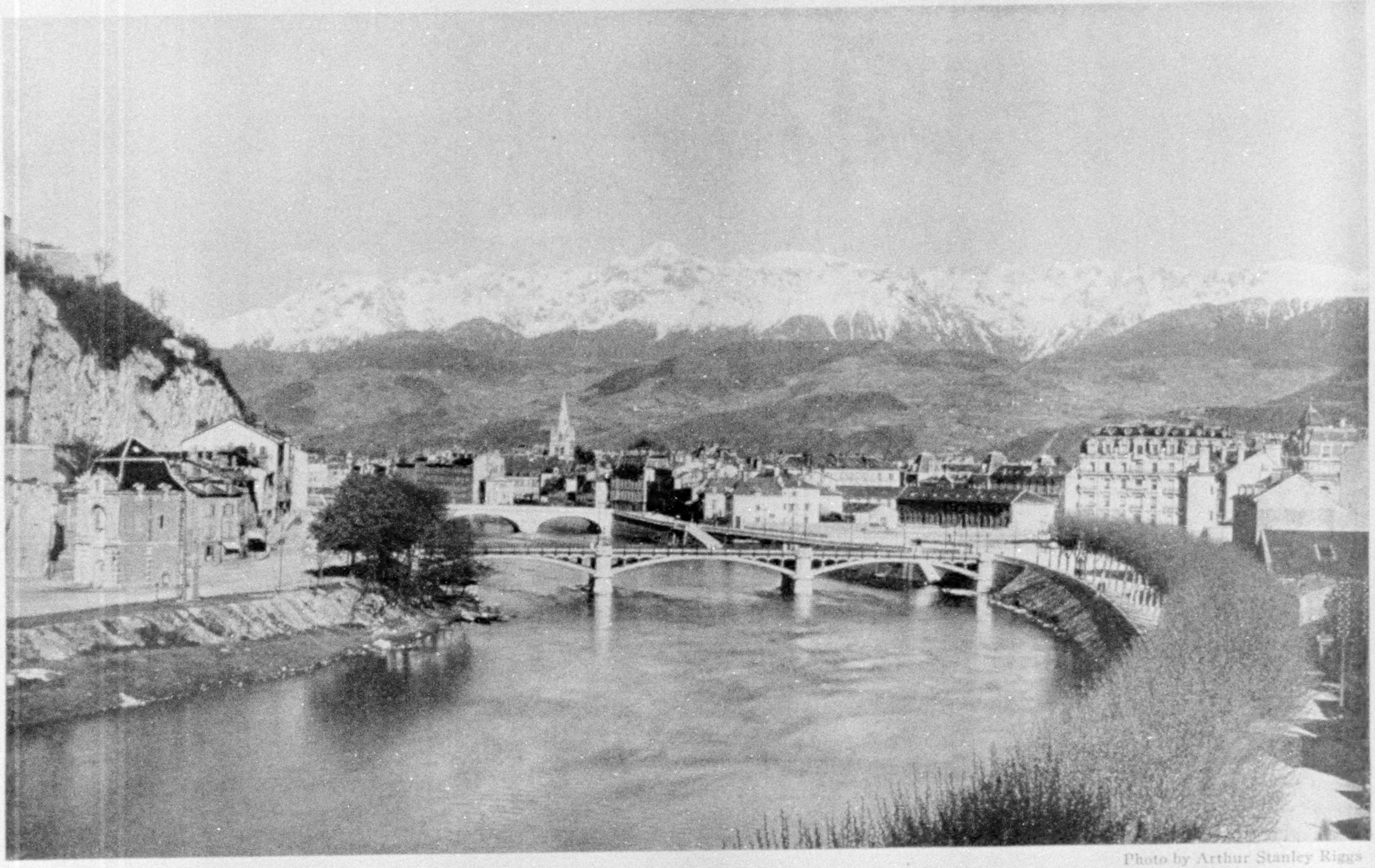


Photo by Arthur Stanley Riggs

FED BY THE ETERNAL SNOWS OF THE FRENCH ALP: THE RIVER ISÈRE, AT GRENOBLE, FRANCE

"Where the cold gray flood of the Isère slips between the mountains like a thread, we find Grenoble, superbly placed at its junction with the Drac, in an exquisite plain, swept about on every side by range upon range of glorious mountains that tower up 10,000 feet into the realm of perpetual snows. Bastioned, turreted walls leap picturesquely up to the forts on the top of the hill on the other side of the river" (see text, page 461).

Photo by Arthur Stanley Riggs

THE BANKS OF THE ISÈRE A SHORT DISTANCE BEYOND GRENOBLE, DAUPHINÉ

"The engineering difficulties throughout Dauphiné are exceptional. Along the railroad half the scenery is black tunnels and stinging clouds of cinders. But one cares not a whit for that when the train bursts from them upon spidery, inspiring viaducts, and goes zigzagging up or down the mountain side in graceful spirals that deprive one alike of speech and breath" (see text, pages 460 and 461).

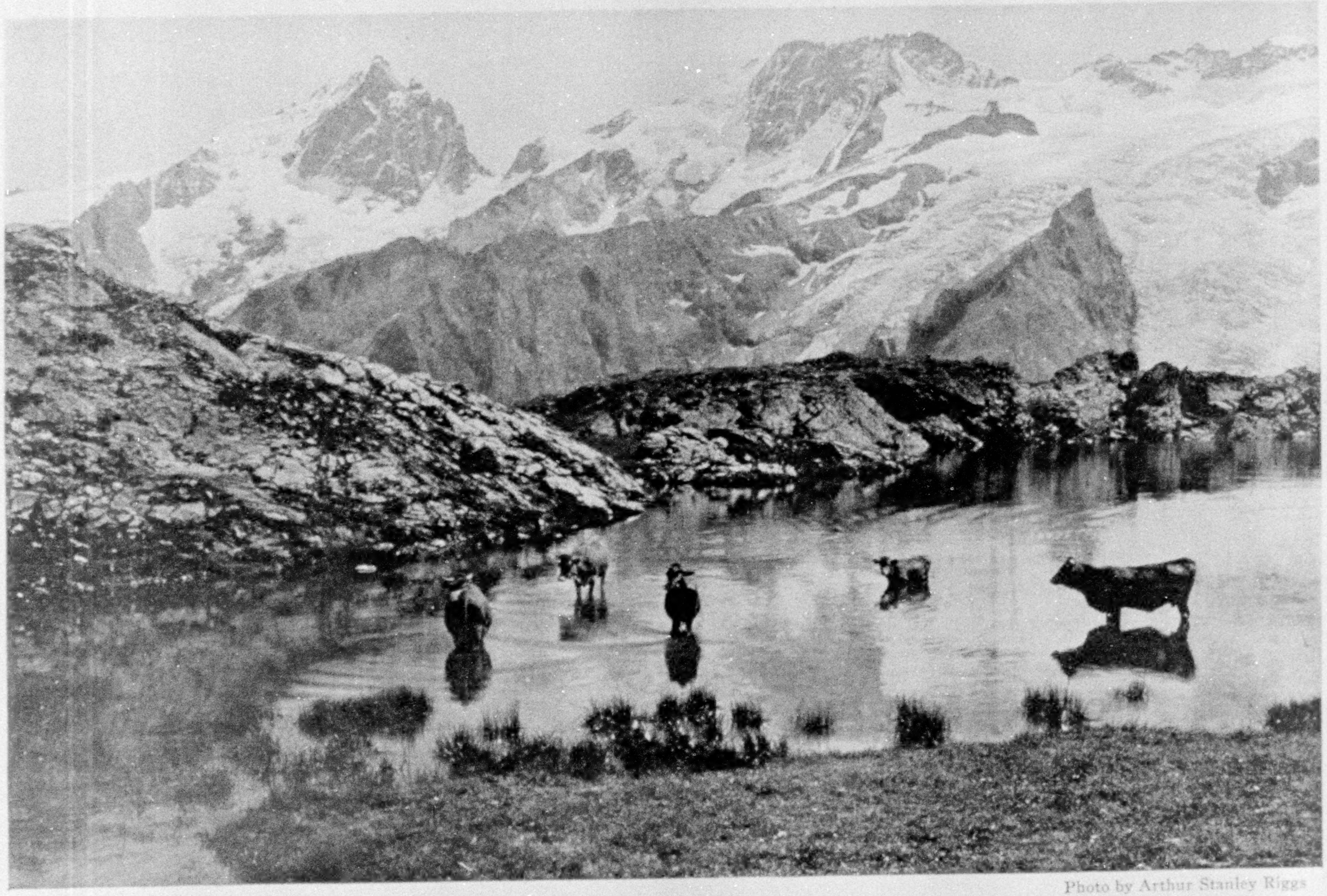


Photo by Arthur Stanley Riggs

ONE OF THE SENTINELS OF THE FRENCH ALPS: THE MEIJE

This peak is one of the most difficult of all those in the French Alps to climb and only the most proficient climbers succeed in reaching its summit. It is the highest peak of the Pelvoux group after the Ecrins. Its neighbor, Doigt de Dieu, has been pronounced so fragile in appearance, compared with the Meije, that it looks as though the first gust of wind would carry it away. It leans toward the Glacier des Etancons in a way that makes one wonder and shudder.

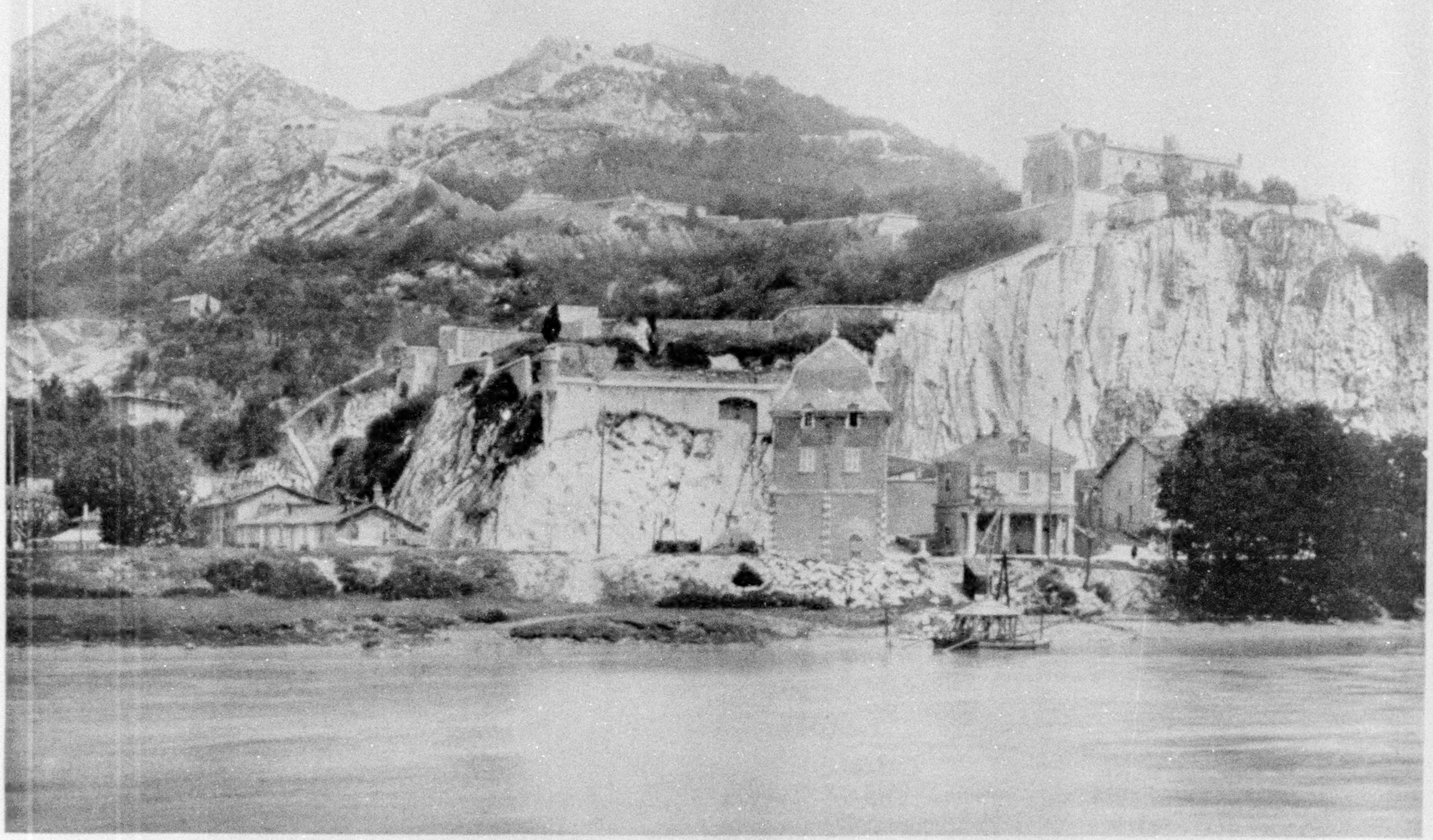


Photo by Arthur Stanley Riggs

AN EXAMPLE OF FRENCH MILITARY ENGINEERING: GRENOBLE, FRANCE

Grenoble is strongly fortified, as it commands an important Alpine pass leading into central France from Italy. Fort Rabot on the right and the Bastille fort on the left dominate the pass in both directions (see text, page 461)

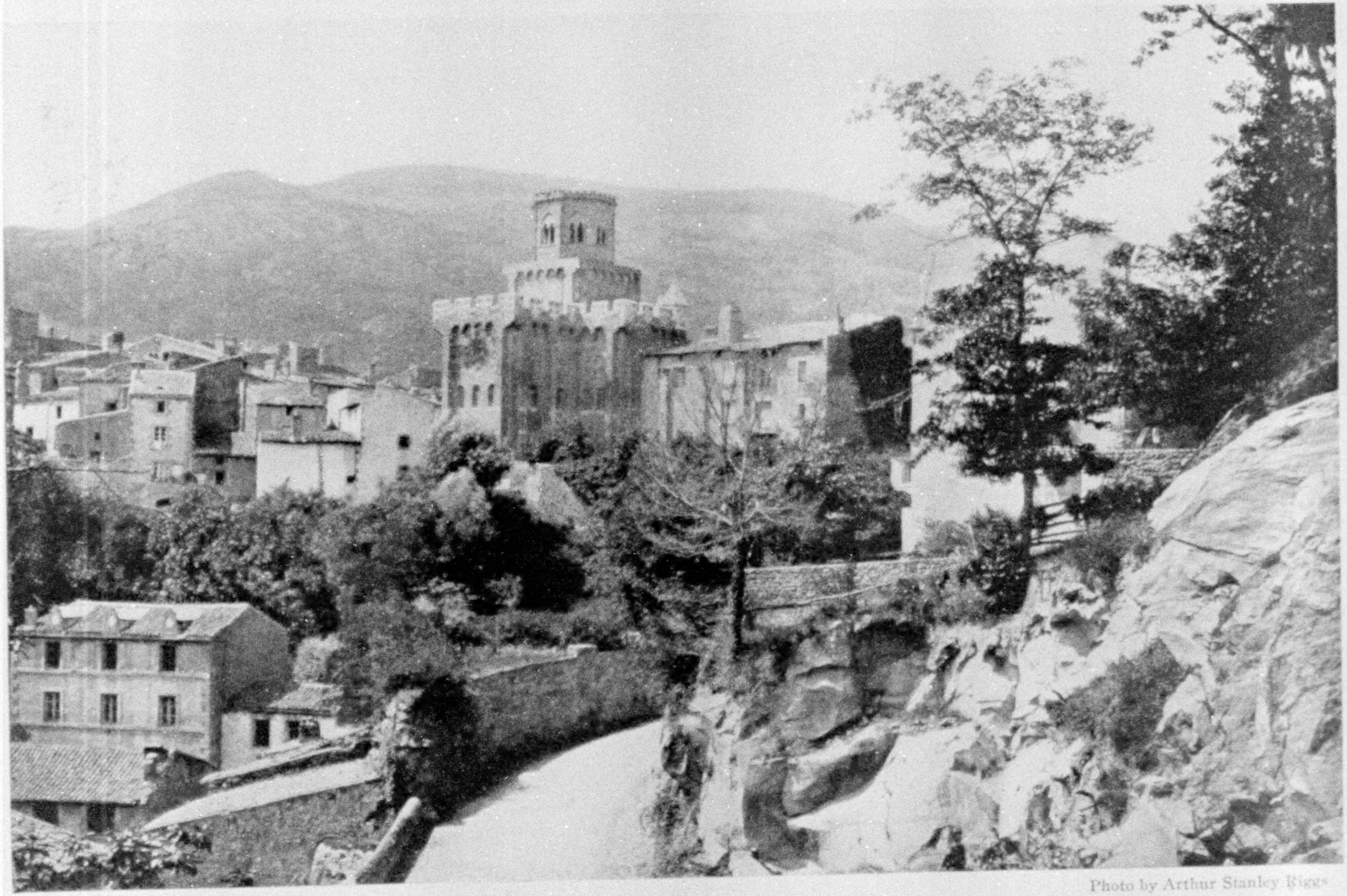
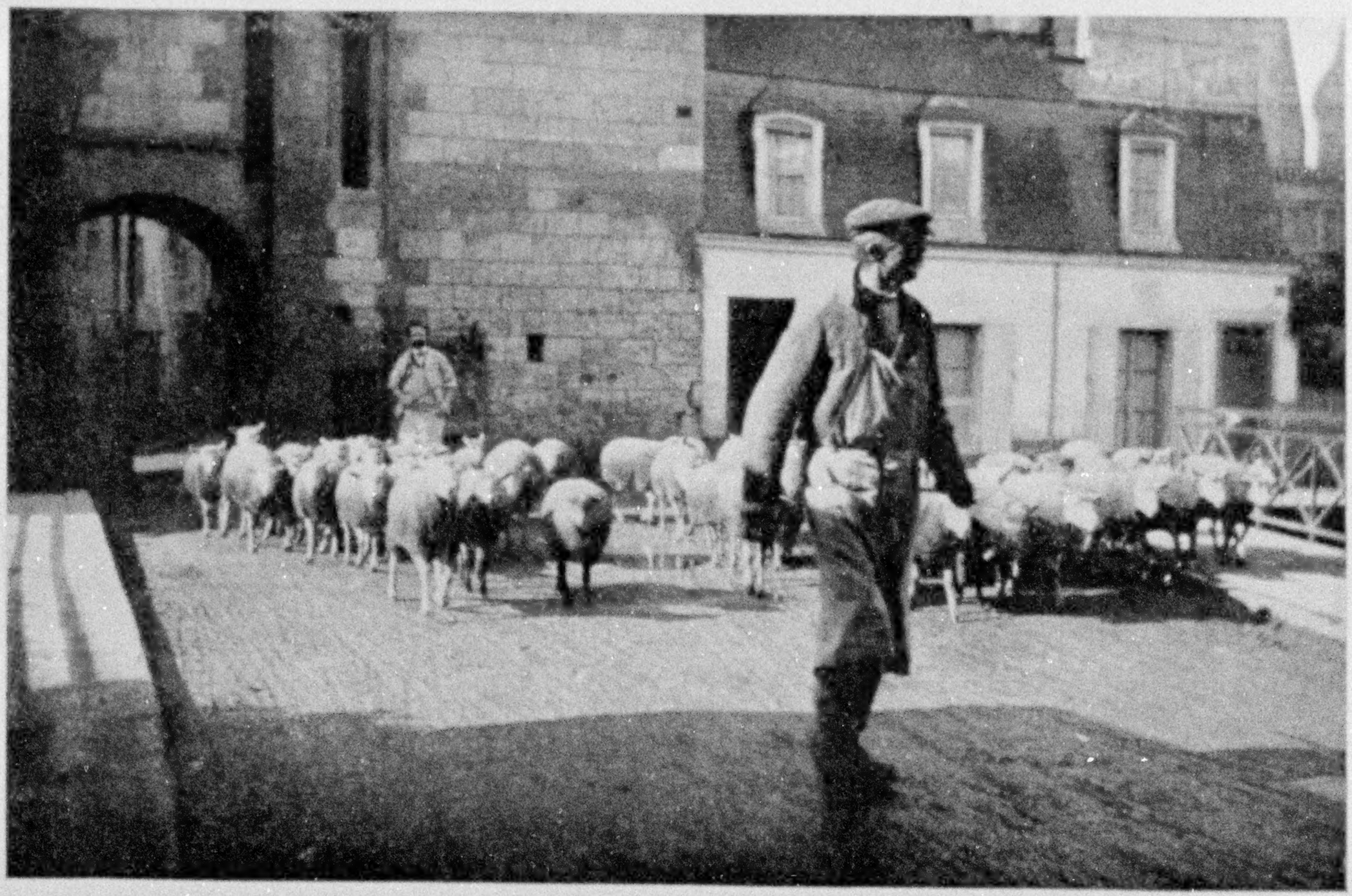


Photo by Arthur Stanley Riggs

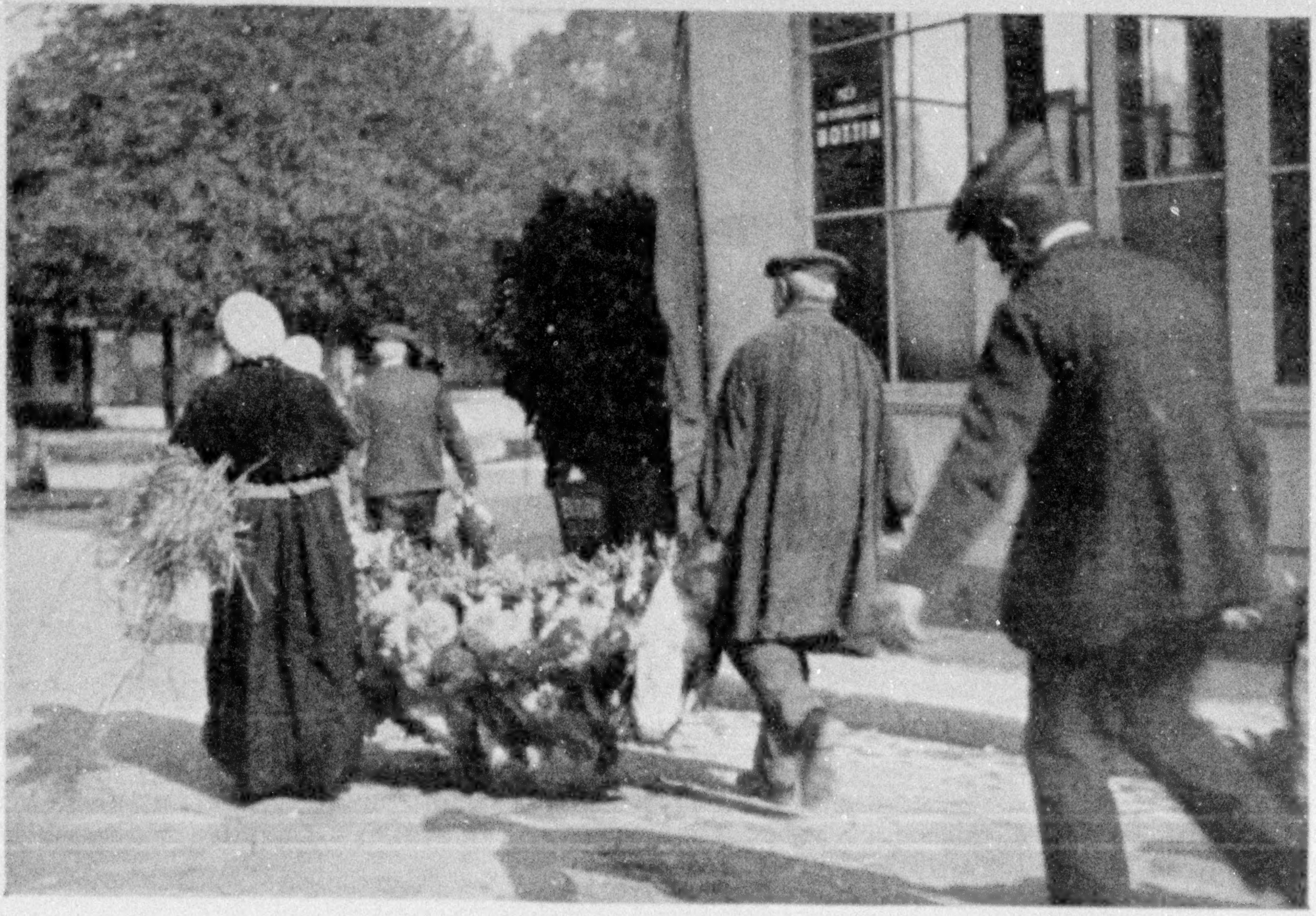
A CHURCH TWELVE HUNDRED YEARS OLD: ROYAT

"Nearby is the famous spa of Royat, with its little town behind the hills. . . . An amazing old battlemented church, founded by Benedictine nuns 1,200 years ago, with crazy, crooked houses jammed close about it, dominates the town and sets off charmingly its raggedy, spirited population" (see text, page 465).

XUM



THE SHEPHERDS OF LOCHES, FRANCE



Photos by Norma R. Waterbury

ON THE WAY TO MARKET: LOCHES, FRANCE

XUM

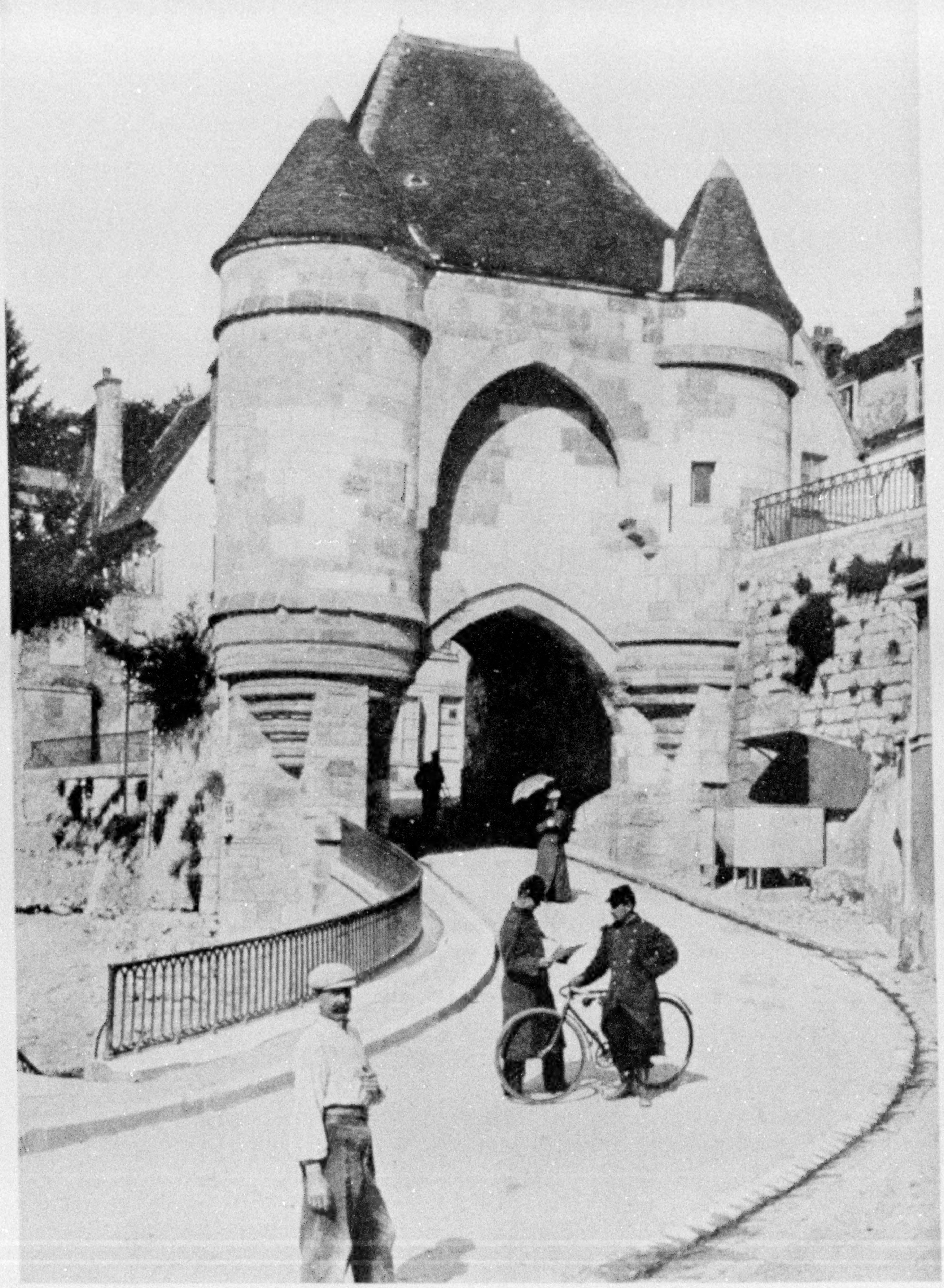
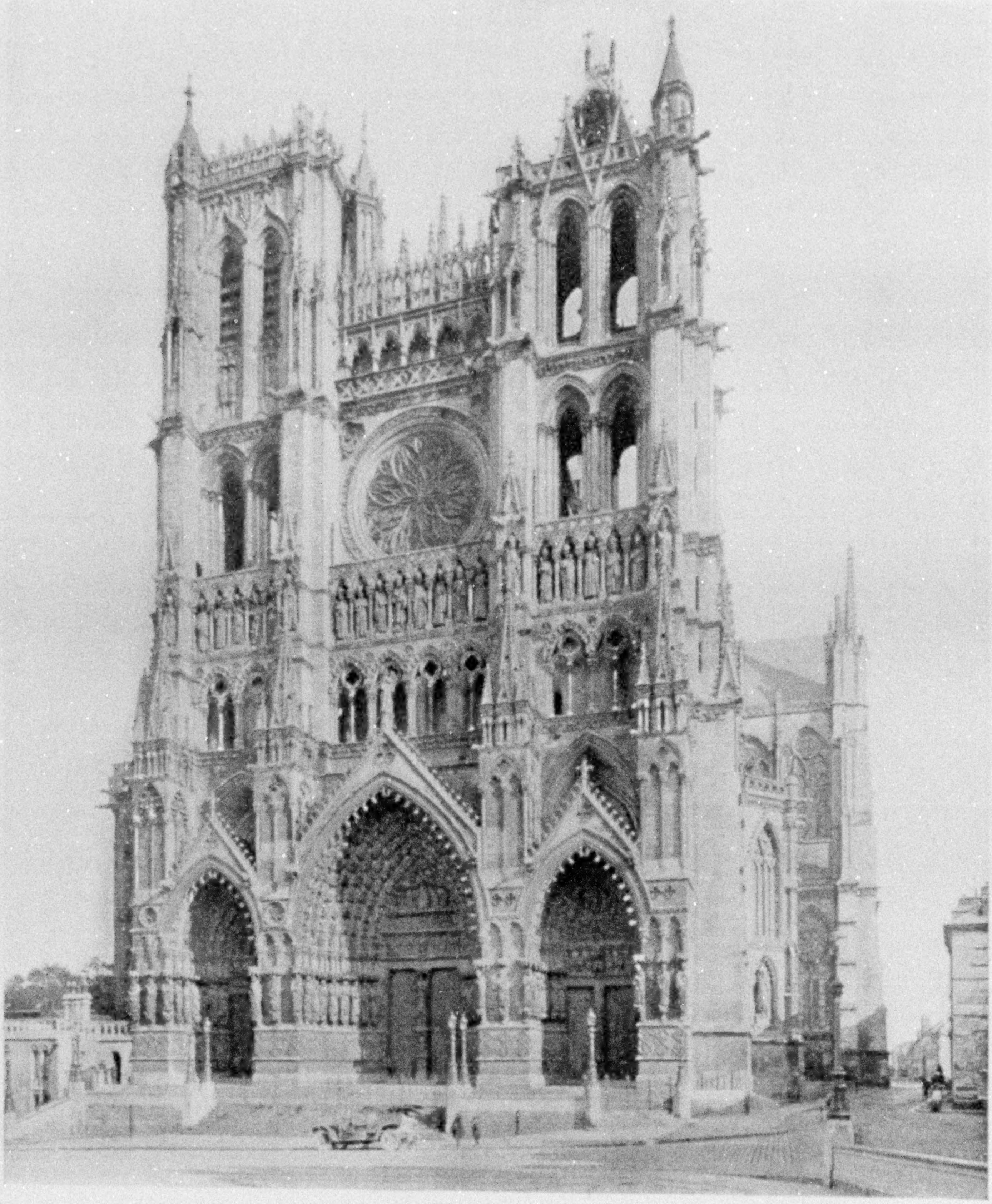


Photo and copyright by Underwood & Underwood

THE OLD CITY GATE OF LAON, FRANCE

Laon lies back of the German lines in France and is the scene of feverish military activity. It is situated some distance northwest of Rheims (see text, page 487)

XUM



THE CATHEDRAL AT AMIENS, FRANCE

"When John Ruskin pleaded with people to see Amiens and its cathedral, even if they only stopped over between trains, he might also have included the whole of Picardy, for it is as distinguished and varied in its appeal as it is beautiful" (see text, page 475).

XUM

Photo and copyright by Stereo-Travel Co.

VERSAILLES PALACE FROM THE GARDEN: FRANCE

It is estimated that the wonderful Palace of Versailles cost $100,000,000, besides the forced labor exacted under the old feudal system. The leveling of the ground for the gardens and park, the making of a road to Paris, and the erection of the Aqueduc de Maintenon to bring waters from the Eure are said alone to have occupied 36,000 men and 6,000 horses for years.

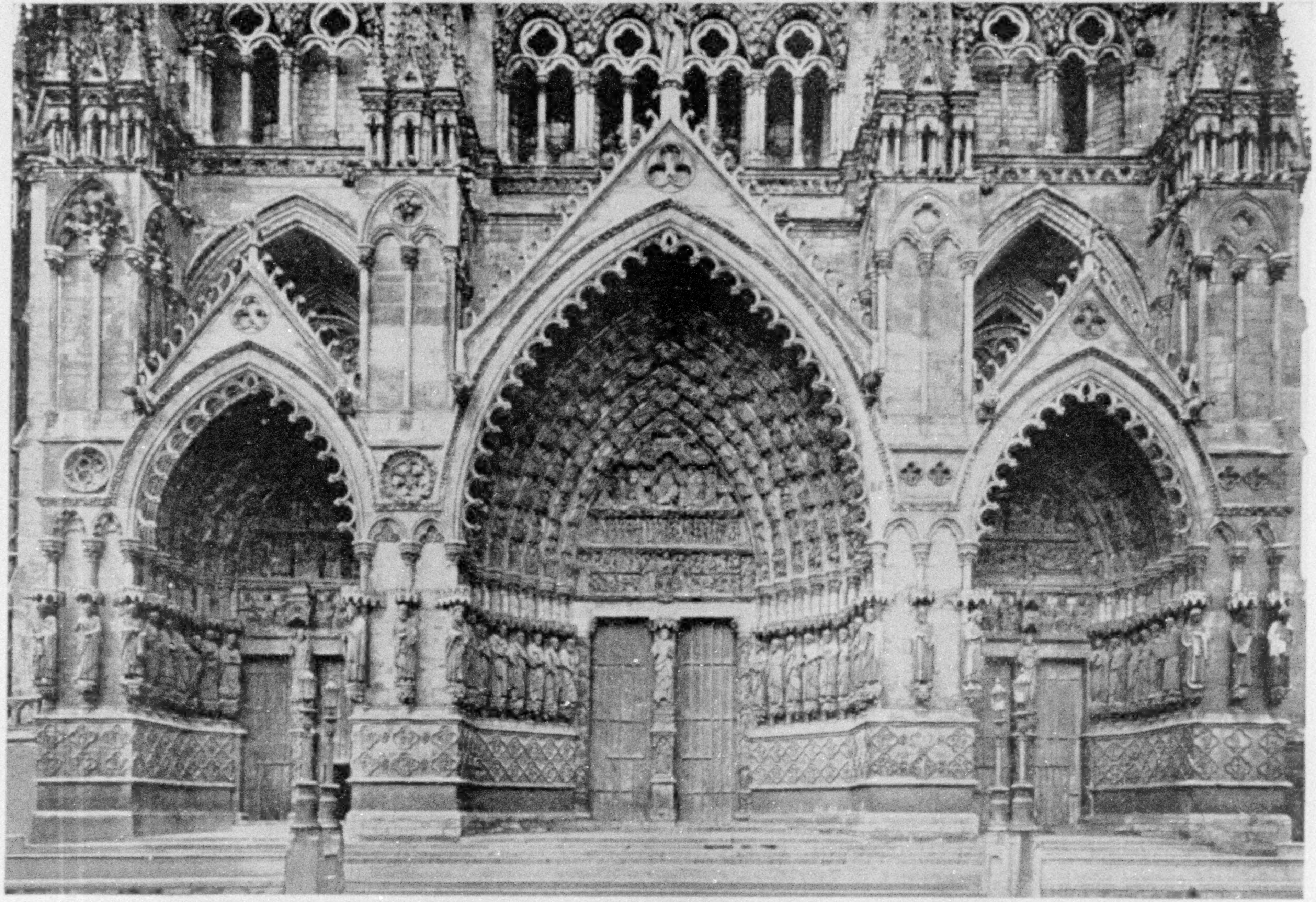
French, the shouting of dealers and haggling of thrifty housewives, and the clinking of silver passing from pouch to pouch (see page 489).

A PERFECT HILL TOWN

Laon spells the perfect hill town, completely cut off from the plain above which it rears, on a great triangular limestone rock. Nature has bitten a huge mouthful out of one side of it, leaving a deep, irregular, horseshoe-shaped valley, full of gardens and fruit trees and pines, whose tops are far below the level of the streets. The lofty cathedral, from whose square towers peer out huge effigies of the oxen that are fabled to have voluntarily helped in its building, adds its note of command to this natural fortress man has further protected. But, as in other cases, appearances were deceptive at Laon, and the military authorities knew better than to put their faith in them, in the face of twentieth century artillery.

The old province of the Île de France numbers many beautiful and historic spots like Laon — great chateaux like noble Chantilly and Pierrefonds, the royal palaces of St. Germain and Versailles, glorious forests and parks and gardens. But these are all so close to Paris and so well known they have small right here.

And as for Paris, who does not know her beauties?—the beautiful quays by the smooth-flowing river, the magnificent bridges, the majestic tree-lined boulevards, the arcaded streets, the narrow, twisty, black little alleys; the illustrious buildings of every age, the stately triumphal arches, the incomparable parks; and on the Île de Cité, the germ and heart of all France, the towering sublimity of Notre Dame, and that jewel of many facets, royal Louis's Sainte-Chap-



THE DOORWAY OF THE CATHEDRAL AT AMIENS, FRANCE

"Wonderfully beautiful it is, with its fretted towers, its great blazing rose window, its three vast recessed portals, its carven prophets and priests and kings, and the 'Beautiful God of Amiens,' on the central pillar of the central door, the foundation and central theme of all" (see text, page 475).

pelle, in its dreary setting of the granite Palace of Justice.

A SUN-DRENCHED CENTER

Most seductive of all the old provinces is Touraine, for centuries the sun-drenched recreation center of France, a richly colored province of gently rolling plains and lazy rivers that ramble leisurely through its verdant fields and mistletoe-draped woods, of one large city and many lovely little towns, of peerless chateaux and grim old castles. Its capital, Tours, is still a Mecca for every nation under the sun, not so much because of its rare houses of another age, its bizarre cathedral or its own attractive personality, as because it is the center from which radiate throughout the province lines of beauty and genius that found expression in the noblest and loftiest secular achievements of France, numberless great chateaux of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance.

Touraine, to a greater degree than any other part of the world, emphasizes in these vast and elegant structures the usefulness and value of pure beauty for the sake of beauty. It also portrays clearly and harmoniously the development of the sumptuous residential chateau from the stronghold pure and simple.

Loches, high upon its hill above the Indre—one of the fair and graceful tributaries of the Loire—is stimulating in its rugged strength and simplicity. Its entrance is terrible, frowning, turreted. Its mile and a quarter of massive walls make it a town within a town; where the roofless, floorless donjon still reeks of shuddering cruelties; where the castle church amazingly roofs itself with four lofty cones or pyramids, and where the faithless Charles VII still dallies with the fair Agnes Sorel in an impressionistic relief over one of the doorways of his white, luxurious hunting lodge.

FAMOUS FRENCH CHATEAUX

Equally high Chinon rears its shattered walls above the placid Vienne. Most of its huge triple castle, where 500 years ago Joan of Arc talked with laggard Charles, is gone; but the enchanting views over silver stream and emerald plain still exercise so potent a witchery it is hard to give due attention to the ancient stronghold.

Amboise bulks huge above the Loire itself, as much residence as castle, yet strong in defense. Its enormous battlemented towers contrast curiously with an ornate, balconied façade, and with its entrancing little gem of a Gothic chapel, all carved and gargoyled and pinnacled. History touched Amboise with bloody hands and moved grimly on to Blois, perhaps the most grandiose and truly royal of all the innumerable chateaux of France. The lofty Francis I wing rises from an old foundation, which is a fortress in itself, into an airy, arcaded, gracious pleasure palace worthy of the king who reared it and his Italian advisers. Within the court is the gem of the whole chateau, the bold, symmetrical, perfect open-air staircase, covered with carving as delicate and clean cut as silversmith's chasing, and exquisite statues by the greatest sculptors of the period. And along the upper walls long lines of savage-looking gargoyles seem a flight of medieval witches and monsters in full cry.

A LABYRINTH OF ANACHRONISMS

Seen from the massive bridge over the Loire, the town of Blois rises in tiers and terraces from the bustling present of waterside commerce up into the historic past. It is a labyrinth of anachronisms. Fascinating houses, with carved façades; others gleaming from top to bottom with slates; and styleless modern dwellings and shops all face upon flowery streets through which clang twentieth-century trolley cars. Great churches hide up black little alleys or face vast, deserted dirt squares, while modern business has plastered glaring advertisements, in colors that shock, upon houses and buildings that ought to be museums of antiquity.

Chambord must be taken for what it is: a great, dazzling butterfly of a chateau forcing its way out of the hindering cocoon of a fortress, neither truly beautiful nor impressive, but interesting as a proof of the progress the chateau builders were making (see page 492).

There is something of a suggestion of the fortress to Chenonceaux, rising boldly

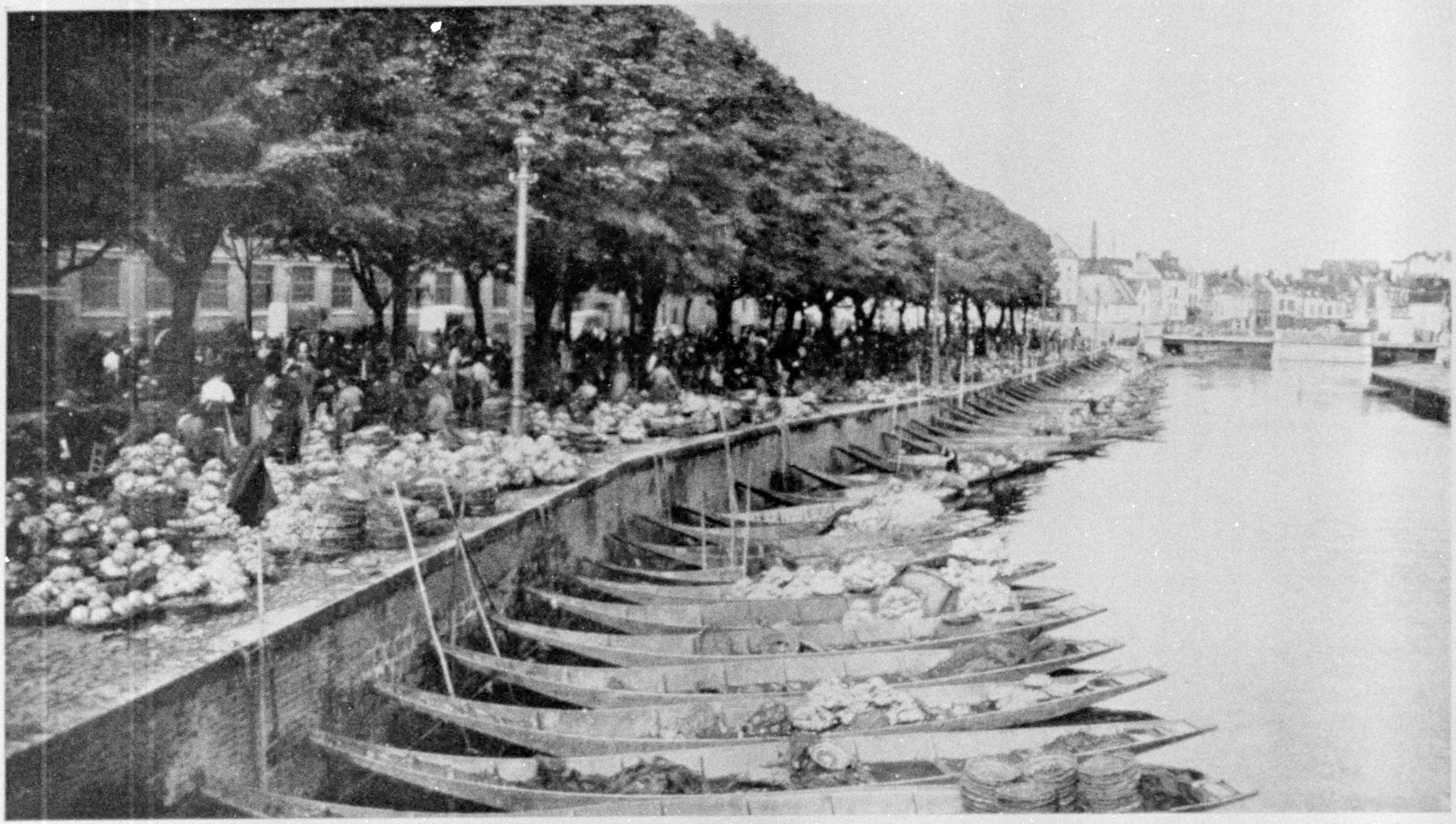


Photo by Arthur Stanley Riggs

MARKET DAY IN THE CITY OF AMIENS

"What color and realism in the huge piles of golden carrots, purple turnips, red tomatoes, white cheeses, small mountains of eggs and hills of butter, meat and fish and cabbages. It is a moving picture, to the music of Picard patois jarring against liquid French, the shouting dealers and haggling of thrifty housewives, and the clinking of silver passing from pouch to pouch" (see text, page 477).

from smooth green lawns before and smooth green water behind, with an isolated keep—remnant of a former castle—and massive construction. Lofty and commanding, its walls blossom with little turrets, with engaging dormers at unexpected intervals and places, with gables and finials and all the delicate, graceful detail the French Renaissance builder knew so well how to apply, while its setting is ravishing, among brilliant formal gardens along the rose-covered banks of the captivating little Cher, across which it throws one thick, arcaded arm sublimely mirrored back in all its gracious coloring and detail.

THE CHATEAU BUILDER'S MASTERPIECE

The climax of the chateau builder's art is reached in Azay-le-Rideau, the utter perfection of residential beauty. Not a trace of its fortress progenitor exists here, but only the genius which could express pure beauty in elegant, slender turrets, lofty roof, exquisitely carved moldings and casements, harmony and balance of every part and detail. No moat surrounds the soft-colored gray walls; but the waters of the unhurried Indre flow in immemorial calm beneath rows of brilliant flowers and expand to one side in a quiet pool gemmed with many little cups of lilies. Azay is so lovely, so complete, so satisfying, it entirely baffles any word of praise or description. It must be seen to be understood and understood before one can appreciate what France has done.

Men have called her La Belle France. Nature gave her all the resources of her inexhaustible storehouse—climate, contrast of scenery, charm, atmosphere—everything lavishly. And in his turn the Frenchman did not fail. With the primitive laws of perfection and beauty before him on every side, he was inspired to dream and to toil, to conceive and achieve, and so to add the human touch to the natural, to round out and complement the gifts of the great Earth Mother.

THE WORLD'S DEBT TO FRANCE

WHEN we reckon the debt that civilization owes to France we very soon discover that civilization, with that remarkable country left out, would be like man without a soul. She has gravitated from one extreme to another—from intense religious conviction to free thinking and back, from absolutism to republicanism and back, from grave to gay and gay to grave, from suffering and sorrow to rejoicing and happiness—until she has become the pendulum of human progress, all the while driving onward the wheels of civilization.

Whether we take her for her ideals of government, for her literature, for her science, or for her intensely humanistic and democratic qualities, France tells us of leadership, of daring to venture like a general born to command, of the establishment of the empire of her ideas and her ideals throughout the world.

Reviewing these phases of her life and history and services to humanity in their order, one naturally starts with those wonderful times men call "The Revolution," for there the modern France was born. Never did a race of people suffer as the French people suffered in those days. Man is not a natural revolutionist. War is a solemn and an awful thing at best, with its sacrifice of life, its vast exactions against property, and its terrible risks of defeat. Peoples, therefore, bear much and suffer long always before they rise in revolt against their own governments.

Never was war more reluctantly engaged in than when the people started the French Revolution. Things had been endured patiently by them for generations. The unrestrained hand of kingly rule that knew no right but the "divine right of kings" had multiplied vastly the burdens of the people until men could endure no longer.

THE THROES OF OPPRESSION

They found themselves and their lives at the disposal of the king. Often they

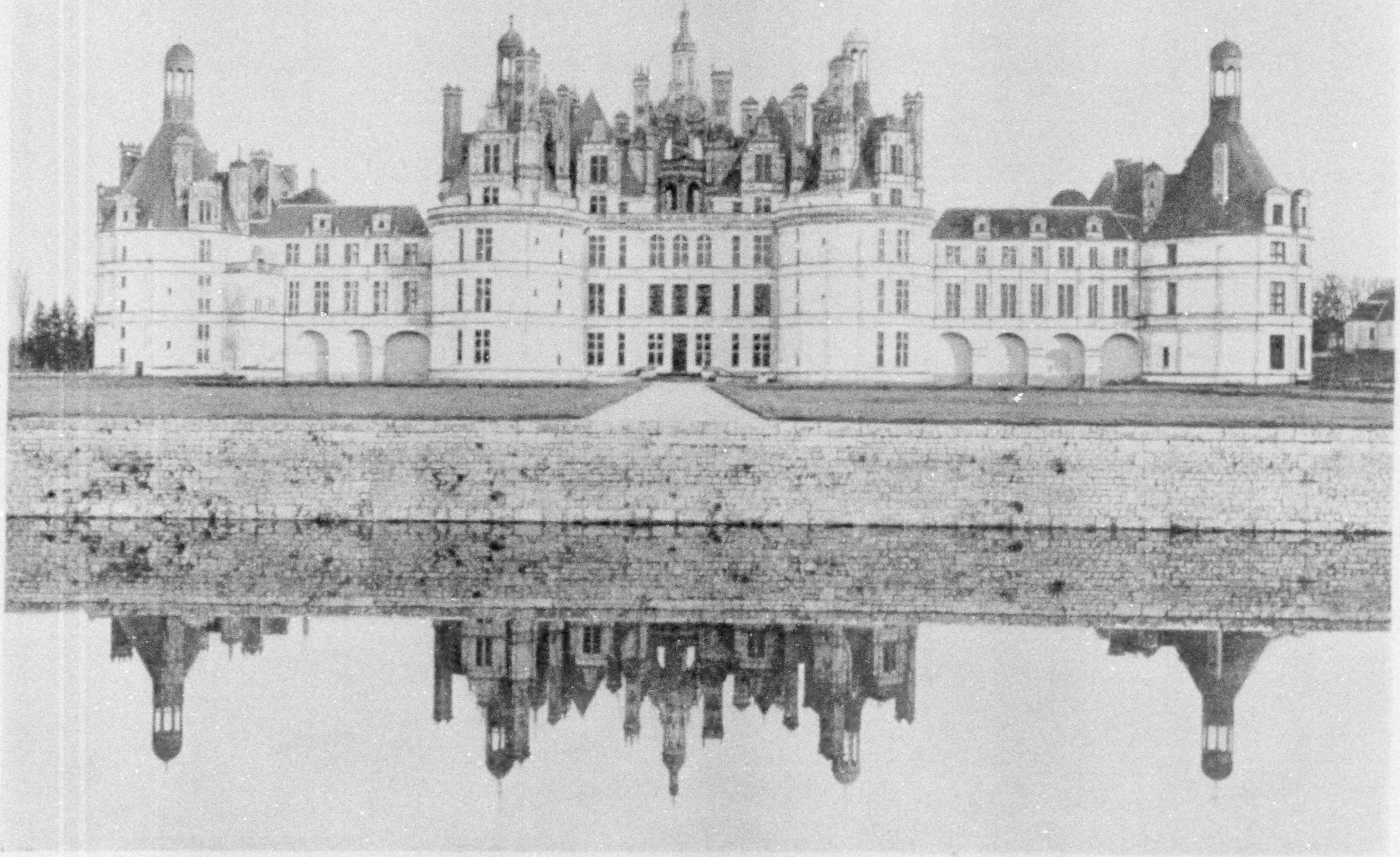


Photo by Arthur Stanley Riggs

THE FAMOUS CHATEAU OF CHAMBORD: TOURAINE, FRANCE

The Chateau of Chambord shows the attempt of the builders of the middle period to erect structures that should combine the strong defensive qualities of fortress and castle with the refinements of chateau and pleasure palace were thrown into prison and permitted to languish and die without even knowing the nature of the offenses with which they were charged. Words, indeed, are inadequate to portray the pitiable conditions of the poorer classes through the century preceding the Revolution. They were forbidden to fence their fields for the protection of their crops, lest the fences should interfere with the lord's progress during the hunt. They were even prohibited from cultivating their fields at certain seasons, in order that the game for the lord's bag might not be disturbed. One who saw it all wrote that France had "degenerated into a hospital full of woe and empty of food."

As the French populace looked across the Atlantic to America, whose freedom their country had helped achieve, they saw the Arcadia of their philosophers' dreams realized. The people they had helped set free in the New World were an inspiration, an object-lesson, and an appeal to them. It may well be doubted whether America could have achieved her freedom but for the help of the French and the bell of human liberty she set to ringing. And yet who can say that America did not more than repay the debt by the inspiration and the encouragement she gave to France?

Be that as it may, however, France rose boldly and resolutely to the grim task she had before her of deposing the central doctrine of continental Europe, as it existed in those days, the doctrine of "the divine right of kings."

THE DISTANT THUNDERS OF REVOLT

Even while our Henrys and our Hancocks were thundering at the iniquities of colonial rule in America and crying to heaven for freedom for their country, the distant thunder of the approaching storm in France could be heard. How often had Louis XV sensed its coming in his exclamation, "After us the deluge!"; for he was statesman enough to realize that the sins of extravagance were finding out their authors, and that corruption in high places was becoming such that the body politic could stand it no more.

It was a tottering throne that Louis XV left to his grandson, Louis XVI, and a not-too-strong king inherited it, although he did all he could to stay the storm. He called to his aid the most eminent men of France and consulted with the nobles and the clergy; but every class was ready to surrender the privileges and special favors of all the other classes but their own; so nothing of moment resulted.

Then, for the first time in 175 years, was convened the States-General, an almost forgotten assembly composed of the nobility, the clergy, and the commons.

When the king convened this body, he expected all votes in its deliberations to be taken by classes. In this way the clergy and the nobles could outvote the commons. But when the deliberations began the representatives of the commons determined that voting should be done by individuals. For five weeks the war raged, and the commons, emboldened by public opinion without, took a decisively revolutionary step by declaring themselves the National Assembly and inviting the other two orders to join them, which they later did.

THE BASTILE'S FALL

Then followed the storming of the Bastile, of whose fall the great English statesman, Fox, declared: "How much is this the greatest event that ever happened in the world, and how much the best!"

The subsequent story of the French Revolution is a long and painful one.

All Europe was watching with the utmost anxiety the course of events in France, for the people everywhere knew that the cause of the French republicans was their own, while the kings understood that the cause of Louis XVI was theirs. These kings reasoned that if the French people should be allowed to overturn the throne of their hereditary sovereign, who, after that, would respect the "divine right of kings"? They, therefore, decided to line up with the royalists of France and put down by the power of royal armies the infamous doctrine of the sovereignty of the people and the rights of man.

THE REIGN OF TERROR

On the 21st of September, 1792, the national convention abolished the monarchy and proclaimed the republic. All

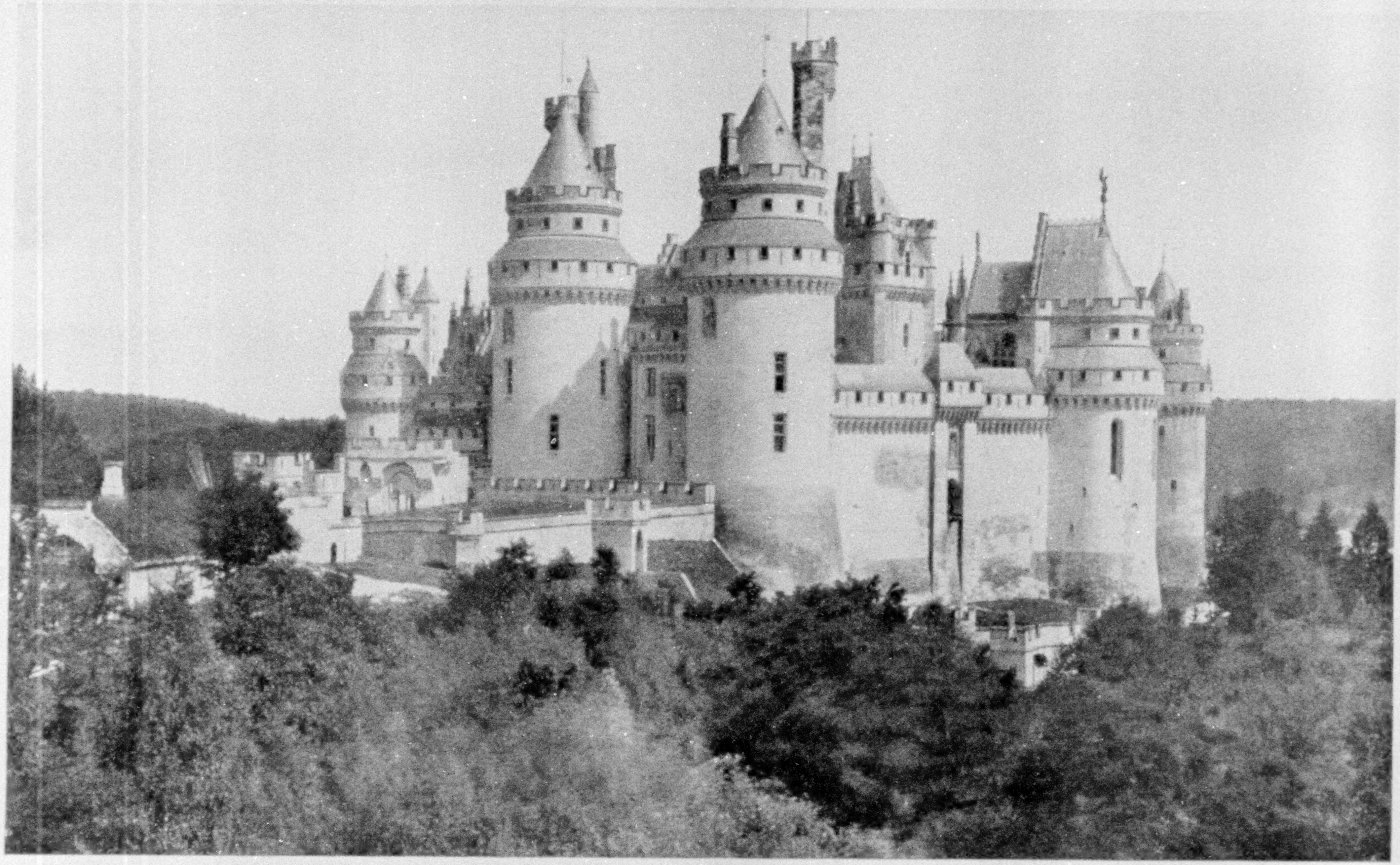


Photo by Arthur Stanley Riggs

PIERREFONDS, ONE OF THE MOST SPLENDID CHATEAUX OF THE ILE DE FRANCE, NEAR COMPIÈGNE, FRANCE

This chateau was begun in 1390. During the French Revolution it was sold, Napoleon Bonaparte being the purchaser. The government finally acquired it and owns it today (see text, page 487)

Photo by Caroline Robinson

ONE OF THE GATES OF THE CHATEAU PIERREFONDS (SEE PRECEDING PAGE)

titles of nobility were abolished. Every trapping and every custom that savored of monarchy disappeared. Every one, rich and poor, high and low, distinguished and unknown, was addressed as citizen. The king himself became "Citizen Capet" and the bootblack in the street became "citizen bootblack." The day after the republic was proclaimed the National Assembly called upon all nations to rise against despotism, and pledged the aid of France to any people wishing to secure freedom.

The proclamation of the republic was followed by the trial and execution of the king, whose death awakened the bitter enmity of all the rulers of Europe, and brought about a grand coalition to crush the republican movement. Armies aggregating more than a quarter of a million of men threatened France at once on every side.

Now came another period in which the extremists, having banished royalty, turned on their late aids, the conservatives, and the Reign of Terror began. One cannot contemplate, without a shudder, the scenes of that terrible era, even at the distance of a century and a quarter. Supreme power was vested in the so-called Committee of Safety, and in the name of republicanism more crimes were committed than under the proscriptions of Sulla of Rome. All aristocrats and all persons who dared to feel otherwise than as the extremists felt were called to the guillotine, which labored overtime in its bloody task.

The churches were closed, their treasures confiscated, their bells molded into cannon, their holy images torn down, and the busts of their patriots set up. All emblems of hope were obliterated from the cemeteries, and above their gates came to be inscribed the words, "Death is eternal sleep."

For months the awful orgy of crime went on. It seemed that the maelstrom

NOTRE DAME CATHEDRAL FROM THE SOUTHWEST : PARIS

"And as for Paris, who does not know her beauties?—the beautiful quays by the smooth-flowing river, the magnificent bridges, the towering sublimity of Notre Dame" (see text, p. 487).

of human passion would shake civilization until not one stone of its foundation was left upon another. In Paris, benches were arranged around the scaffold of the guillotine and rented to spectators, like seats in a theater, and women came out with their knitting to watch, unappalled, the swiftly changing scenes of the horrid drama. A special sewer had to be constructed to carry off the blood of the victims.

At last there arose one who, on the floor of the assembly, dared denounce Robespierre as a tyrant. That denunciation broke the spell. Robespierre was forced to take a dose of his own medicine, and the people greeted his fall with demonstrations of unbounded joy. France's horrible nightmare was over. She had awakened from her ghastly dreams.

Awakened, she looked for a hand that could control and direct the wonderful force that grew out of the Revolution. That hand was found, and it was Napoleon's.

THE CODE NAPOLEON

Napoleon's career sounds more like a tale of romance out of the East than a true story out of the West. So transcendental was his genius that a clever curate, writing a skit on skepticism, declared that the Emperor was non-existent, since no man in human history had been able to accomplish the things attributed to Napoleon. Some one has beautifully said of him that he was "an autocrat in the name of democracy; a man of war in the interests of peace. The tragedy of his death, however, did more for the cause he inspired than the triumphs of his life; for long after the glories of the Bourbon dynasty have passed into oblivion the shades of the great captain will still haunt the soul of France, whose heart he has stamped with his own character."

It is a long story that one might tell of the military strength of the French people under the leadership of Napoleon, and of his wonderful victories and his great defeats. But if he left behind him a trail of blood and carnage, he also bequeathed to his race the Code Napoleon, in which the doctrines of the laws of human relations set up by the French Revolution were restated, redirected, and secured for all times. This Code swept away the iniquities of absolutism, recognized the equality in the eyes of the law of noble and peasant, and sent out into the world the invading forces of the ideas of liberty, equality, and fraternity, for which France suffered so much and to which the world owes so much.

If the history of France before Waterloo was a strange combination of wars and warring policies, internal and external, since Waterloo we have seen many remarkable gravitations of the pendulum of the sentiment from one form of government to another.

The accession of Charles X to the French throne, after the death of Louis XVIII, who had succeeded Napoleon Bonaparte upon his second abdication, brought there a reactionary policy of the deepest type. It was Charles X who made it said, through his blind and stubborn course, that "a Bourbon learns nothing and forgets nothing."

THE REASON FRANCE DREADS A POPULAR HERO

From that day forward, until after the Franco-Prussian War, France gravitated between monarchy and republic, as the pendulum between the two ends of its arc. But through it all the people continued to struggle for their rights, and inspired the masses of all the monarchies of Europe by their example. The constitutions of so many of the surrounding States underwent great changes in keeping with that of France that it came to be declared that during the month of March, 1848, not a single day passed without a constitution being granted somewhere.

Although a generation has now passed since the last monarchy flourished, under the Third Napoleon in France, the French people are eternally watchful lest a monarchy should rise again. Recalling how Napoleon III was elected dictator by a vote of 12 to 1, the French people live out that doctrine of the American people, "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

America has no fear of a dictatorship or the rise of a monarchical rule, for republicanism has such a deep-seated hold upon our people that the doctrine is as solid in their hearts as the eternal hills. But France understands that only less than half a century has passed since the last monarchy, and that therefore she must be watchful lest the coup which turned the Third Napoleon from a Prince President into an Emperor should be practiced again. For this reason the brilliant, dashing, popular hero, likely to be possessed of an ambition to wear the cloak of a Cæsar, is invariably rejected in favor of men like Loubet, Fallières, and Joffre, who, descended from good peasant stock, have no other wish than to carry out their duties with simple and unostentatious devotion.

FRENCH LITERATURE

While it is impossible to overestimate the debt that the world owes to France for the suffering and sorrow she has borne in behalf of the cause of human liberty, her other contributions to civilization have not been less notable. The world, indeed, owes much of its literary tenets and tendencies of the twentieth century to France.

The roll of great French writers is a long one and their contributions to literature very rich. Corneille, Molière, Rabelais, Diderot, Descartes, Chateaubriand, Voltaire, Rousseau, Victor Hugo, the Balzacs, and Alexander Dumas are names that will live as long as polite society and republican government endure upon the earth.

"There is no really great epic in

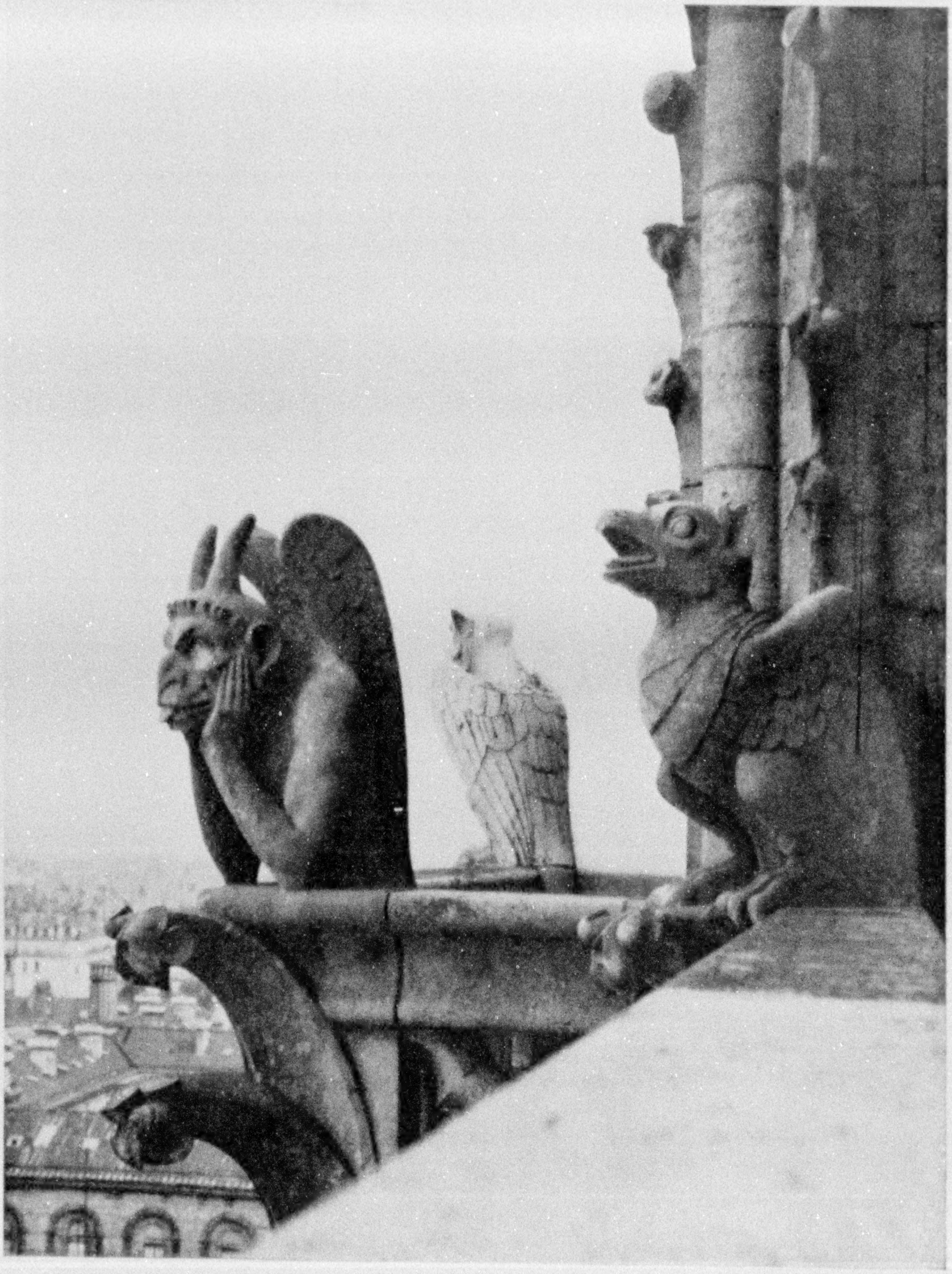
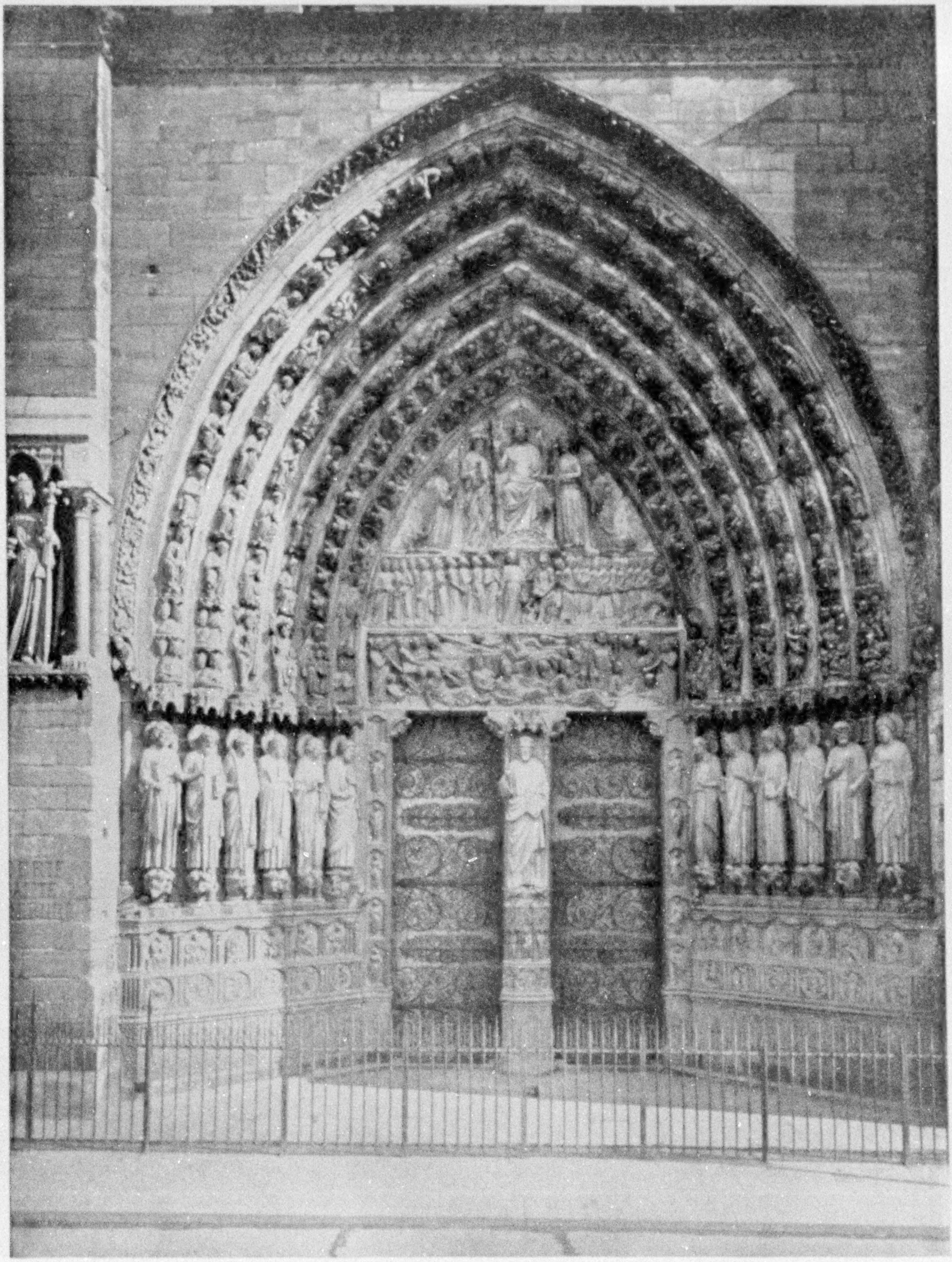


Photo by Emil P. Albrecht

NOTRE DAME: PARIS

Le Strynge, the vampire, the most popular of the many chimera perched upon the balustrade surrounding the towers. He looks across Paris with utterly disdainful eyes and mocking tongue, while the night-bird beside him shrieks to the heavens who knows what insults.



THE PRINCIPAL PORTAL OF NOTRE DAME: PARIS

The portals of Notre Dame abound in rich sculptures, most of them being replacements of those destroyed during the Revolution and the Commune. Those of the central portal portray the Last Judgment, with Christ the chief figure.

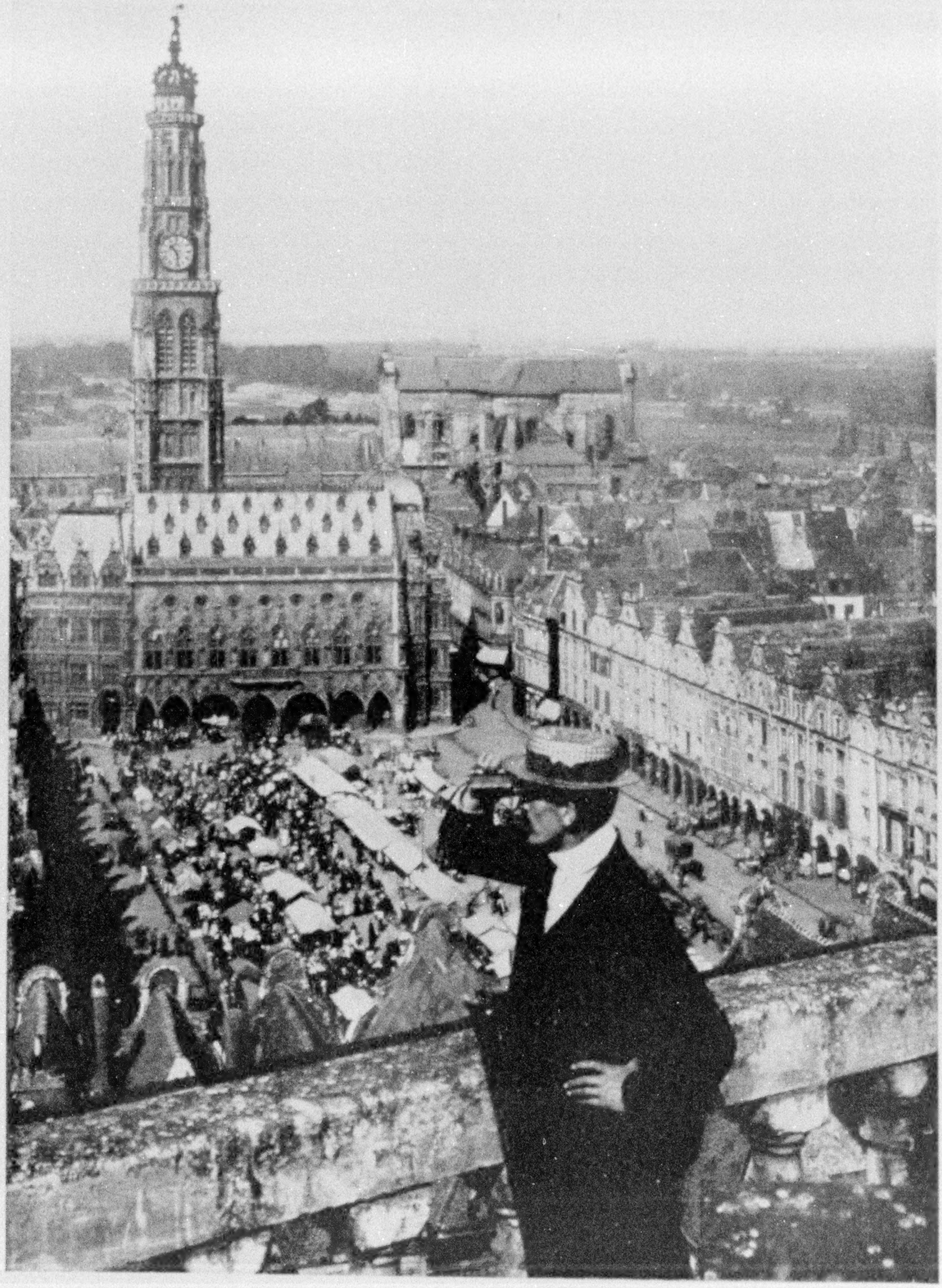


Photo and copyright by Underwood & Underwood

THIS BEAUTIFUL AND HISTORIC CITY IS NOW IN RUINS: ARRAS, FRANCE

Few cities of history have ever suffered more terrific bombardments than Arras during the past year. The wonderful façade of the City Hall, shown in the center of the picture, is now destroyed, the Cathedral is but an unsymmetrical pile of stones, and the railway station a tangled skeleton of steel framework.

French, few great tragedies, and those imperfect and in a faulty kind, little prose like Milton's or like Jeremy Taylor's, little verse (though more than is generally thought) like Shelley's or like Spenser's. But there are the most delightful short tales, both in prose and in verse, that the world has ever seen, the most polished jewelry of reflection that has ever been wrought, songs of incomparable grace, comedies that must make men laugh as long as they are laughing animals, and above all such a body of narrative fiction, old and new, prose and verse, as no other nation can show for art and for originality, for grace of workmanship in him who fashions, and for certainty of delight to him who reads."

OUR DEBT TO PASTEUR

Nor has France given more direction to the literary aspirations of mankind than she has to the scientific endeavors of humanity. Go back to the beginnings of science and you will see her astronomers pointing the way that astronomy has pursued. It was her Pasteur who established the germ theory of disease and through whom the wonderful miracles of saving human life that have characterized the past third of a century have been wrought. The normal death rate of civilized countries before the days of Pasteur was about 30 per thousand of population. Today it is about 15 per thousand in the more progressive nations.

Think what the saving of 15 lives a year for every thousand of population means when applied to half the earth! It means the averting of 12,000,000 untimely deaths annually. It means more than 25,000,000 cases of illness avoided. It means health and happiness in 20,000,000 homes rather than disease and distress. Who can estimate the benefits to humanity of the wonderful discovery of Pasteur? When one tries to comprehend the far-reaching results already attained and to estimate those that may yet flow out of that basic discovery, one's mind is simply unable to grasp it all.

Certain it is that the life-saving processes reared on the great foundation built by Pasteur are saving more people from beds of sickness and untimely graves than the great war in Europe, with all its terrors, is able to send there.

THE SCIENCE OF RADIO-ACTIVITY

And then we must not forget that radium comes to the world through the French laboratory, and with it the budding science of radio-activity. Who can say what the world's debt to France therefor is going to be? Those who know most about it tell us that we stand with reference to extracting power from the rocks exactly where our forefathers long ages ago stood when they saw the lightning flash set fire to the dead pine tree, but stood ignorant and helpless to reproduce the fire. We know that there are thousands of times as much power wrapped up in radio-active material as there is in coal, thanks to the work of the French laboratories; and when we learn how to harness that power as we have harnessed the power of wood and coal, by promoting the processes of decay, as it seems that we are destined to do, who can adequately portray the possibilities that would follow?

And while we think of this wonderful new science, whose book France has opened to the world, we must not forget its elder sister, the science of electricity, which, while harnessed to man's purposes mainly by American inventors, had the foundations upon which they built laid largely in France.

And so it has been in all things. France has dared to break new ground, to invade new fields of research, to risk a thousand defeats in the hope of ultimate victory. She has been enough of a conservative to hold fast to all that was good from the past and yet progressive enough to let go of all that is not worth while and to reach out for whatever promises to add even a jot or a tittle to human progress. She has not permitted herself to be handicapped by a too-deep reverence for the past nor yet by a restraining fear of the future. She lets nothing stand before her duty to her ideals; and her ideals are bound up in the good of all time—past, present, and future.

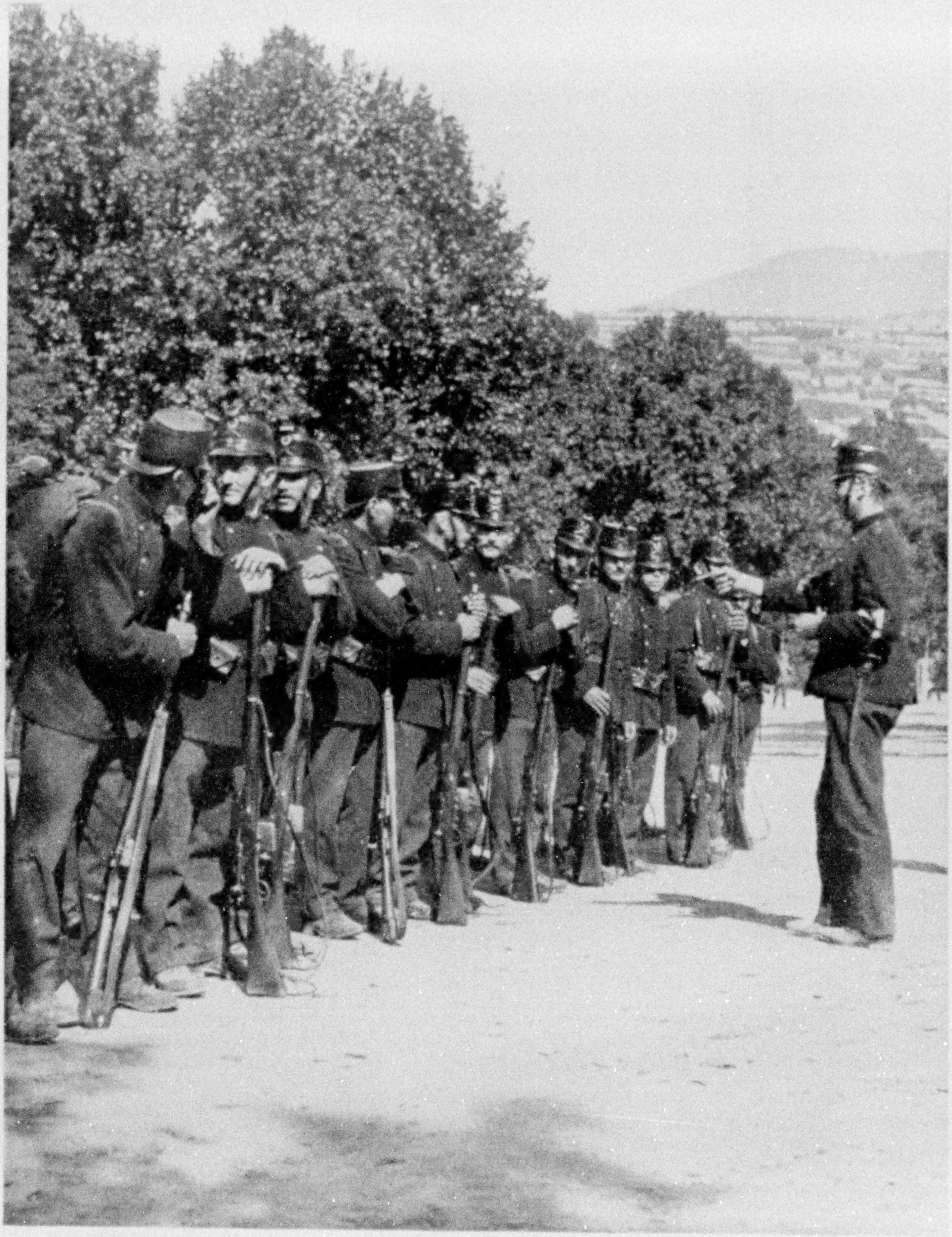


Photo and copyright by Donald McLeish

MEMBERS OF THE CITIZEN ARMY OF SWITZERLAND

The Swiss army is the most democratic in the world. There are no officers but those who have served as privates

XUM

THE CITIZEN ARMY OF SWITZERLAND

NOWHERE else in the world has the art of self-defense better adjusted itself to geographical conditions than in the little Republic of Switzerland. While the subject of national preparedness holds such a large place in the minds of the American people, it becomes of value to study the remarkable system the Swiss people have evolved — a system fitted to national ideals which do not accept the doctrines of militarism on the one hand, and which reject the doctrines of peace at any price on the other. The Swiss system is particularly interesting to Americans because of the kindred theories of government in Switzerland and the United States, the similar aspirations of their people, and the close relationship of their needs.

Although they have democratic tendencies perhaps stronger than our own, although they believe in local self-government perhaps more thoroughly than we do, and although they possess a very deep conviction that central authority must not encroach upon the rights of the cantons, the people of Switzerland have made themselves a nation under arms, yet a nation without the slightest thought of adding a foot to its territory or of disturbing that peace whose blessings it loves and appreciates.

There is nothing in Switzerland corresponding to a regular army. One might hunt for months around the country without finding one man whose profession is military; yet almost as hard would it be to discover one able-bodied citizen who has not had some soldier training.

QUICK MOBILIZATION

While Switzerland has a population smaller than that of Massachusetts, with an area twice as large, it can mobilize 240,000 men in 24 hours. On the same basis, the United States could put 8,000,000 men into the field, though of course it would take longer to get them to central points of mobilization. Behind a field army of 240,000 the Swiss have a reserve of equal proportions. The United States could, under the Swiss system, have a trained army of citizens reaching a grand total of 16,000,000 men of all arms. Under that standard we would have 160 trained men from every town of 1,000 population; while a county of 30,000 inhabitants could thus send 2,400 men to the front and hold as many more in reserve.

There is no soldiery in the military world costing as little per man as the Swiss.

This difference arises from the fact that the army of the Swiss Confederation is in truth a citizen army. It is organized on what has been called the "voluntary compulsory" system, to which the Swiss people have freely resigned themselves in order to guarantee the independence of their country. They were the first people of Europe to introduce universal liability to military service.

UNIVERSAL SERVICE

Universal compulsory military service in Switzerland dates from 1874, when the old system of requiring each canton to raise an allotment of three men for every hundred men of its population was done away with, and the system of requiring every able-bodied man to meet for training was substituted. The new system worked with very little trouble or friction from the beginning, and the Swiss people are very proud of their citizen army.

In its fundamentals the idea of the citizen soldier laid down by the men who framed the Constitution of the United States is the same as that followed in the organization of the Swiss army. The Swiss do in practice what we do in theory. Every able-bodied man in America is supposed to be a member of the militia, and yet how few have ever shouldered a gun or marched in company formation!

The Swiss boy, at the age of ten, is put into the gymnastic class at school, and begins learning the elements of the soldier drill on the school-house playground. Long before he is old enough to be called upon for service he has learned to do the manual exercises and to go through much

XUM

Photo by Arthur A. Porchet

A SWISS SOLDIER ON SENTRY DUTY ON THE GRAND ST. BERNARD

of the drill that afterward fits him for a soldier.

When a boy reaches 17 years he is liable to service—a liability which continues until he is 50 years of age. Even after that he may be liable, if he is capable of doing any other army work than soldiering, such as acting as baker, veterinary surgeon, or otherwise.

FEW PROFESSIONAL SOLDIERS

Yet with all of this universal training, the only people in Switzerland who make arms an exclusive profession are the Commander-in-Chief, selected by the Federal Assembly, and the General Staff. These form the brains of the army. The rank and file belong to the cantons, just as the militia do to the States in this country.

The Swiss man sacrifices cheerfully a definite amount of his time to preserve his independence as a citizen of a free country.

Entrenched behind its native rocks, the citizen army of Switzerland contains every element of the nation. The man of wealth and the peasant are found shoulder to shoulder. No man is compelled to spend the crucial years of his life away from home in the army, and yet every man is required to contribute his share to that army's maintenance and the nation's safety.

At the age of 20 every able-bodied Swiss youth becomes a member of the "Auszug," and every one who lacks the necessary qualifications regrets that he is unable to coöperate with other young defenders of his country. During the first year of liability he must serve 75 days or more, and 11 days for each successive year he is called to the standard. It is no excuse that he has brothers already in the army, or that he has a widowed mother dependent upon him. The burden of preparedness, spread over a nation, becomes no onerous task for any

Photo by Arthur A. Porchet

SWISS SOLDIERS ON SKEES ON THEIR WAY TO THE HOSPICE, WHICH CAN BE SEEN IN THE DISTANCE

one, and the average young man in Switzerland looks upon his time spent in training camps as a pleasurable vacation, profitable to the safety of his country.

Service in the "Auszug," or "Elite," continues until the citizen reaches the age of 32. Thereafter he passes into what is known as the "Landwehr," or First Reserve, where he remains until he has completed his 44th year. He must give in that time nine days of service during each four years that he belongs to the "Landwehr." After he has passed 44 he goes into the "Landsturm," or Second Reserve, where he stays until he is 50, and even beyond that if national necessity calls him.

At the various stages in his career proper exemptions become the lot of the soldier. Those in the employ of the State, railway and steamboat men, hospital officials, and others reach their exemption early; preachers, doctors, prison officials, postal and telegraphic officials are exempt; but the man who has to go into the field has the consolation that the man who may stay at home also has his burden to bear, for, in addition to all other taxes, he must pay a special military poll tax of $1.20, a military property tax of 15 cents per $100 (with property under $200 exempted), and a military income tax of 1½ per cent. The total tax thus paid by any one person cannot exceed $600. The assessments are rigorously made and every penny exacted.

NO CRACK REGIMENTS

Rich and poor serve side by side in the Swiss army, and there is none of the "crack" regiment idea to be found. Neither is there any picking and choosing in the service; each man is placed where he can serve best. There is only one general, and he is picked from a nation of soldiers; nor is his remuneration lordly, for his salary is only $10 a day.

The caste system has not been permitted

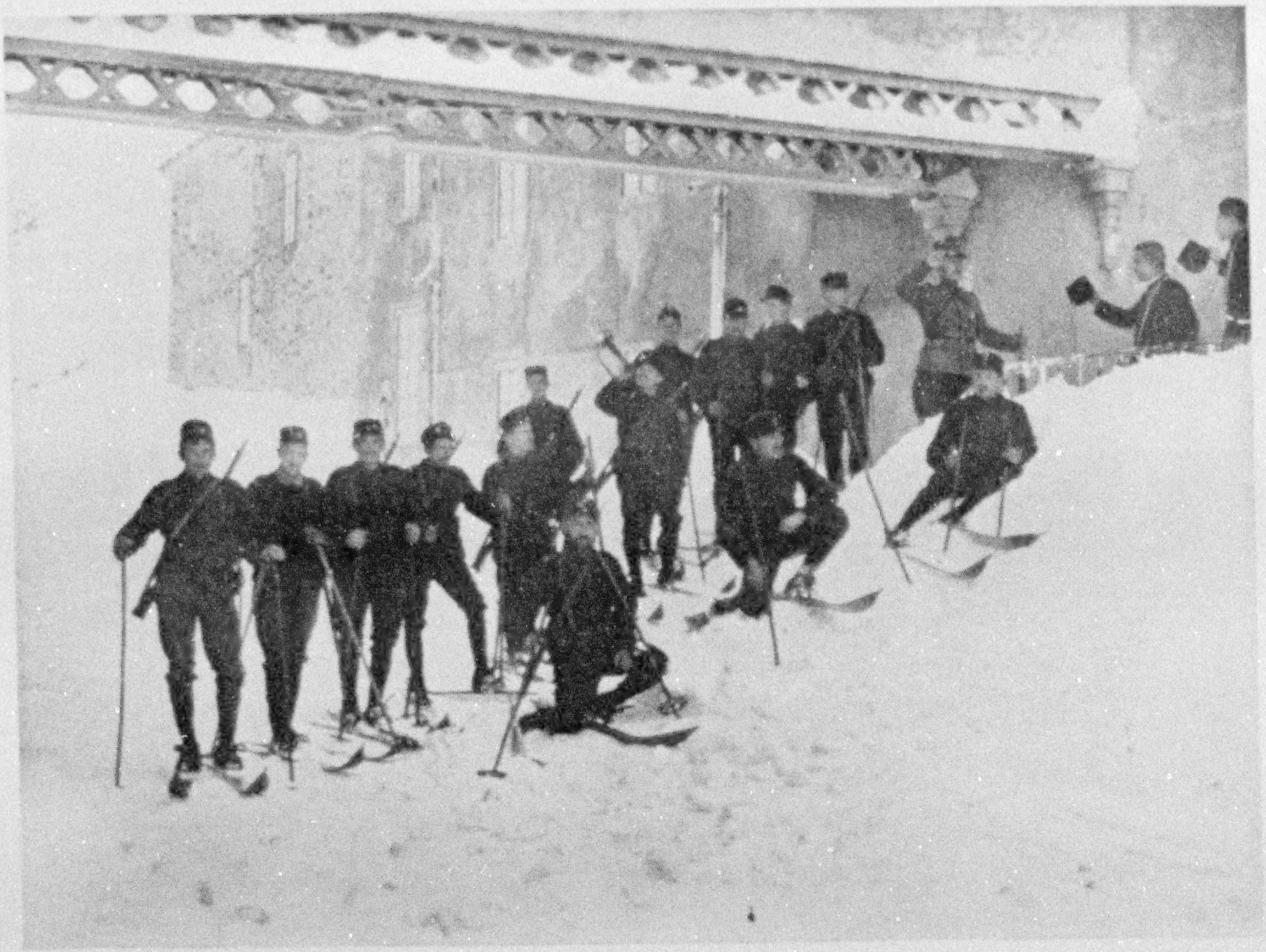


Photo by Arthur A. Porchet

A COMPANY OF SWISS SOLDIERS BEING WELCOMED BY THE MONKS ON THEIR ARRIVAL AT THE HOSPICE

to creep into the Swiss army, for the very essence of the Swiss military idea is that all men start from the scratch, and that brain and ability must win the race.

The line troops of the Swiss army are raised like our State militia. The cantons of Switzerland correspond to the States of the United States, and each canton keeps its own troops and selects their officers. These officers are nominated by the Grand Council of the canton, upon the recommendation of the cantonal military director, after having successfully passed through the schools of instruction. Promotion from second to first lieutenant takes place according to seniority, but thereafter merit is the determining factor. No officer rises to a higher rank than colonel, for there is only one general in the Swiss army, and he is the Commander-in-Chief.

The engineers, guides, sanitary and administrative troops, and the army train are enrolled by the Confederation. Arms also are supplied by the Confederation. The cantons furnish equipment and uniforms, but are reimbursed therefor afterward by the federal authorities.

LITTLE INDOOR DRILL

The process of training the Swiss militia is exactly the reverse, both in theory and fact, of the process of handling the American militia. The Swiss seek the fields in their training, while in our militia service the recruit's first enthusiasms are, as a prominent American officer has observed, dissipated in the grind of barrack-yard drill, where no man need to, and no man is expected to, use his head.

If any one thinks that the Swiss army would win an international cup in a dress-parade affair he is mistaken. Its regiments might not receive any great applause were they in Washington marching up Pennsylvania avenue in an inaugural parade. Unmilitary onlookers might conclude that it was a very "punk" military organization. But the trained soldier, able to separate at a glance the essentials from the non-essentials, would see in those regiments men who had received excellent training in field work, and in whose instruction nothing was omitted that would make them, when marching to their country's defense, dependable and trustworthy troops. Combined with their training, they possess a sparkling patriotism and a deep courage, inherited from ancestors who had no fear of death. These qualities, united with a love of country unsurpassed in any known people, are such that no nation would enter into a conflict with them lightly; for, being a nation in arms, preferring annihilation to defeat, they are bound to compel universal respect.

A RESOURCEFUL SOLDIER

The daily life of the Swiss citizen inures him to hardship and fatigue; the high educational standards of his country give him perhaps a higher average of intelligence than any rank and file in Europe; generations of battling with the mountains have made him ingenious and resourceful, and he combines the dash of the Frenchman with the stolid courage of the Briton. If to these qualities you add the fact that as a marcher he is tireless, as a marksman he is without a peer, all that is left for the severest military critic to desire are the few tricks of the parade ground, which any drill sergeant readily can teach him.

The Swiss government does everything in its power to stimulate the interest of the boys in marksmanship, although not long ago it was forced to enact a law against too much military parading by irresponsible gatherings of youngsters. During a recent year there were nearly 13,000 boys, between the ages of eleven and twenty years, engaged in shooting practice in Switzerland. Their shooting clubs take the place of our baseball teams, and the sand-lot enthusiast of America sees no brighter visions of his becoming a Walter Johnson or a Ty Cobb of one of the big leagues than the boy of Switzerland sees of his succeeding to the marksmanship championship of his country.

Reckoning according to population, if we had as many boys under twenty years of age practicing marksmanship as Switzerland, we would have approximately 400,000.

MAINTAINING TARGET PRACTICE

Every commune in Switzerland is required by federal law to maintain, at public expense, a safe and suitable target range of not less than 1,000 feet. All legally organized shooting clubs of the commune have a right to use this range without expense. The government gives 80 cents a year to each club for each member doing a prescribed amount of shooting during the year. The annual number of shots fired in target practice in the army and in the shooting clubs reaches nearly 30,000,000 rounds, two-thirds of which practice is done by the shooting clubs.

Any shooting club, having not less than ten members, which complies with the conditions set forth in the law, may claim the State subsidy. This subsidy is paid to the club instead of the individual, being determined in amount by executive decision each year when the year's firing program is announced. Only the army rifle and army ammunition are recognized by this law. The military authorities of each canton appoint a shooting committee of from three to seven members, who supervise the arrangement and the firing of the various squads in this canton. The president at least must be an officer of the active army.

Between the shooting matches of the communes, the cantons, and the Confederation, Switzerland is able to keep her rifle shooting up to an unprecedented standard of excellence. On fête days one may see men in all the different grades of the service, from the newly joined recruit to the major of his battalion, standing side by side in the shooting-club contests. Every Swiss soldier is compelled to fire at least 35 rounds annually. If he does not complete his score at the cantonal rifle meetings, he is obliged to attend a three-days' course of shooting under military supervision.

While the Swiss militiaman gets nothing for his services, on the other hand he is absolved from all expenses. When

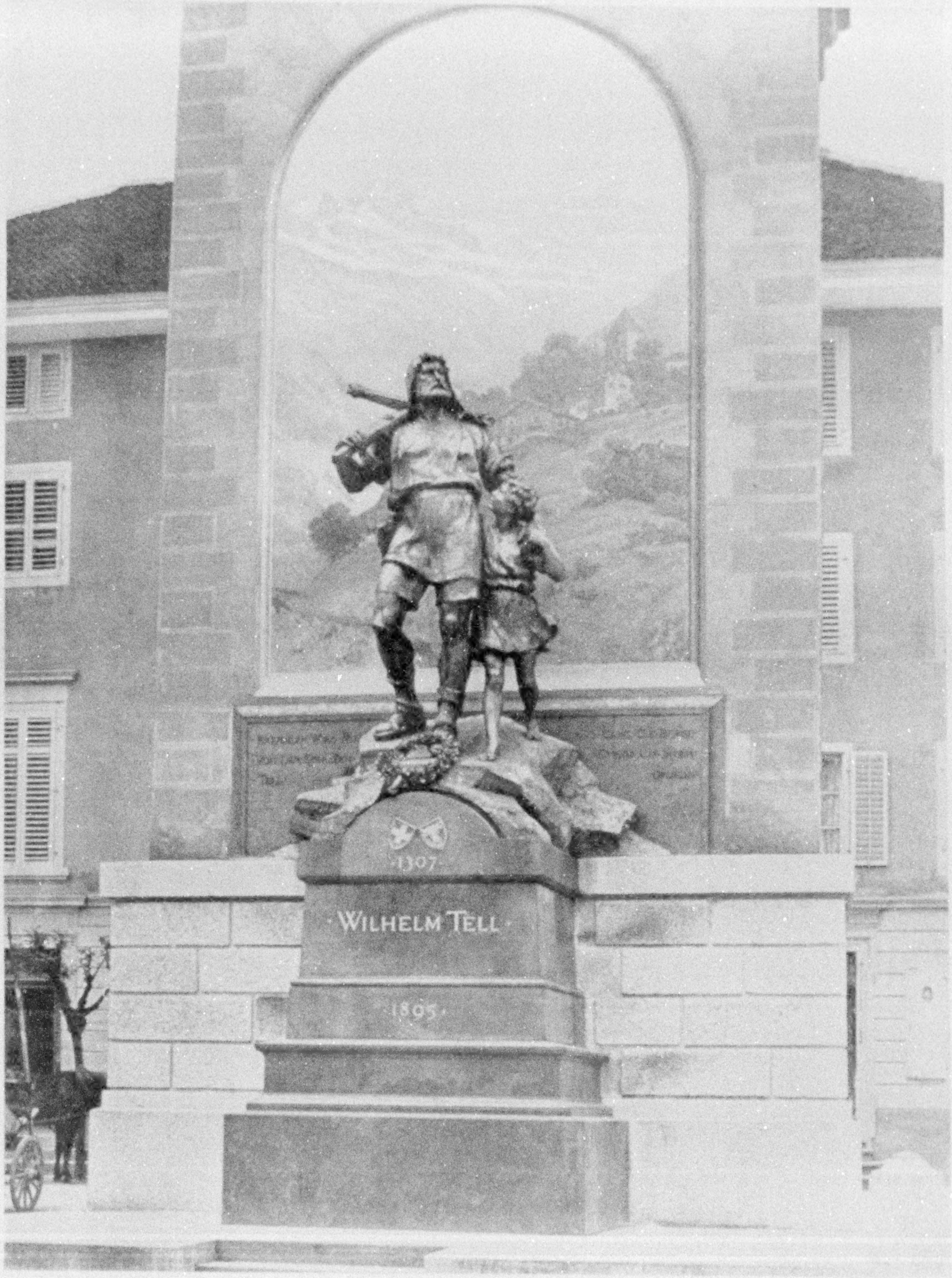


Photo by Wehrli

THE TELL MEMORIAL: ALTDORF, SWITZERLAND

The historians will never agree as to whether William Tell ever lived in flesh and blood; but that he lives today in the spirit of Swiss love of freedom the whole world recognizes

Photo by Wehrli

LAUTERBRUNNEN AND THE SPRAY BROOK, SWITZERLAND

The road in the foreground is typical of the magnificent highways which enable the Swiss to maneuver their troops to the greatest possible advantage, and which should be an object lesson to American highway builders.

going up for drill, his uniform is a railroad pass, and while he acts as a soldier he need not put his hand in his pocket to draw out money for any necessary expense. He is entitled to no pension; but if, in the course of his military duty, he has become incapacitated, so that he is unable to earn his livelihood in an ordinary calling, the State will respond with such assistance as may be reasonable. Moreover, the same consideration is extended to his widow and family should he be killed in the course of duty to his country.

In war times or during maneuvers every citizen is expected to provide food and lodging for such soldiers as his dwelling and means permit him to shelter. Should he prefer not to have soldiers billeted at his house, he is obliged to pay into the army treasury a sum sufficient to provide lodging for them elsewhere. Every householder in Switzerland is informed of the number of men and horses he is expected to receive, and when the annual maneuvers are held in his district he makes preparations accordingly. By this system the army train is made comparatively light, and the mobility of the force is greatly increased as a result; for it is only on rare occasions that the troops go under canvas, being billeted, whenever possible, with the inhabitants of near-by towns.

Though surrounded on all sides by belligerent millions, whose interests might be served by asking her to step out of their path, Switzerland today stands an island of peace in a sea of war, because she has been prepared to maintain her neutrality and her freedom, or at least to exact such a price for them that none of the nations at war can afford to pay for their violation.

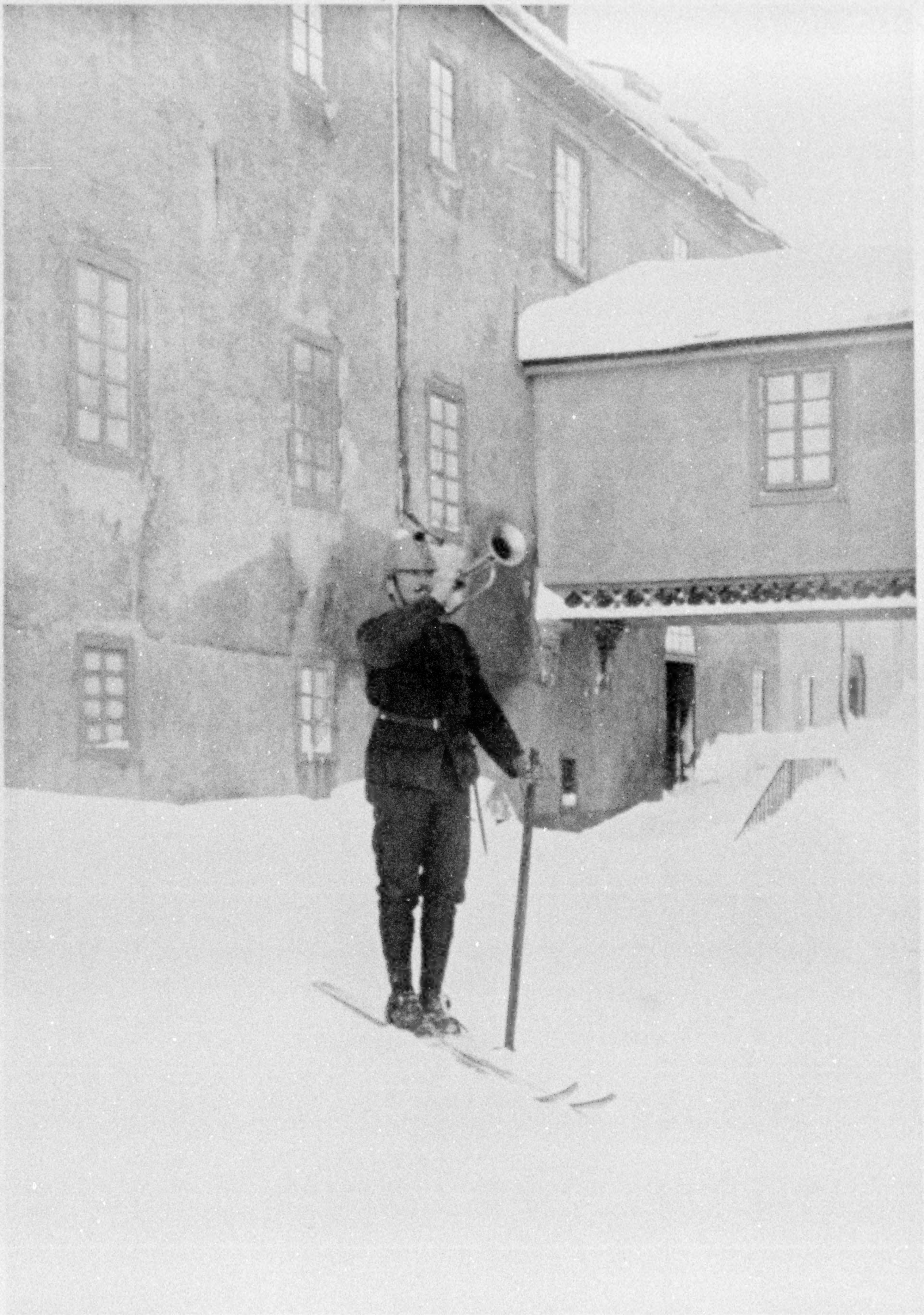


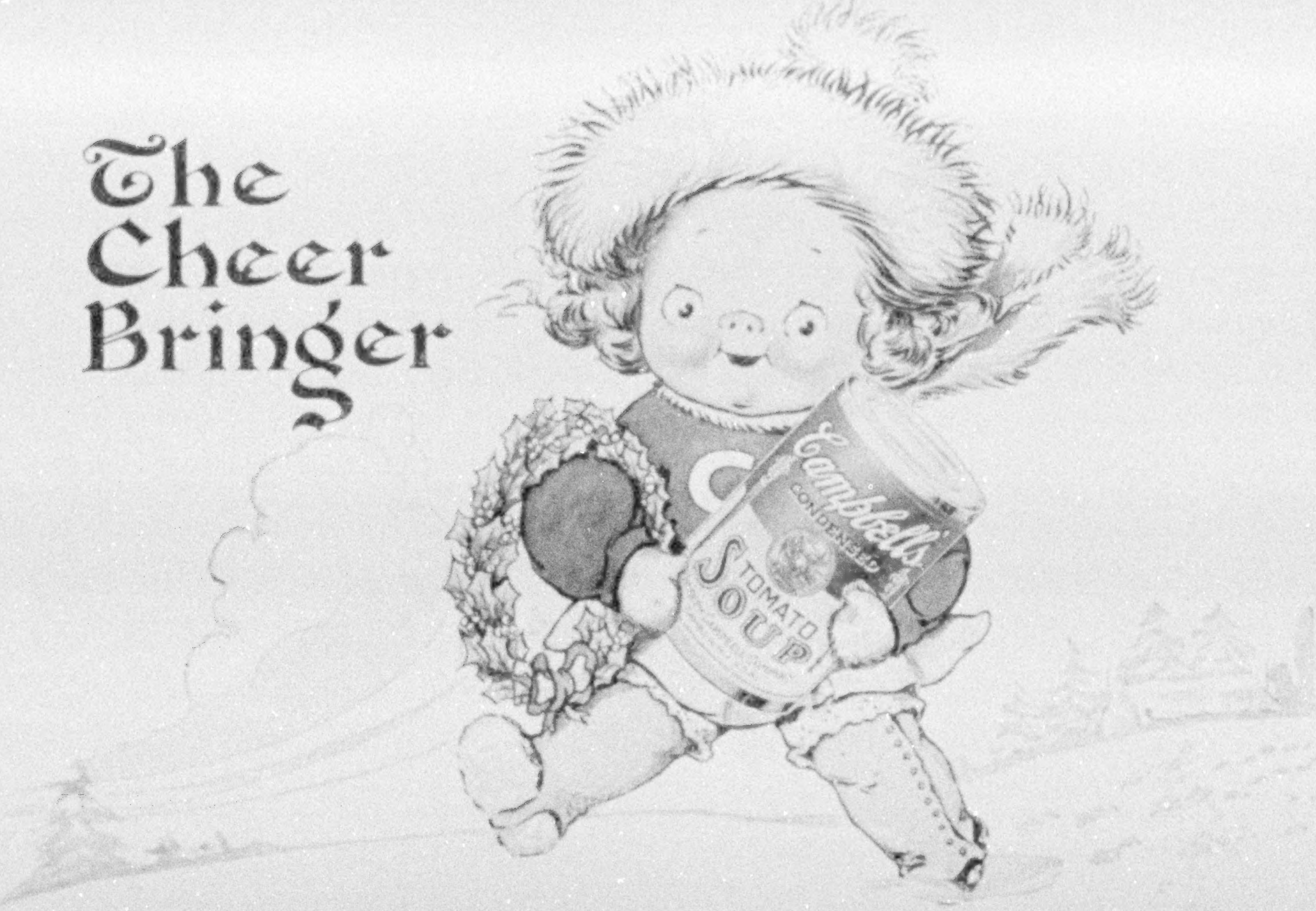
Photo by Arthur A. Porchet

SWISS MOBILIZATION: THE CALL FOR BREAKFAST

"Though surrounded on all sides by belligerent millions, whose interests might be served by asking her to step out of their path, Switzerland today stands an island of peace in a sea of war, because she has been prepared to maintain her neutrality and her freedom, or at least to exact such a price for them that none of the nations at war can afford to pay for their violation" (see text, page 509).

XUM

The Cheer Bringer



"Home with the holly and Campbell's good cheer—
Fit for the merriest day in the year!"

Yes, and helps to make it merry. Gives an extra relish to your Christmas dinner; makes it digest better and do you more good. In truth you make the whole year merrier by using

Campbell's Tomato Soup

So easy to prepare, so delicious, so wholesome and satisfying, this favorite Campbell "kind" adds a note of warmth and good cheer to any meal and any occasion.

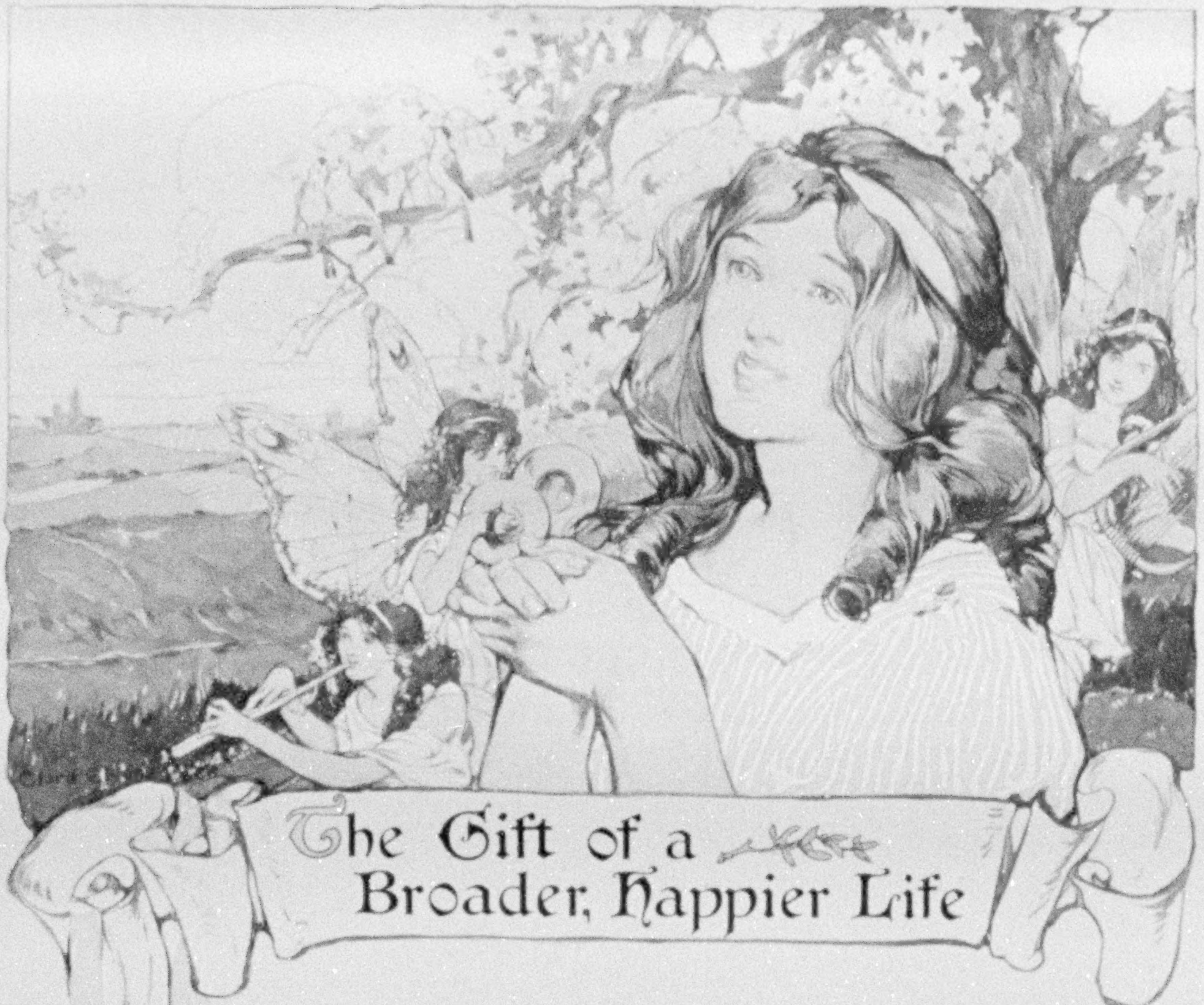
Have it handy so you can enjoy it often. Order it by the dozen. That's the way.

Your money back if not satisfied.

21 kinds **10c a can**

Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



The Gift of a Broader, Happier Life

WE SAT together in the dusk, planning for the child. Christmas and the gift were in our minds.

"If," said my wife, "we could give her a *gift within a gift*—something of joy that would endure—what a gift that would be!"

Her eyes kindled.

"If we could make the gift something whose joy could not only be deep and powerful but *fruitful* for *good* through all her life," she went on, "that would be the great gift."

"The gift of a broader, happier life," I said, catching her spirit.

Her voice rose with enthusiasm.

"That's it," she cried, "the gift of a broader, happier life! If we could give *that* to our child for our gift this Christmas!"

She was tremulous with enthusiasm. What could we give? For an instant she was silent, and then she had found the answer:

"The gift of the love of music!"

* * *

Nothing would do then but that we should commence our search. We had read of the Pianola and how it creates and preserves that love in a child at the most dangerous time of all—when ambition is being crushed by the monotony of scales and exercises.

We knew that the great musicians of the world advised it because it develops the interpretative instinct at the very time when these same scales and exercises are only developing "finger efficiency".

So we went to see a Pianola for ourselves and hear it for the first time. Then we sat down comfortably while the salesman explained that the Pianola *was* a piano if one wanted to use it as such. But it was far more than that.

He touched the Metrostyle, one of the remarkable inventions which humanized and helped to make an interpretative instrument of the automatic piano. He showed how it was easily possible—simply by making the pointer follow the wavy red line on the roll before one—to vary the time and make it consonant with the very feeling of the composer himself. He showed how, by the simple swinging forth and back of this wonderful lever, one could change the time just as one wished.

He showed us the Themodist cuttings on the same roll by which the melody sang sweetly forth, taking its place predominantly above the bass—and without the thumping effect familiar to so many "players". He showed us how the Sustaining Pedal develops sweet, rounded tone-bodies which I knew were only to be acquired by years of pedal study by the greatest pianists. He even played before us there a little piece with so moving and tender an appeal, with so touching and varied a tenderness of tone, as fairly to bring tears to the eyes.

It seemed impossible that any automatic instrument could reflect so intimately every feeling which moved the player while he played.

"But," I said, astonished, "could I play that?"

"Perhaps not so well as I—at first," he smiled—"but try for yourself!"

I sat at the instrument and tried "In My Neighbor's Garden", an exquisite little piece by Nevin. I followed the wavy Metrostyle line and the music lilted along with quite a touch of the breezy feeling—and with no thumping suggestion in spite of my inexperience. I pedaled softer when he told me and the tones softened too, till one could almost imagine the muted sweetness of the birds among the gentle forests of the flowers.

* * *

We bought that Pianola for the little girl that was ours. For we knew that even while she was drudging through the necessary piano lessons, that we had given her something which would develop her taste for the best music, and her sympathetic love and understanding of it, even while she was learning the discouraging mechanical part of music. We knew that we were *preserving* for her the *understanding of music*, the broader, happier life which would take her away from the frets and worries of our little life—while freshening and enlivening her spirit, and keeping it pure.

And, to tell the truth, perhaps there was just a little thought of ourselves, too. Perhaps I thought of *myself* and the blessed hours of rest and relaxation I could have with my mind far away from the worries of a man's work—interpreting for myself the world's most exquisite poetries of sound, and becoming intimately familiar with these master compositions which had been but locked doors to me.

Perhaps my dear wife thought of the relaxation *she* might have from the little wearing worries of the home. Perhaps she thought of the happy evenings we all might have, playing the old fond pieces of her girlhood before motherhood came and the opportunities for practice ceased. Perhaps.

But high and clear above all other feelings was the one that we had given at last a Christmas gift with a real significance to our daughter's life, which would beautify and ennoble it and make it worthy even of the sacred festival that gave all Christmas gifts a birth.

◆

This Great Gift—the Pianola—remember *you* may give. For a sum no greater than you would pay for some mere trinket you can have it in your home. For a monthly sum so small you will scarcely feel it, you can pay for it.

We will be glad to send you free a magnificent catalog and the name of our nearest representative. Address Department S11.

THE AEOLIAN COMPANY

AEOLIAN HALL NEW YORK

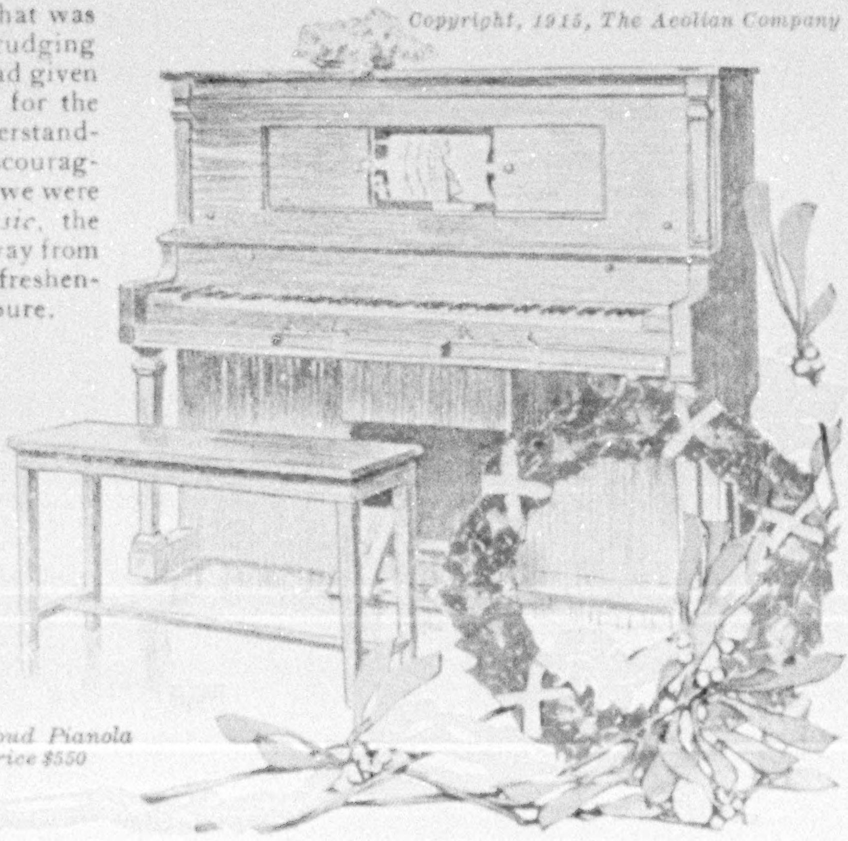
Manufacturers of the celebrated Aeolian-Vocalion and Largest Manufacturers of Musical Instruments in the World

Copyright, 1915, The Aeolian Company

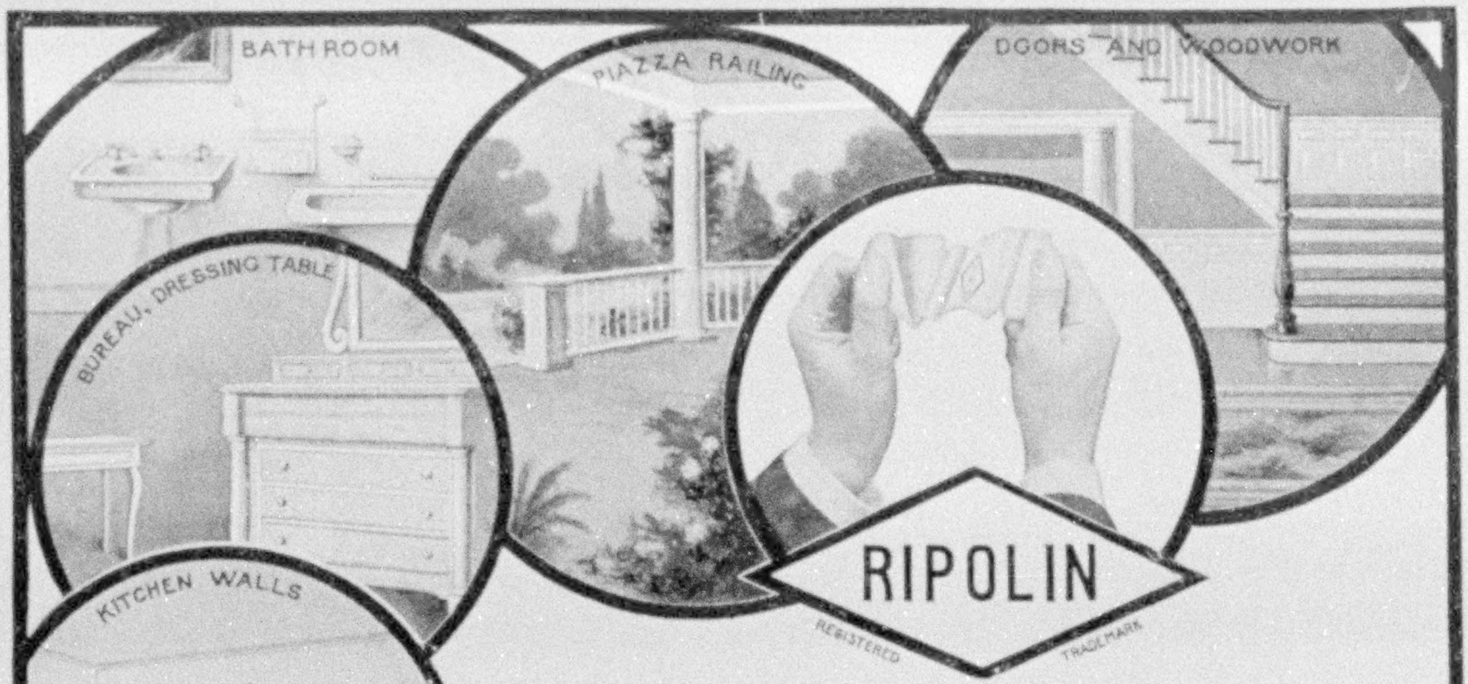
There is but one Pianola. It is made only by The Aeolian Company, and in the following models:

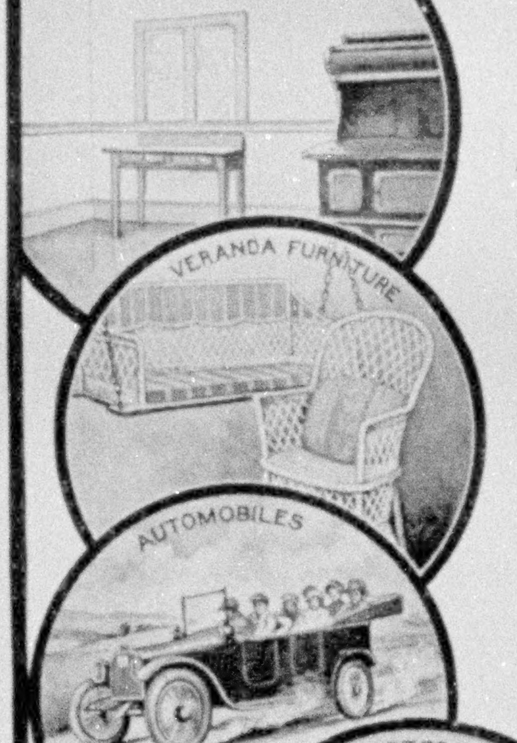
The STEINWAY PIANOLA
The STECK PIANOLA
The WHEELOCK PIANOLA
The STUYVESANT PIANOLA
The STROUD PIANOLA
and the famous WEBER PIANOLA

Prices from $550. Transportation charges added on the Pacific Coast.



The Stroud Pianola
Price $550





Enamel Paint *for* Home Tinkering

Take a look around your home and see the number of places fairly crying for RIPOLIN Enamel Paint. Use it on that iron bed, on crib, on bath-room, and kitchen walls, on wicker or enameled furniture—in fact, everywhere you want a handsome white finish that will *stay* white without repainting.

To clean, simply use a damp cloth once in a while. Don't be afraid of harming RIPOLIN—it will stand any amount of rubbing and scrubbing—never discolors.

There's no substitute for RIPOLIN Enamel Paint. Flows like cream—is self-spreading—no wrist-tiring labor in brushing it out—no danger of clogging up corners—no hurry for fear it will dry before you are ready, and show laps. RIPOLIN is "fool-proof." Just do the best you can—then RIPOLIN will take care of itself. A 50c. can will give you fifty dollars' worth of satisfaction. It coats interior or exterior woodwork or metal with a clear, smooth finish like fine porcelain. It is used by all expert decorators, but you do not have to be an expert decorator to use it.

RIPOLIN is made by the old Dutch hand process. A gallon will cover from 500 to 700 square feet, depending upon the suface. Your painter or decorator will tell you the quantity needed.

That brilliant high gloss finish is unexcelled for the kitchen, pantry, or wherever a glass-like surface is desired. Then, again, for halls, reception rooms, libraries—wherever the softer effects are preferred—RIPOLIN is obtainable in a beautiful eggshell finish, or even an absolutely flat finish. Any desired tint can be obtained by mixing pure color ground in Japan with white RIPOLIN—a buff or light green shade is excellent for kitchen walls.

AUTOMOBILES
YACHTS, MOTOR BOATS
RIPOLIN

Unsurpassed for automobiles—choice of 12 beautiful colors; also yachts and motor boats, because it is the only enamel that will stand the test of salt water and sea air.

Send 50 cents today for large trial can, with brush—enough to give a thorough test—try it out in your own home—then you be the judge. With it we will send the coated strip of tin, and the book showing residences, exclusive clubs, and palatial hotels finished with Ripolin; also name of the Ripolin dealer in your territory.

J. A. & W. BIRD & CO.

Importers and Distributers of RIPOLIN for the United States and Canada.

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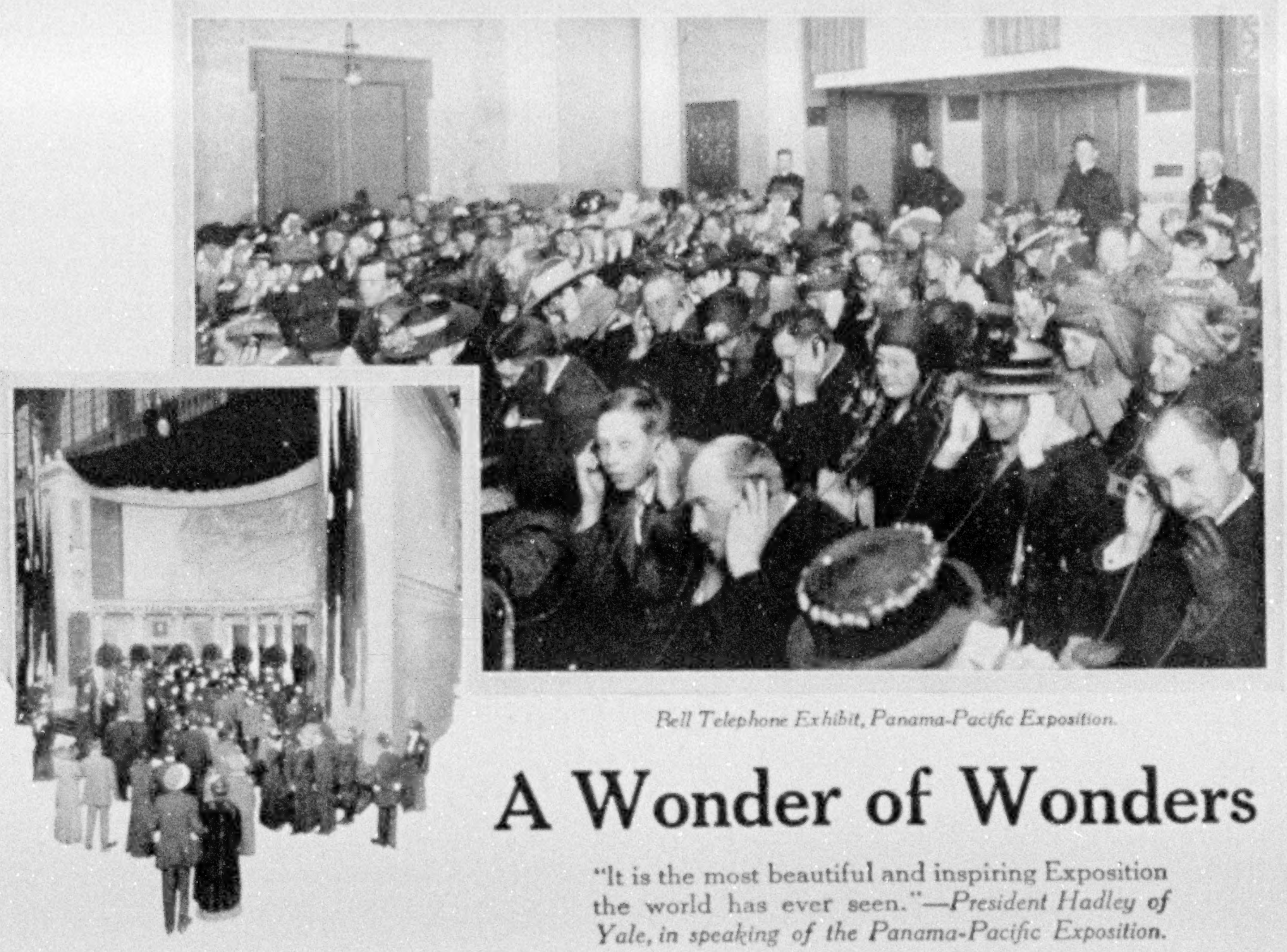

Bell Telephone Exhibit, Panama-Pacific Exposition.

A Wonder of Wonders

"It is the most beautiful and inspiring Exposition the world has ever seen."—*President Hadley of Yale, in speaking of the Panama-Pacific Exposition.*

EVERY American should feel it a duty as well as a privilege to visit the Panama-Pacific Exposition and view its never-equaled exhibits of achievements in Art, Science and Industry.

In all this assemblage of wonders, combining the highest accomplishments of creative genius and mechanical skill, there is none more wonderful than the exhibit of the Bell Telephone System.

Here, in a theatre de luxe, the welcome visitors sit at ease while the marvel of speech transmission is pictorially revealed and told in story. They listen to talk in New York, three thousand miles away; they hear the roar of the surf on the far-off Atlantic Coast; they witness a demonstration of Transcontinental telephony which has been awarded the Grand Prize of Electrical Methods of Communication.

This Transcontinental Line has taken the thought, labor and ingenuity of some of the greatest minds in the scientific world. Yet it is but a small part of the more wonderful universal service of the Bell System, which makes possible instant communication between all the people of the country.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy ***One System*** ***Universal Service***

Miss Geraldine Farrar
at Albuquerque

Of Course – California this winter

golf, polo and motoring on royal roads
sunny days in the land of roses
and the luxury of great resort hotels

Travel on the California Limited or Santa Fe de-Luxe
Visit Grand Canyon enroute

Reserve your Pullman space early
On request will mail you
our illustrated travel books
about the California tour

W. J. Black, Pass. Traffic Mgr.
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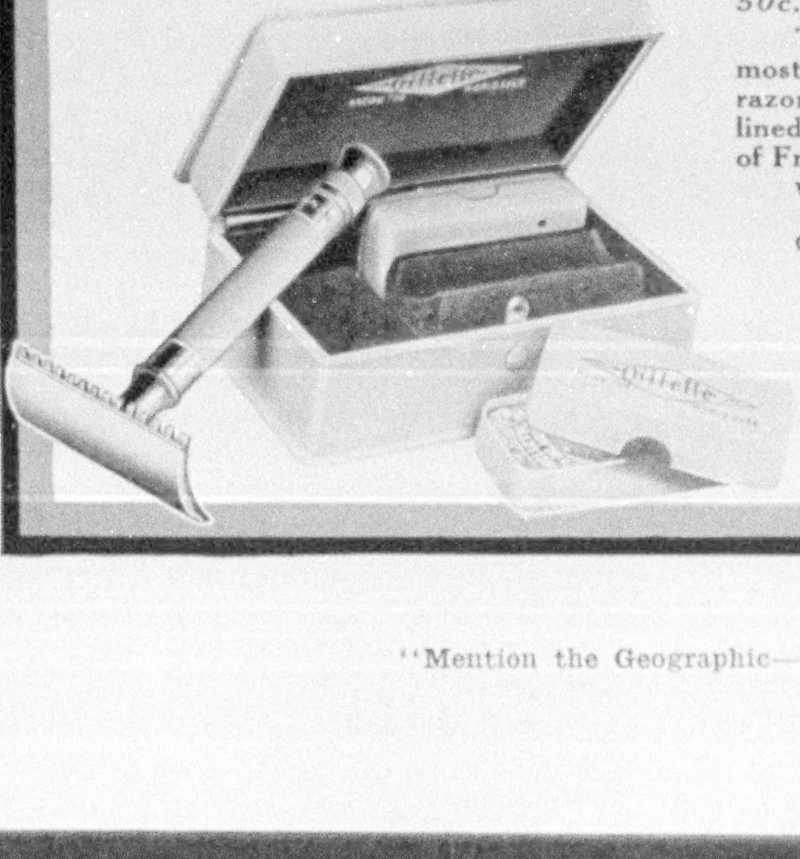
Santa Fe
All the Way

For Him

A Gillette
Safety Razor
for Christmas

FOR the difficult problem—the *man* on your Christmas list—the Gillette Safety Razor is the happy solution.

If he hasn't used it himself, he has been thinking for some time of buying a Gillette—and if he *has* one a gift of the new model "Bulldog," or the "Aristocrat" will please him immensely. No Stropping—No Honing.



About the nicest "little gift" for the Gillette User is a packet of Blades—50c. or $1.

This is the "Aristocrat," one of the most popular sets for gift purposes. The razor is triple silver-plated. The velvet-lined case and the Blade Boxes are of French Ivory. $5

With Gold-Plated Razor, $6.

GRAND PRIZE—HIGHEST AWARD
Panama-Pacific Exposition

TRADE Gillette MARK
KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR
COMPANY
BOSTON

XUM

Mobilizing For Fun!

Yes, an innocent call, "To Arms!"—and all the sharpshooters, little and big, file into the billiard room. Then the thrilling battle begins—moments of breathless suspense, volleys of laughter and jest.

Don't miss these happy home-spent hours at Carom or Pocket Billiards. They stir men's blood, *and put the sinews of manhood in the young.*

This Christmas—A Brunswick Home

Billiard Table

Made of rare and beautiful woods in sizes to fit all homes. The "Grand," "Baby Grand," and "Convertibles" have long been conceded the finest and fastest home tables in the world.

Our new "Quick Demountable" is made by the same skilled men and methods. Yet here is the table that you can set up anywhere in a jiffy and put away when not in use. Not a toy, but a scientific table with life! speed! and accuracy!

$27 Up—Pay 10c a Day!

Our prices are now the lowest in all our history because we are making these tables for thousands—$27 upward. You can pay monthly till the table is paid for—as little as *10c. a day!*

30-Day Trial—Outfit FREE!

Select the table you want. We let you try it 30 days. We also include Complete High Class Playing Outfit FREE—Balls, Cues, Markers, Cue-Clamps, Chalk, Expert Book of 33 games, etc.

Our interesting color-catalog shows all tables, prices, and full details. This coupon or a postal brings this handsome book *free, postpaid!* Send at once—while they last. (481)

Send This For Billiard Book FREE

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.
Dept. 23U, 623-633 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Send free, postpaid, your color-catalog—

"Billiards—The Home Magnet"

and tell about your free home trial offer.

Name ....

Address ....

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is strong evidence that he is able and willing to give you the best and longest lasting job of painting that can be done.

"Your Move" is yours for the asking.

The New Jersey Zinc Company
Room 417, 55 Wall Street, New York

For big contract jobs consult our Research Bureau

Erected in 18 hours for the American Committee of Relief for Babies in Belgium, Long Beach, L. I.

Bossert Redibilt Homes

"Not Even a Nail to Buy"

As Cozy in Winter as in Summer

Delivered in standardized units of solid construction, painted and fitted with best hardware. Each unit insulated against cold and heat with Bossert air chambers. Side and roof sections lined with felt paper, roof sections covered with non-rustable galvanized iron sheeting.

Storm and water-proof joints interlocked with simply a monkey-wrench. Assembled by unskilled labor in 1 to 4 days, according to size. *Bossert system saves you 95% of cost of erection.*

Original designs to suit any taste, any locality. Redibilt homes are as permanent and as charming as any house built—and cost a half less.

Write for complete catalog describing Bossert Redibilt method.

LOUIS BOSSERT & SONS
Builders of Bungalows for 25 years
1313 Grand St. Brooklyn, N. Y.

That Waltham Watches

surpass all others is definitely established by the following tests:

At the World Expositions, wherever exhibited, Waltham Watches have received highest awards. At the Panama-Pacific Exposition, Waltham took the Grand Prize over all competitors.

At the great Kew Observatory more Waltham Watches receive the "A" rating than any other make. Only one other American manufacturer has ever received the "A" rating and then only on a single watch.

There are more Waltham Railroad Watches in use the world over than any other make.

Scientists recognize the superiority of Waltham Watches. All the American polar expeditions (where accuracy is essential) have taken Waltham timepieces.

These facts are more eloquent than any mere words.

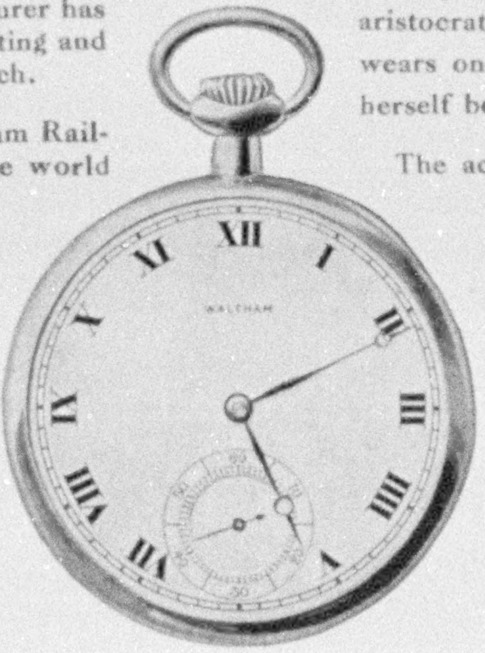
Of all watches the Waltham Riverside Series

are the most famous. There are various sizes and styles of Riverside Watches but they all have the Riverside character of fine accuracy, surplus strength and long life. Most of the improvements in watch making for a generation have first been incorporated in Riverside Watches.

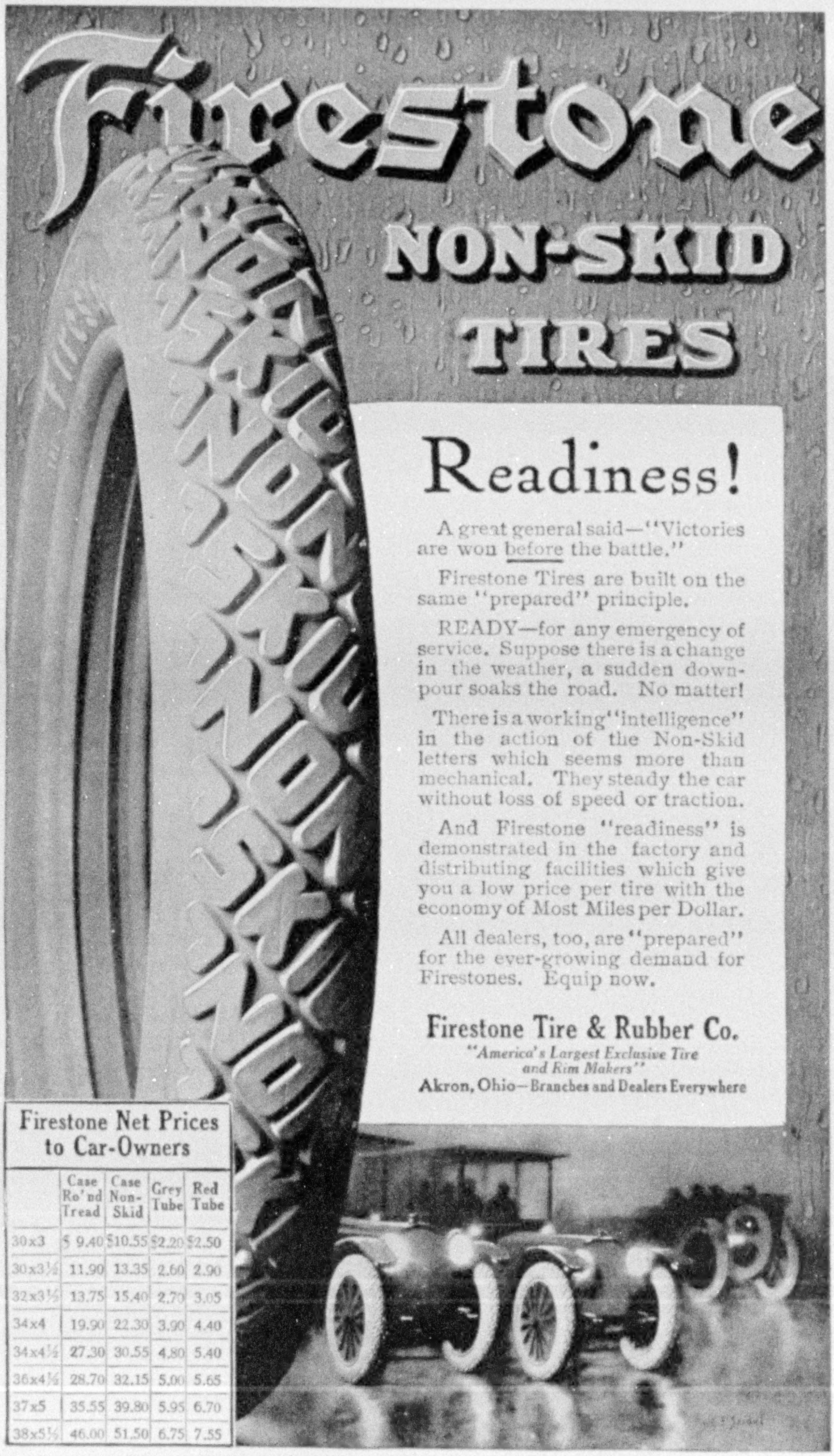
The man who has one of these Riversides in his pocket is to that extent an aristocrat; and the woman who wears one on her wrist will find herself becoming punctual.

The accuracy of the Riverside Watches is vouched for by the watch company which is the oldest in America and the largest in the world.

The beauty of these watches you can see for yourself. Let your jeweler help you select one for Christmas.



Waltham Watch Company
Waltham, Mass.



Readiness!

A great general said—"Victories are won before the battle."

Firestone Tires are built on the same "prepared" principle.

READY—for any emergency of service. Suppose there is a change in the weather, a sudden downpour soaks the road. No matter!

There is a working "intelligence" in the action of the Non-Skid letters which seems more than mechanical. They steady the car without loss of speed or traction.

And Firestone "readiness" is demonstrated in the factory and distributing facilities which give you a low price per tire with the economy of Most Miles per Dollar.

All dealers, too, are "prepared" for the ever-growing demand for Firestones. Equip now.

Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.
"America's Largest Exclusive Tire and Rim Makers"
Akron, Ohio—Branches and Dealers Everywhere

Firestone Net Prices to Car-Owners

	Case Ro'nd Tread	Case Non-Skid	Grey Tube	Red Tube
30x3	$ 9.40	$10.55	$2.20	$2.50
30x3½	11.90	13.35	2.60	2.90
32x3½	13.75	15.40	2.70	3.05
34x4	19.90	22.30	3.90	4.40
34x4½	27.30	30.55	4.80	5.40
36x4½	28.70	32.15	5.00	5.65
37x5	35.55	39.80	5.95	6.70
38x5½	46.00	51.50	6.75	7.55

HIGHEST IN QUALITY

"The Heart of the Home"

G/W Sectional Bookcases

THERE is an atmosphere of culture about the home with its Globe-Wernicke Sectional Bookcase that bespeaks the owner's breeding and good taste. Books in Globe-Wernicke Bookcases have the air of being read—and you buy sections just as your growing library requires, and arrange them just as you like. The Patented Dust-Proof Felt Strip in each section protects your books and prevents the door's slamming. Globe-Wernicke Bookcases cost no more than the ordinary kind and are built to endure.

We will send "The World's Best Books" Booklet with Catalog No. 174 Free

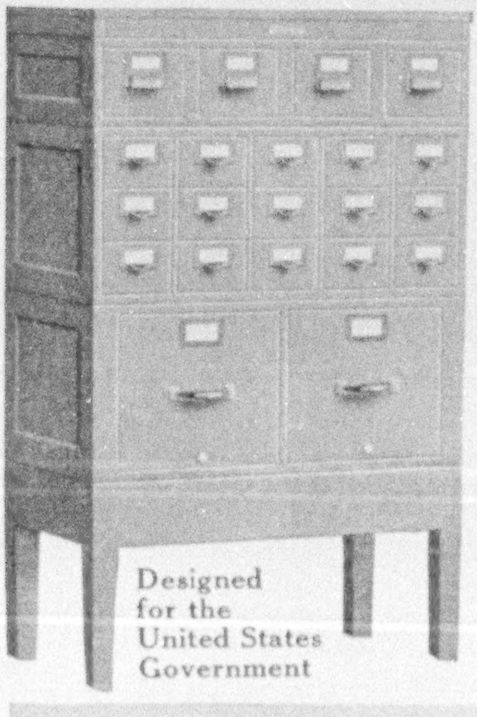
Globe-Wernicke

Sectional Filing Cabinets

WOOD – STEEL

9 Steel Cabinet Lines 12 Wood Cabinet Lines

THE principle of unit construction—invented and perfected by Globe-Wernicke—is nowhere of greater importance than in the office, where constant growth, accumulating records, and frequent need for readjustment of floor space demand files of a like capacity for growth and easy rearrangement.



Designed for the United States Government

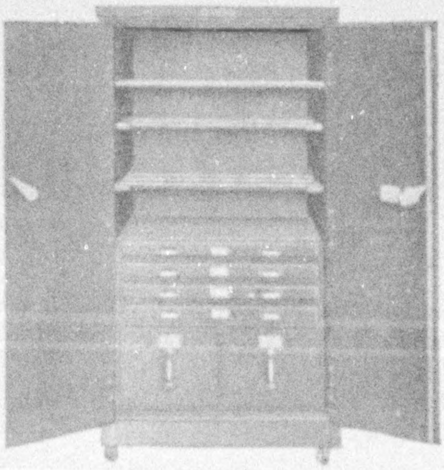
Banker, Lawyer, Statistician, Merchant, Educator, Public Official, etc., each will find the exact Globe-Wernicke standard unit sizes and system files to meet his special and growing needs.

All parts entering into Globe-Wernicke Equipment are made in the vast Globe-Wernicke plant, of rigidly tested materials, at a reduced production cost that assures highest quality at lowest prices. All Globe-Wernicke Steel Cabinets are welded inseparably by electricity.

Send for Catalog No. 838 showing the new 7,000 Line of Steel Upright Verticals and the new 2,000 Line of Wood Uprights.

The Globe-Wernicke Co.
CINCINNATI

Branch Stores: New York, Chicago, Philadelphia
Boston, Cincinnati, Washington, D. C.



Globe Steel Safes—Five Sizes

LOWEST IN PRICE

XUM

1819
"Twelve o'clock and all's well!"
1915

In the year 1819 the directors of the Hartford Fire Insurance Company "voted $20 for the town watch," whose duty it was "to patrol the streets with staff and lantern and guard against incipient fires." From that day to this the Hartford has been in the forefront of every intelligent, constructive movement for fire prevention. It has played an important part in the introduction and development of every modern method of fire prevention and control, from the early attempts at fireproof construction to the latest automatic sprinkler system. Thus the same spirit of public service that voted the first $20 for the Hartford town watch of 1819 still characterizes the

INSURANCE SERVICE *OF THE* TWO HARTFORDS

For 105 years the Hartford Fire Insurance Company has been noted not only for unquestioned financial strength and integrity, but also for its hearty co-operation in every sanely progressive movement in American insurance.

The Hartford Accident & Indemnity Company conducts an up-to-date casualty and bonding business along the same sound and liberal lines, and it has justly inherited the parent company's reputation for the prompt settlement of every honest obligation.

The two companies between them write practically every form of insurance but life insurance.

Check on the coupon below any form of insurance in which you may be interested. Mail it to us and we will send you full information.

Hartford Fire Insurance Co.
Hartford Accident & Indemnity Co.
Hartford, Conn.

COUPON—CHECK—TEAR OFF—MAIL

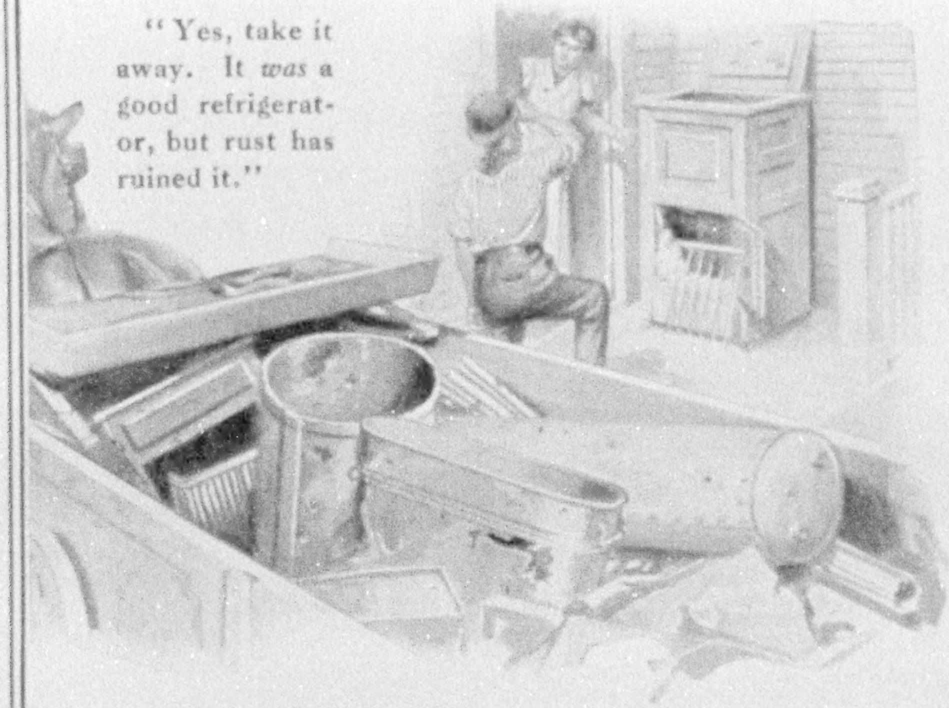
Hartford Fire Insurance Company, (Service Department N-11) 125 Trumbull Street, Hartford, Conn.

Gentlemen:

Please send information on the kind of insurance checked to the name and address written on margin of coupon.

☐ Fire
☐ Accident
☐ Health
☐ Auto Liability
☐ Auto Collision
☐ Auto Theft
☐ Auto Fire
☐ Baggage
☐ Motor Cycle
☐ Burglary
☐ Employer's Liability
☐ Workmen's Compensation
☐ Bonding
☐ Elevator
☐ Plate Glass
☐ Race Horse
☐ Tornado
☐ Hail
☐ Golfer's Policy
☐ Parcel Post
☐ Rent
☐ Merchandise in Transit
☐ Live Stock Transit
☐ Live Stock
☐ Sprinkler Leakage
☐ Marine
☐ Explosion
☐ Breeders and Exhibitors
☐ Teaming
☐ Salesmen's Samples
☐ Registered Mail
☐ Use and Occupancy

Rust is the Junk Man's Friend



"Yes, take it away. It *was* a good refrigerator, but rust has ruined it."

Look at any junk pile. What put most of the sheet metal articles there?— *Rust.*

Wear doesn't ruin water heaters, roofing, refrigerators, ranges, furnaces, etc. Rust is the great destroyer of sheet metal products.

Millions of dollars' worth disappear in rust every year.

ARMCO IRON Resists Rust

as no other ordinary sheet metal can, because it is the purest iron made.

Armco, American Ingot, Iron resists rust not only because of purity, but because it is the most nearly perfect in respect to evenness; in its freedom from gas bubbles; and in all the other qualities that form the basis of rust resistance.

These qualities make Armco Iron especially superior for enameling. For the manufacturer it reduces the number of culls and seconds from the 15% or 20% incidental to the use of ordinary material to 1% and in some cases to zero. For the user it means perfect enamel over a rust-resisting base.

Write for Booklet— "Defeating Rust"

Get the book. Act on the facts presented there and the book will be valuable to you. It tells of many uses for Armco Iron.

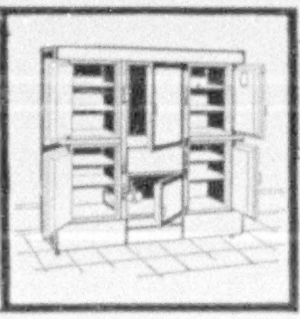
If you can't get Armco products from your dealer, write us. We will see that you are supplied.

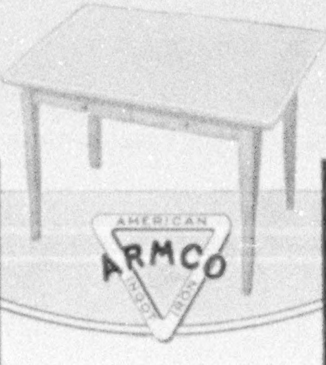
The American Rolling Mill Co.
Box 724, Middletown, Ohio
Licensed Manufacturers under Patents granted to
The International Metal Products Company
Branch Offices: Chicago, Pittsburgh, Detroit,
New York, St. Louis, Cincinnati & Cleveland.

The trade mark ARMCO carries the assurance that iron bearing that mark is manufactured by The American Rolling Mill Company, with the skill, intelligence and fidelity associated with its products, and hence can be depended upon to possess in the highest degree the merit claimed for it.

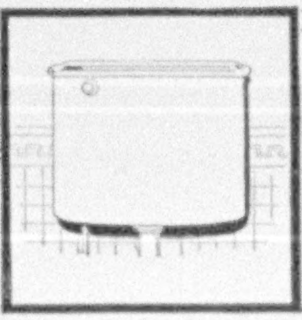
AMERICAN ARMCO INGOT IRON

Refrigerator—enamel over Armco Iron. Grand Rapids Refrigerator Company.





Enameled Kitchen Table Top. Sanitary, easy to keep clean, handsome.



Kazoo Tank. Enameled. Armco Iron base.

Beech-Nut

Tomato Catsup

BEECH-NUT BRAND
TOMATO CATSUP
PURE FOOD PRODUCTS

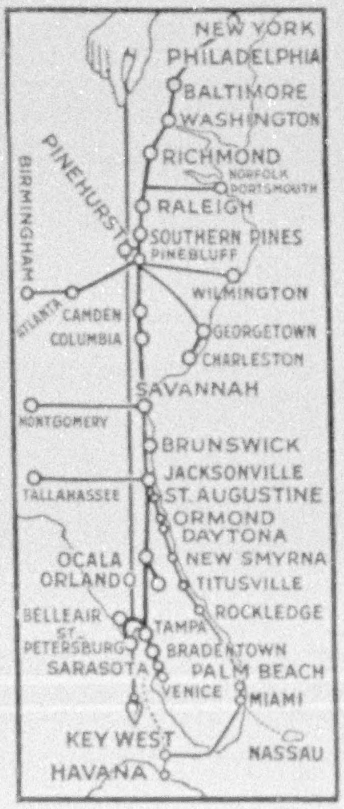
WHY not serve a *natural* tomato catsup at your table —Beech-Nut Tomato Catsup (*the natural catsup*), with all the full, rich tomato flavor intact! Yet the price of Beech-Nut Tomato Catsup is no more than for ordinary catsup— two sizes, 15c and 25c (in the extreme West, a little more).

Makers of America's Most Famous Bacon—*Beech-Nut Bacon*

BEECH-NUT PACKING CO., Canajoharie, N. Y.
Catsup Plant at Rochester, N. Y.

Send 10 cents in stamps for the newest, most fascinating game—"Going to Market"—amusing and instructive and sure to interest the whole family.

STRAIGHT AS A PLUMB LINE


NEW YORK
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FLORIDA
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Carolina Resorts

Southern Pines, N. C.
Pinehurst, N. C.
Camden, S. C.

Choice of
Five Through
Steel Trains

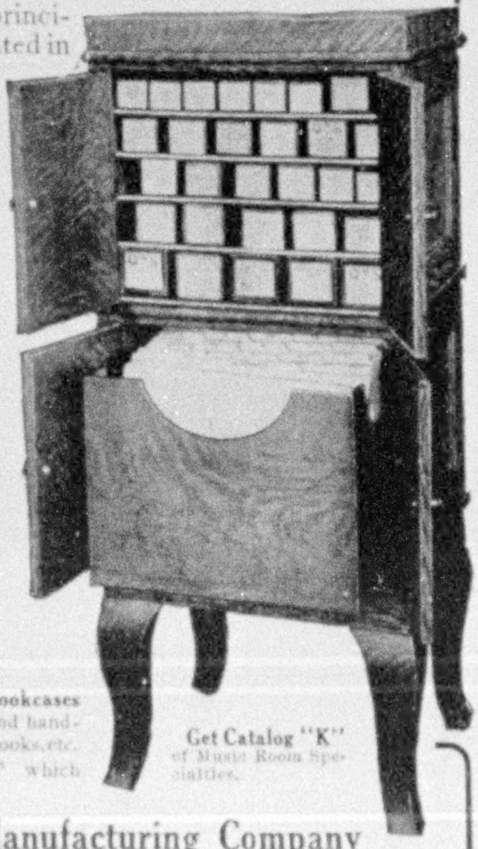
Booklets and Information
1184 Broadway
New York

SEABOARD AIR LINE RAILWAY

The Progressive Railway of the South

Weis Music-Room Cabinets

Are built sectionally and indexed systematically



Correct filing principles are incorporated in these handsome cabinets, so you can find instantly any selection you may wish.

Sections for Sheet Music, Disc Records, or Player Rolls may be combined as required. Add a section at a time as more space is needed.

Solid Mahogany or Quartered Oak in beautiful finishes to harmonize with other high class furnishings; all sections paneled sides and finished backs.

All Sections Look Alike when doors are closed. These handsome practical sections should be seen to be fully appreciated. Your dealer can supply you.

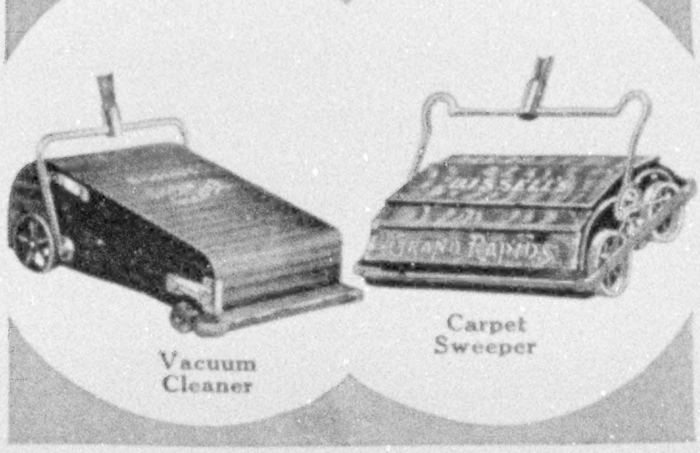
***Weis* Sectional Bookcases** are easily accessible and handsome homes for your books, etc.

See Catalog "H," which shows many styles.

Get Catalog "K" of Music Room Specialties.

The *Weis* Manufacturing Company
57 Union St., Monroe, Mich.
New York Office: 75 John St.

BISSELL'S



The Efficient Cleaning Combination

To the tired woman, wearied with the constant fight against dirt and dust, these two Bissell machines are indeed a boon. Use of the *Bissell Carpet Sweeper* for *daily sweeping* with *BISSELL'S VACUUM CLEANER*, a powerful suction machine, for general cleaning days, is the scientific, work-saving way which gives you a beautifully clean house.

BISSELL'S VACUUM SWEEPER is a very popular model, being a combination cleaner and sweeper.

In a test against various standard power machines, the Bissell proved to have even *greater suction power* and consequent cleaning efficiency.

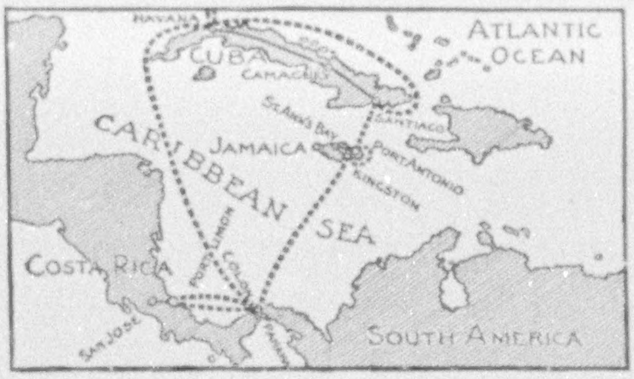
The rear opening *one-piece nozzle and dust bag* is a source of wonderful convenience. Our booklet describes this and other important features.

Prices are $7.50 for the Vacuum Cleaner (without brush) and $9.00 for the Vacuum Sweeper (with brush). Slightly higher in the West, South, and in Canada. Carpet Sweepers, $2.75 to $5.75. Sold by dealers everywhere. Booklet on request.

BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO.

Largest Exclusive Manufacturers of
Carpet Sweeping Devices in the World

Dept. 83, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
Made in Canada, too.



Raymond-Whitcomb Winter Cruises

To the West Indies, Panama The Central American Wonderland and the Spanish Main

Tropical Cruises de Luxe Three cruises—the utmost in comfort and luxury—visiting the beauty spots of the American Mediterranean. Stops at Havana and Santiago (with arrangements for side trip by rail across Cuba), at Port Antonio and Kingston (allowing time for the wonderful automobile ride across Jamaica), at Panama (with ample opportunity to see the great Canal in full operation), at Costa Rica (land of the world-famed scenic railroad journey from Port Limon to San Jose, the mountain capital).

Beautiful Sister Ships The ships for these cruises are the luxurious steamships "Pastores" and "Tenadores" of the Great White Fleet, under exclusive charter to Raymond & Whitcomb Co. Built definitely for the tropics, they are of

American Registry
American Ownership
Under the American Flag

Departures From New York, Jan. 29, Feb. 12, and March 11, 1916, arriving in New York on the return 24 days later.

Price Including berth in outside room, meals, and many shore excursions, $250 and up.

South America Remarkable and comprehensive Tours of two to Five Months Duration, Jan. 15, Feb. 2, 5, 16, and 26, 1916.

California Tours on the Highest Plane of Travel. Departures in December, January, and February.

Japan China Delightful Tours, including the Philippines, February 5, March 4 and 25.

Send for Booklet Desired

RAYMOND & WHITCOMB CO.

DEPT. 7
17 Temple Place Boston, Mass.
NEW YORK PHILADELPHIA CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

From 2 to 2,000,000

Forty years ago I bought two cigars.

I was delighted with them—they seemed to meet my exacting requirements. Their rare mellowness and delicious flavor made me want more. I traced their manufacture, and found the exquisite leaf came from the mountainous Vuelta district in Cuba.

What Happened

Soon I began to order all my cigars from there. Friends bought with me. That reduced the price. Their friends joined. Until now there are over 12,000 of us buying these unusually fine cigars at about half what they would cost if we could buy them at stores.

Last year we bought over 2,000,000 cigars. Some of us wanted better cigars for what we were paying, some wanted good cigars at half what they were paying. But whatever the reason, all these men unite in approving my discovery. None of us has ever found a ready-made cigar quite so enjoyable at anywhere near the price.

The price is so low because we buy together in large quantities, and have no dealer's profit or salesmen's salaries or expenses. The price is but $5.00 per hundred, $2.60 for fifty. That's about what they cost us.

It is only fair to your complete enjoyment of smoking and to your pocketbook to try these private brand J. R. W. Havanas.

WARNER'S
J.R.W.
HABANA

Actual Size

First Five Free!

Just to convince you that you cannot duplicate these cigars for twice the cost—smoke five at **my** expense. Merely send 10c. for packing, postage, and revenue, with your letterhead, business card, or reference. I'll then send you a box; pick out five and smoke them; then, if you are delighted, send me a check, and I'll replace, free, the five you smoked.

J. Rogers Warner

984 Lockwood Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

C. G. Gunther's Sons

ESTABLISHED 1820

FURRIERS EXCLUSIVELY

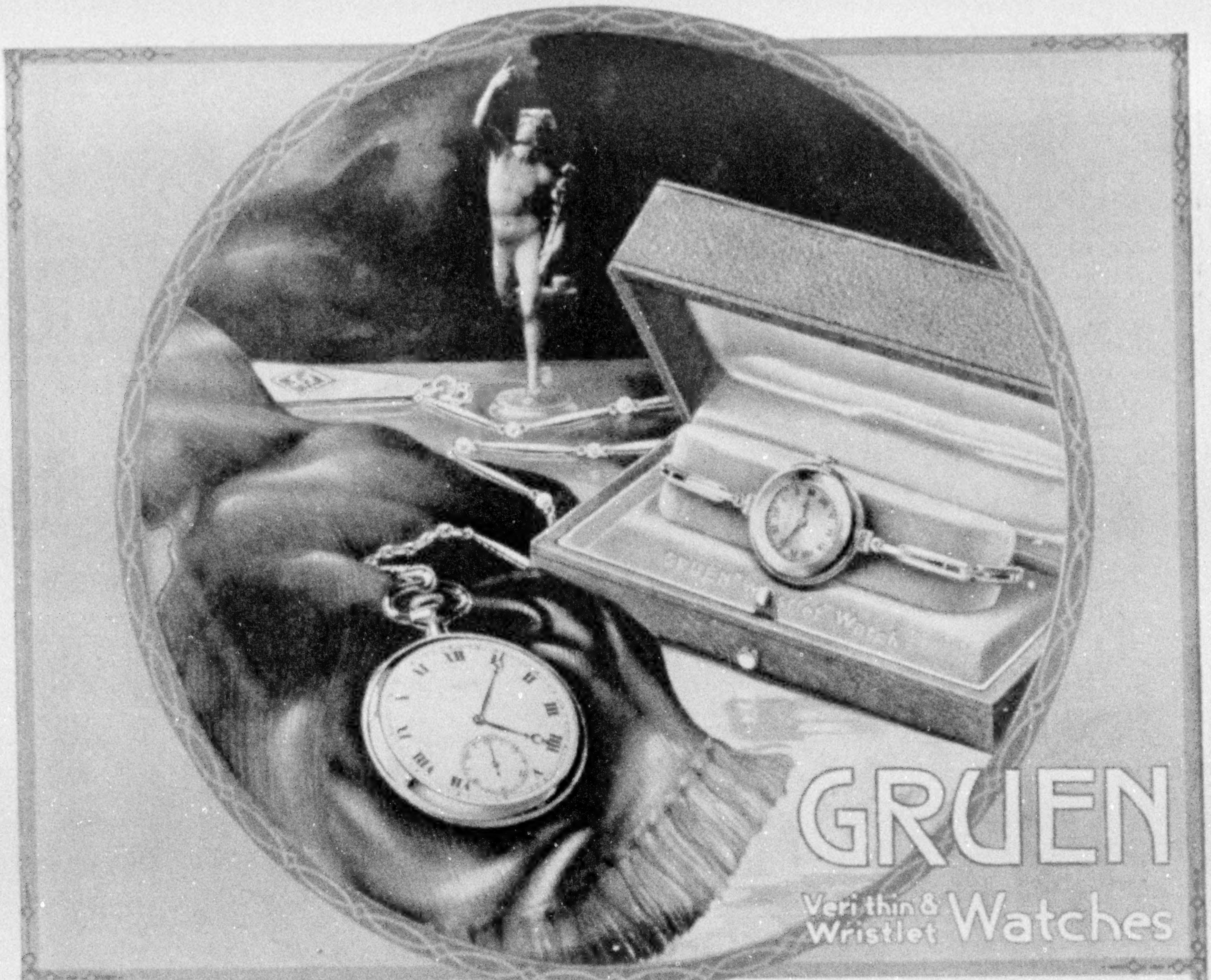
FUR SETS

Choice collection of skins made up in the most fashionable sets.

Cross Fox	Taupe Fox
Dyed Blue Fox	Smoked Fox
Natural Blue Fox	Pointed Fox
Red Fox	Black Fox, etc.

Catalogue on request

C. G. Gunther's Sons .. 391 Fifth Ave.
New York



New 14k Green-Gold Models at Special Introductory Prices

THE famous green-gold used by the ancient Grecians and Egyptians, and hitherto obtainable only in very highest-priced watches, may now be had with standard Gruen Verithin and Wristlet movements, at the following special introductory prices:

Gruen Verithin Model No. 244, now $50. After Jan. 1, $55. The richness of the 14k solid green-gold case and the quaint Old English Ivory dial enhance the beauty of the Verithin design to a marked degree. Standard Gruen Verithin movement, 17-jewel, adjusted to five positions, guaranteed to come within railroad time requirements.

Gruen Verithin Model No. L244, now $55. After Jan. 1, $60. Movement and case same as above, with Louis XIV dial, platinized silver, gray or gilt, with raised figures in solid gold, and new-style hands.

Gruen Wristlet Model No. 299, now $40. After Jan. 1, $45. The soft luster of the 14k solid green-gold case and bracelet, and the rich, black-figured gilt dial will win any woman's heart. Finely jeweled movement, adjusted to three positions, with double roller steel lever escapement.

Why we make these special prices. The beauty of these models will make sales wherever seen. In order, therefore, to have them worn immediately in as many communities as possible, each Gruen jeweler now has one of each model which he will sell at the special introductory prices listed here, until January 1. If your jeweler should not have the model you want in stock—

Write us today, naming model you are particularly interested in, also mentioning your preferred dealer's name, and we will arrange for you to see it.

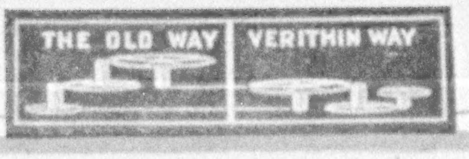
$25 is the lowest price at which a genuine Gruen Verithin can be bought. A special value at this price. Ask your jeweler or us about this.

Other Gruen Verithin Models, $25 to $250.

The Gruen Watch Mfg. Co.
"Makers of the famous Gruen Watches since 1876"
32 East Fifth Avenue Cincinnati, O.

Factories: Cincinnati and Madre-Biel, Switzerland.
Canadian Office: Toronto, Ontario.

How the Gruen Verithin is made to "fit your pocket like a silver dollar," yet retain full size and strength of parts.



Duplicate parts to be had through Gruen dealers everywhere. *Copyright, 1915, by the Gruen Watch Mfg. Co. All rights reserved.*

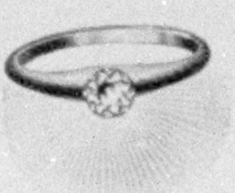
BUY DIAMONDS DIRECT

FROM JASON WEILER & SON

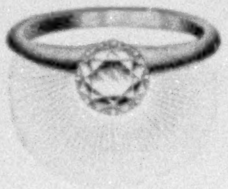
Boston, Mass., one of America's leading diamond importers,

and save 20 to 40 per cent on retail or jewelers' prices.

For over 39 years the house of **Jason Weiler & Son of Boston** has been one of the leading diamond importing concerns in America selling to jewelers. However, a large business is done **direct by mail** with customers at direct **importing prices! Here are three diamond** offers—**direct to you by mail**—which clearly demonstrate our position to name prices on diamonds that should surely interest any present or prospective diamond purchaser:



Ladies' or Men's Style Settings, as desired

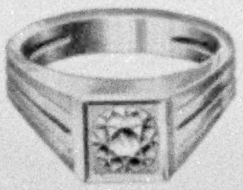


⅜ carat, $32.00

This ⅜ carat genuine diamond is of great brilliancy and perfectly cut.

Mounted in Tiffany style 14 k. solid gold setting. Our price, direct to you **$32**

If you can duplicate this ring for less than $50.00, send it back and money will be refunded.



Newest Design

Men's Diamond Ring $175.00

Perfectly cut blue-white diamond, mounted in 18k. solid gold pierced setting in the new olive finish. Diamond is securely embedded in solid platinum square top.

1 carat, $95.00

This 1 carat genuine diamond is of great brilliancy and perfectly cut.

Mounted in men's tooth belcher 14 k. solid gold setting. Our price direct to you by mail . . **$95**

If you can duplicate this ring for less than $125.00, send it back and money will be refunded.

Money refunded if you can duplicate this ring elsewhere for less than $250. ***Our diamond catalog shows a wide variety of other diamond rings in exclusive mountings.***

Money refunded if not entirely satisfied

We refer you as to our reliability to any bank or newspaper in Boston

If desired, rings will be sent C. O. D., with privilege of examination. Our diamond guarantee for 5 years full value goes with every purchase.

WRITE TODAY FOR THIS 68 BEAUTIFUL BOOK ON **HOW TO BUY DIAMONDS**

This catalog is beautifully illustrated. Tells how to judge, select, and buy diamonds. Tells how they mine, cut, and market diamonds. This book, showing weights, sizes, and prices ($10 to $10,000), is considered an authority. **A copy will be mailed to you FREE on receipt of your name and address.**

Diamonds
W
Jason Weiler & Son
Boston
U.S.A.

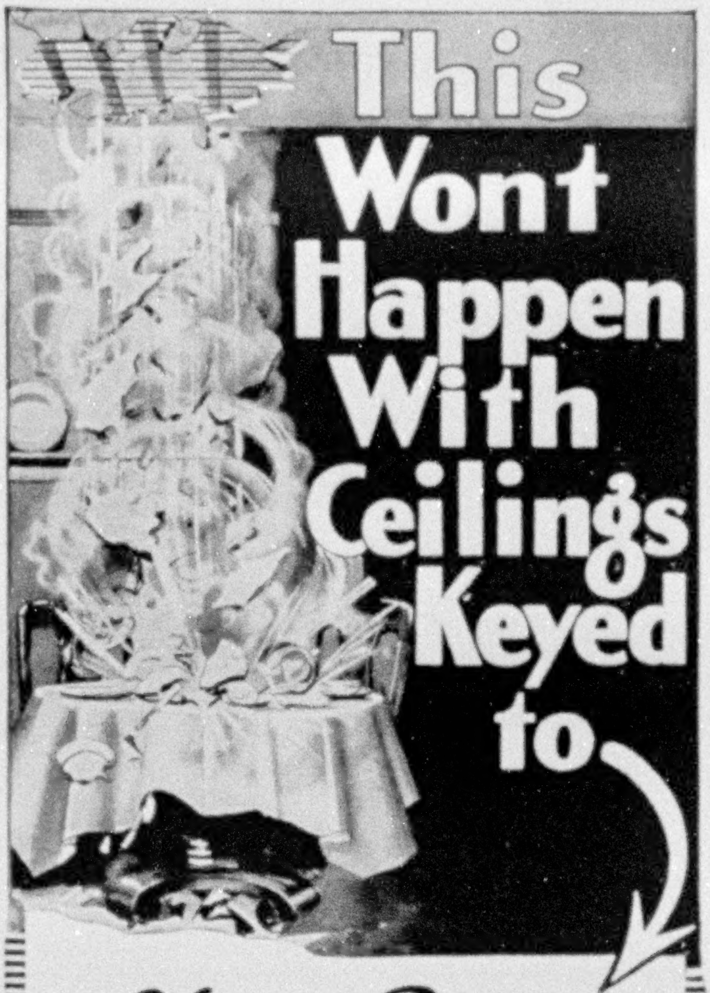
68 Write for your copy today. Free

Jason Weiler & Son

370 Washington Street Boston, Mass.

Diamond Importers Since 1876

Foreign Agencies: Antwerp and Paris



This Wont Happen With Ceilings Keyed to

Kno-Burn

Expanded Metal Lath

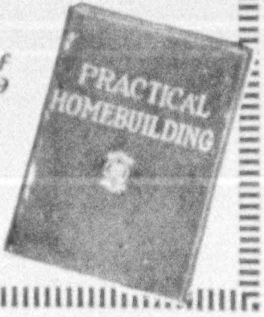
because the mesh of ***"Kno-Burn"*** keys the plaster to the lath with a grip that cannot loosen.

¶ You want the plaster in your new home to be as permanent as the walls themselves. Then see to it that the lath used is ***"Kno-Burn."***

¶ Kno-Burn Expanded Metal Lath can never rot because it is a *metal* lath. It prevents cracking because it expands and contracts with the plaster. It costs only a trifle more than the *cheapest* plaster bases.

¶ If you are interested in houses, you will appreciate "Practical Homebuilding"—the most complete treatise on homes and their construction that we have ever turned out. It deals with the building problem in a simple, but complete way. Profusely illustrated with photographs, floor plans and drawings.

Send 10 cents to cover cost of mailing and ask for Booklet 489



North Western Expanded Metal Company

984 Old Colony Bldg. Chicago, Ill.

In Extremely Good Taste

NOT alone because of the distinctive character of its lines and appointments, but because it combines with this a simplicity of operation—an economy of upkeep—a seaworthiness, speed, and a breadth of utility that makes it ideally adapted for use in all waters.

We are prepared to make immediate deliveries of the Speedabout in ample time for the Florida season.

Write now for further details.

Speedway

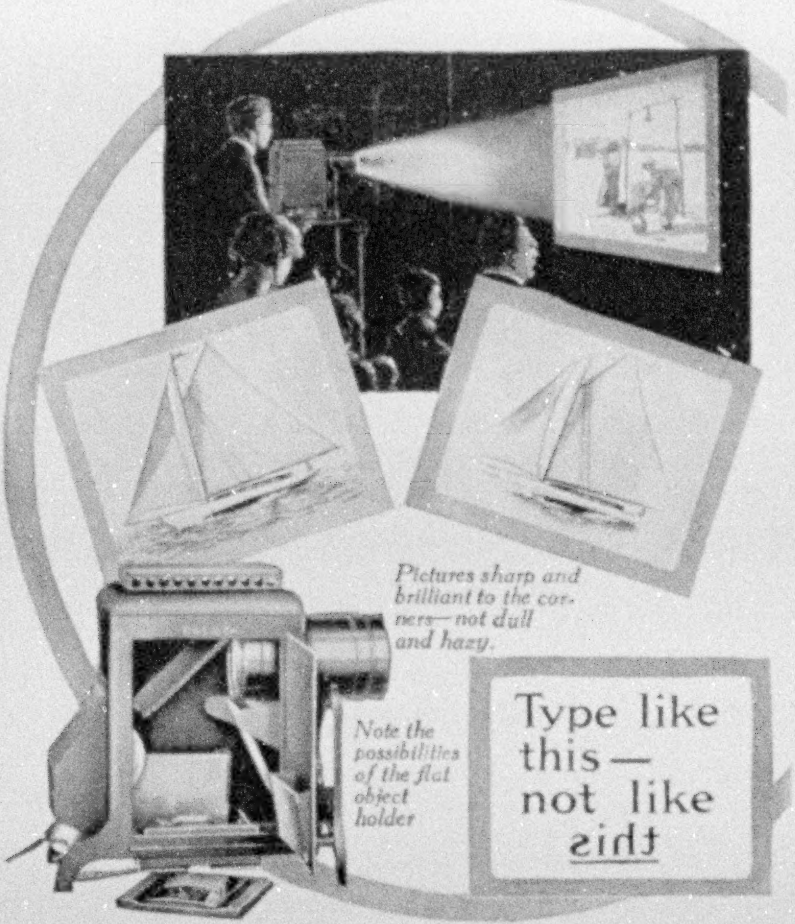
SPEEDABOUT

THE BEST BOATS BUILT

Gas Engine and Power Co.
and Charles L. Seabury & Co., Consolidated
Launch Dept. U, Morris Heights, New York City

MEMBER

THE Bausch and Lomb BALOPTICON


Pictures sharp and brilliant to the corners—not dull and hazy.
Note the possibilities of the flat object holder
Type like this—not like this

The pleasure and instruction which the ear gets from the talking machine, the eye gets from pictures and other objects shown by the

HOME BALOPTICON

made primarily as a projector of post cards, photographs, and various objects.

Special *400-watt, gas-filled Mazda lamp* with optically corrected mirror gives an illumination superior to anything heretofore offered, attaching to ordinary lamp socket.

Automatic, perfectly safe and simple enough for any child to operate. Fitted with high-grade achromatic lens, giving well-defined pictures sharp to the corners. Ideal equipment for clubs and small classrooms, as well as the home—not a toy.

Price for Home Balopticon complete for the projection of post cards, including aluminum coated screen, only **$35.** Sold by optical and photographic supply dealers. Other models to meet any requirement, **$20** and up.

Write for our booklet "Fun—and better"

Bausch & Lomb Optical Co.
507 ST. PAUL STREET ROCHESTER, N.Y.

CHOICEST PAPER SHELL PECANS
Grown in the Albany District
Direct from Growers to You

Treat yourself and your friends to a package of these most delicious of all nuts. They make most acceptable Christmas Gifts. Put up in three, five, and ten pound packages, delivered to your address, all carrying charges prepaid, at 70c. per pound.

A trial package for 25c. in stamps.

Money back without question if you are not pleased. Send check, P. O. or Express money order to

ASSOCIATED PAPER SHELL PECAN GROWERS, ALBANY, GA.

References: Citizens' First National Bank, Georgia National Bank or Chamber of Commerce, Albany, Ga.

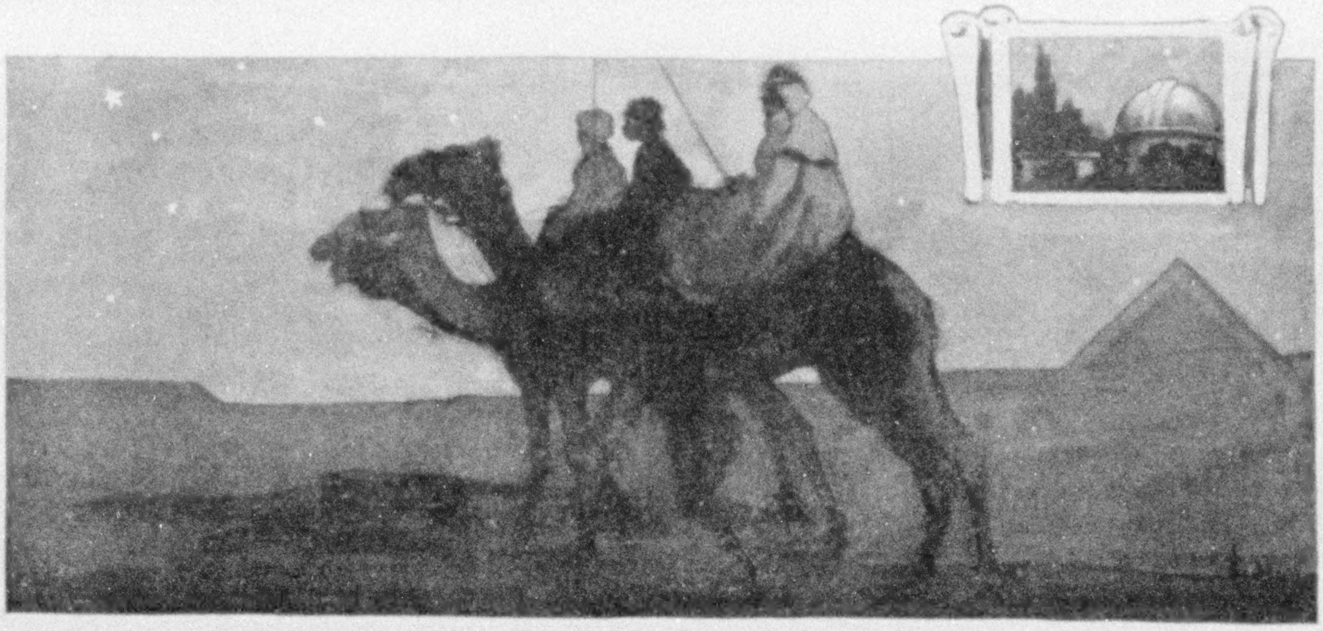
For the Festal Board — Cresca Delicacies

Piquant, luscious, toothsome dainties,—over a hundred of them to give sauce to the appetite. They lend character and distinction to the feast, and add to your reputation as an entertainer.

"Where Epicurus Reigns"

This 1915 booklet, intended primarily for Epicures, is a veritable treasure for the housewife desiring to serve unusual dishes for luncheons, teas and social occasions. A two cent stamp will bring it with the name of the nearest Cresca dealer.

CRESCA COMPANY, 367 Greenwich Street, New York



The Wise Men and the Star

TIME is at once the least important and the most important thing in the universe. It is inexhaustible. Yet every second is the measure of so many pulse beats. Have you ever thought of the complex calculations that keep our conception of time straight to the fraction of a second — this year, next year and always?

At Elgin, Illinois, the Elgin National Watch Company maintains an observatory where two astronomers of great ability verify the rating of the Master Elgin Clocks by which all Elgin Watches are regulated. Every clear night in the year they make eleven checks of the earth's rotation against twelve stars so remote that their gigantic orbits are imperceptible. From the average of these 132 observations true star time is calculated. In turn, this is translated into commercial time. This absolute precision has given the Elgin standard of accuracy its great fame.

The Christian world reckons the yearly cycle of time from the birth of Christ. His star, set in the East, guided the three wise men to witness and to worship Him, bearing gifts. From this, down the centuries, has come our great season of gift giving.

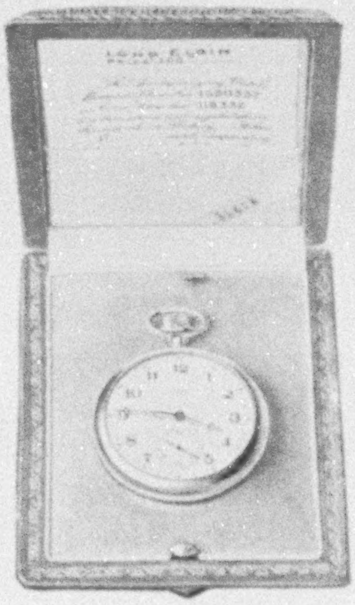
What gift more majestic in sentiment, what gift more typical of the great achievements of humans, than an excellent watch?

The Elgin Watch is a marvel of mechanical genius, a marvel of accuracy, a marvel of timekeeping, a most beautiful example of the jeweler's art.

Ask Your Elgineer

He will show you Elgins exceedingly fine and richly cased, also Elgins of equal accuracy, but less elaborate, less expensive.

Write for the Elgin book, "Time Taking—Time Keeping," a story of the wonders worked at the Elgin Observatory. Send stamped addressed envelope for set of Elgin Poster Stamps.



LORD ELGIN

ELGIN WATCHES
KEEP TIME

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH COMPANY, Elgin, Illinois.

XUM

Ever See a Picture of this Cigar Before?

Honestly, we believe that we could leave the signature off this advertisement and nearly half the men who saw it would know that it was put out by Herbert D. Shivers, Inc., of Philadelphia.

That is because this same cigar and the offer that follows below have appeared constantly for fourteen years.

Fourteen years is a long time. It is an *impossible* time for any cigar to be sold that is not an exceptionally good cigar at an unusually low price.

For fourteen years the Shivers Panatela has maintained the same quality, the same uniformity, the same flavor, the same mildness. Every tobacco man knows that the most trifling change, even in the color of a package, may wreck the sales of a product, so fickle is the public's favor in tobacco.

Yet for fourteen years we have claimed that our Panatela, at $5.00 per hundred, was the equal of the 10c. or three-for-a-quarter cigar sold by "the trade."

We have repeatedly offered to take back any box that did not convince the smoker of this fact, pay all expenses, and no charge for the cigars smoked; and our business has grown every year. Our customers have increased. We have been forced to move to larger and larger quarters—and still we grow.

Aren't you ready at last to try this cigar? Hasn't it earned its right to your recognition?

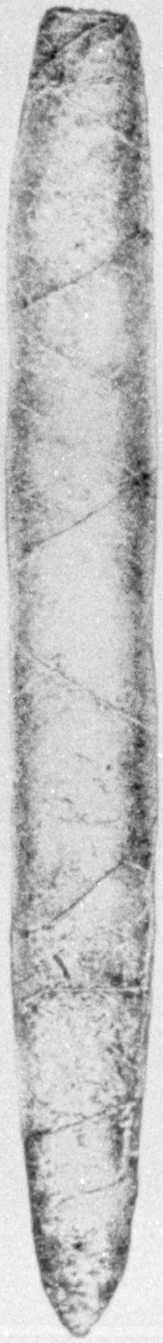
OUR OFFER is: Upon request, we will send fifty Shivers' Panatelas, on approval, to a reader of the National Geographic Magazine, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining forty at our expense and no charge for the ten smoked if he is not satisfied with them; if he is pleased with them and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, $2.50, within ten days.

Selling direct from our factory to the smoker is the economic reason why we can offer a hand-made cigar with a selected long Havana filler and a Sumatra wrapper for $5.00 per hundred, or $2.50 for 50. All our sales are by the box. The majority are on reorders that come in year after year.

The Panatela is not our only cigar. We make seventeen different shapes, many of them clear Havana cigars. Our complete catalogue mailed on request.

Read that offer again and see if you don't think it's about time you "took us up."

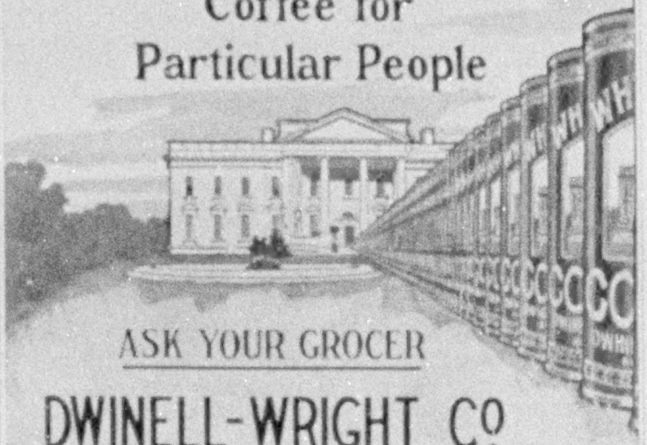
In ordering, please use business stationery or give references and state whether you prefer mild, medium, or strong cigars.



Shivers' Panatela
EXACT SIZE AND SHAPE

HERBERT D. SHIVERS, Inc.
2060 Market Street Philadelphia, Pa.

WHITE HOUSE COFFEE
is the
Coffee for
Particular People



ASK YOUR GROCER
DWINELL-WRIGHT Co
PRINCIPAL COFFEE ROASTERS
BOSTON-CHICAGO

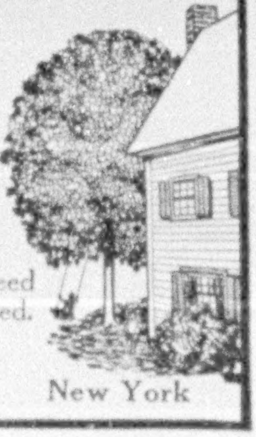
Do You Use Press Clippings?

IT will more than pay you to secure our extensive service, covering all subjects, trade and personal, and get the benefit of the best and most systematic reading of all papers and periodicals, here and abroad, at minimum cost. Our service is taken by all progressive business men, publishers, authors, collectors, etc., and is the card index for securing what you want and need, as every article of interest is at your daily command.

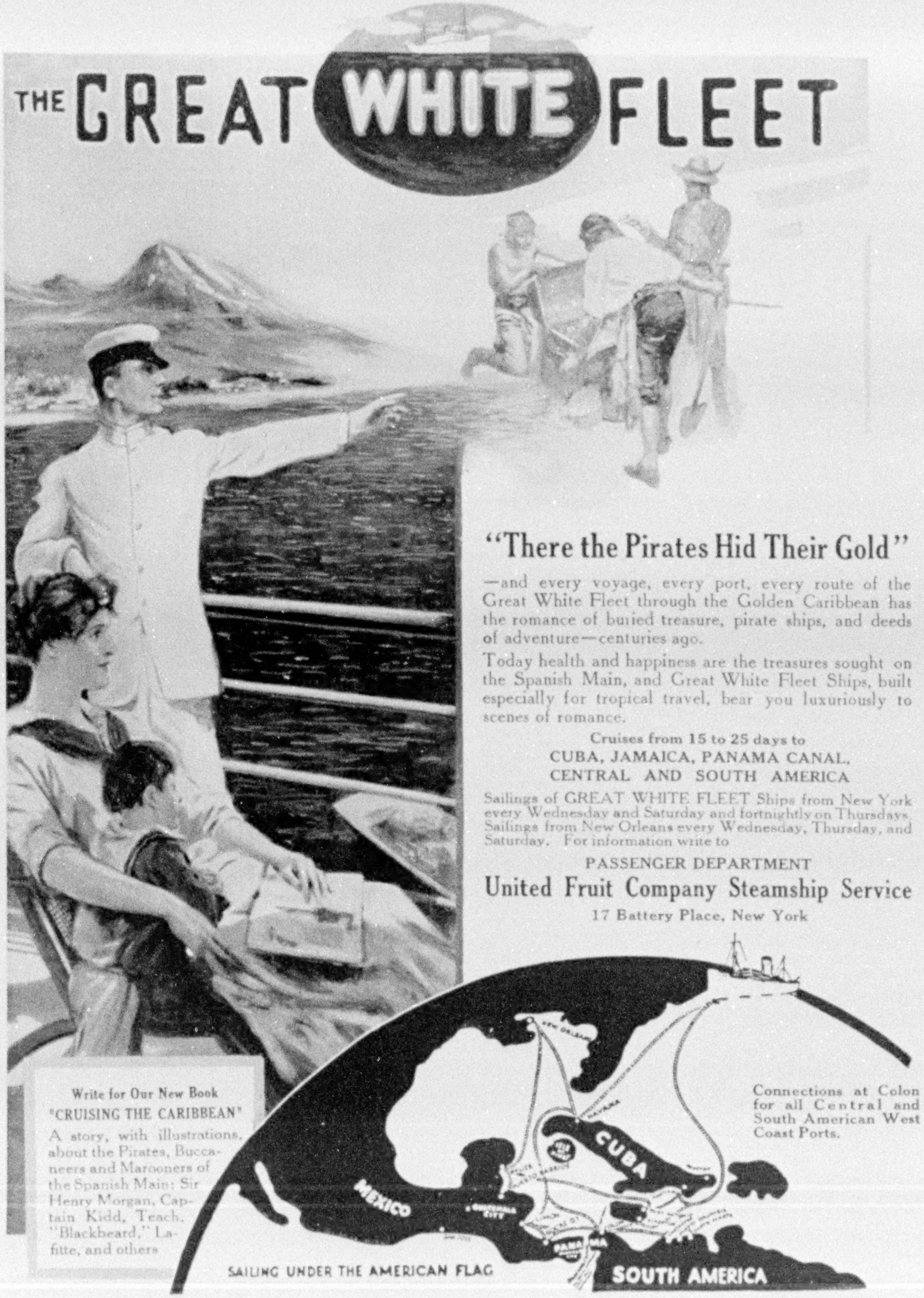
Write for terms, or send your order for 100 clippings at $5 or 1,000 clippings at $35. Special Rates quoted on Large Orders.

The Manhattan Press Clipping Bureau
ARTHUR CASSOT, Proprietor
6 East Forty-First Street NEW YORK

TREES That Save 10 YRS
CHRISTMAS PRESENTS
Groups of Pine and Fir, $20 to $200, 6 to 20 feet high, 8 to 25 years old, nursery-grown, root-pruned. Holly and Birch added free.
Plant in December. Guaranteed to grow satisfactorily or replaced.



HICKS NURSERIES
Westbury, L. I. New York



THE GREAT WHITE FLEET

"There the Pirates Hid Their Gold"

—and every voyage, every port, every route of the Great White Fleet through the Golden Caribbean has the romance of buried treasure, pirate ships, and deeds of adventure—centuries ago.

Today health and happiness are the treasures sought on the Spanish Main, and Great White Fleet Ships, built especially for tropical travel, bear you luxuriously to scenes of romance.

Cruises from 15 to 25 days to
CUBA, JAMAICA, PANAMA CANAL,
CENTRAL AND SOUTH AMERICA

Sailings of GREAT WHITE FLEET Ships from New York every Wednesday and Saturday and fortnightly on Thursdays. Sailings from New Orleans every Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday. For information write to

PASSENGER DEPARTMENT
United Fruit Company Steamship Service
17 Battery Place, New York

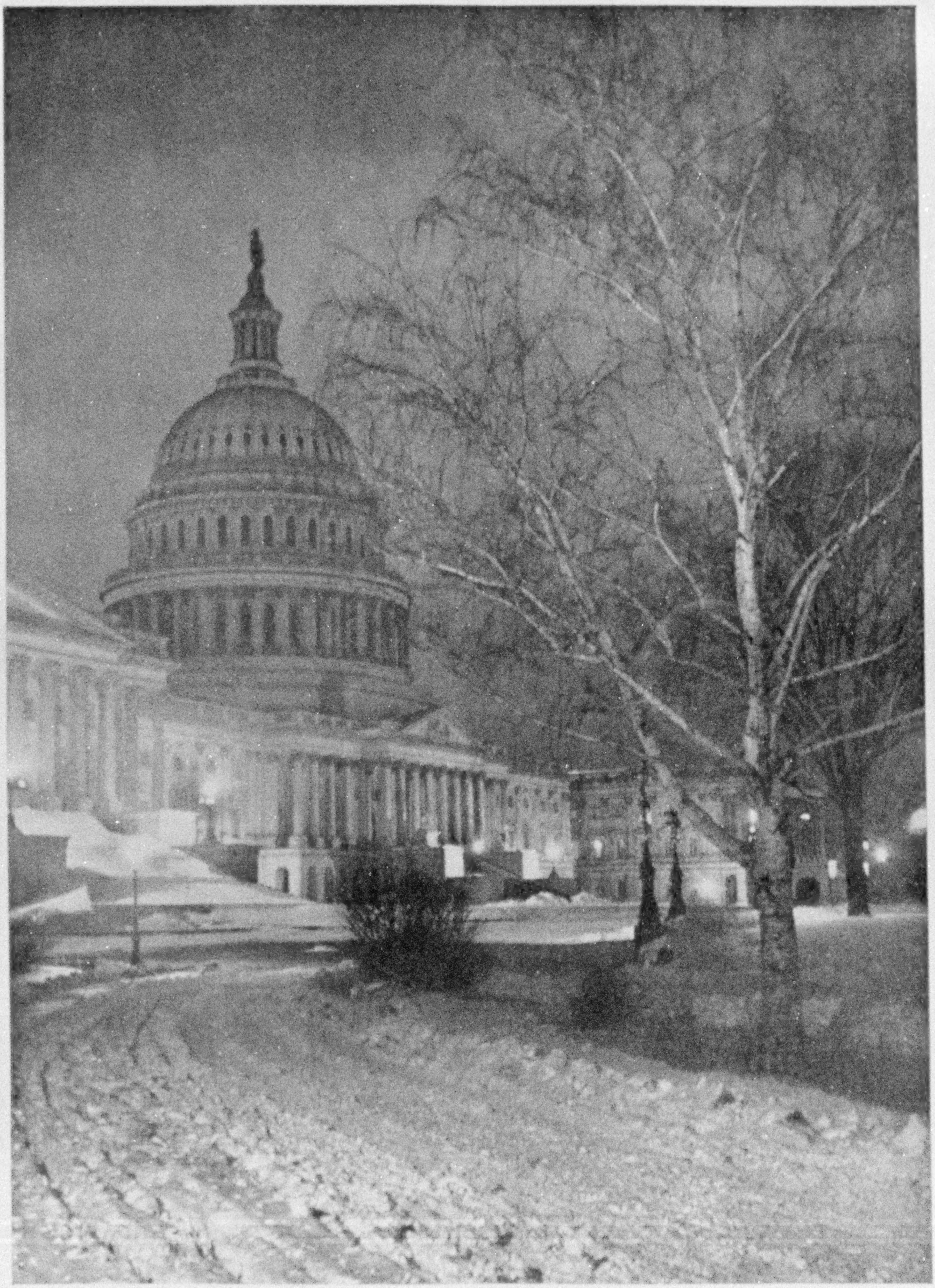
Connections at Colon for all Central and South American West Coast Ports.

Write for Our New Book
"CRUISING THE CARIBBEAN"
A story, with illustrations, about the Pirates, Buccaneers and Marooners of the Spanish Main: Sir Henry Morgan, Captain Kidd, Teach, "Blackbeard," Lafitte, and others

SAILING UNDER THE AMERICAN FLAG

UNITED FRUIT COMPANY STEAMSHIP SERVICE

XUM



THE CAPITOL AT NIGHT

One of the Unusual Pictures in the Wealth of Color and Half-tone Illustration Which Fills the Pages of "Washington—The Nation's Capital"

Washington—The Nation's Capital

By WILLIAM H. TAFT, Former President of the United States
and
JAMES BRYCE, Former British Ambassador

---

35 Pages of Color Illustrations
59 Pages of Half-Tones, 2 Large Panoramas, and a Map in Color

---

Washington—The City of Magnificent Distances, destined to be the most beautiful capital in the world—is a source of pride to every American, for Washington belongs to each and every citizen of the Republic.

William Howard Taft, former President of the United States, and James Bryce, former British Ambassador, have written their impressions of Washington, and they are especially qualified to speak authoritatively because of their long residence in and close study of the Nation's Capital.

The book contains a most wonderful series of illustrations in color, 35 full page plates in four colors, 2 large panoramas, and 1 map, also in color, made from the remarkable plans, drawings, and renderings of the Fine Arts Commission, now on exhibition at the Panama-Pacific Exposition. These pictures are pronounced the most beautiful collection of views of a city ever made, and there are 59 pages of half-tone plates of Washington scenes, in addition—a total of 94 illustrations.

To every one who has visited Washington or expects to do so, this book will be most valuable because of the intimate descriptions by Ex-President Taft and Lord Bryce of the city and surrounding country so dear to every American and because of the amazing collection of illustrations in color and half-tone, which picture the beauties of Washington.

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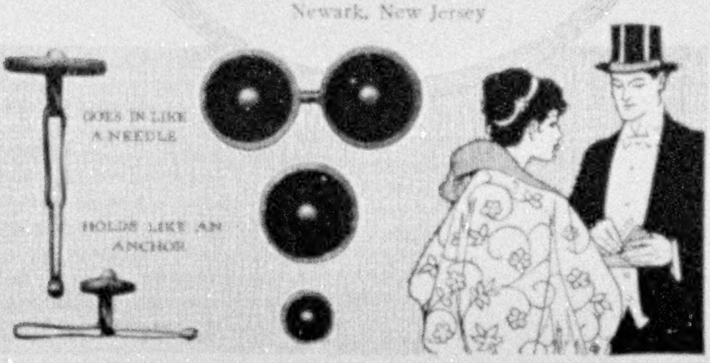

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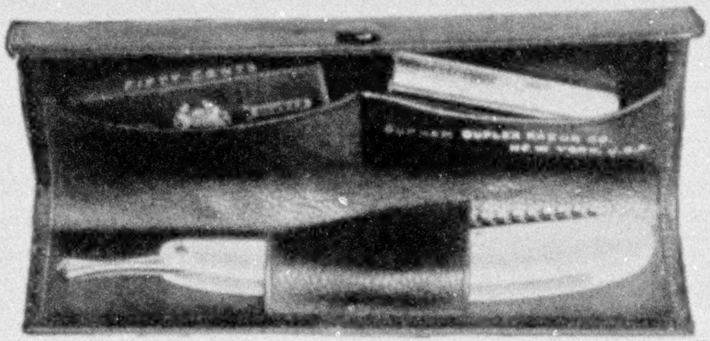

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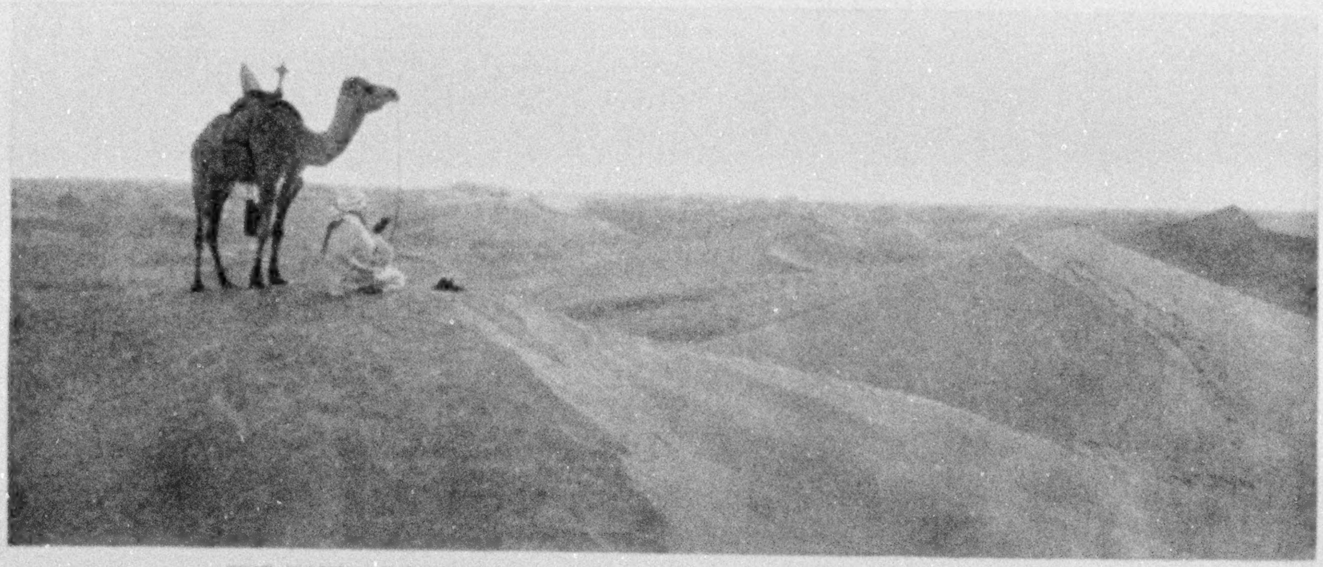

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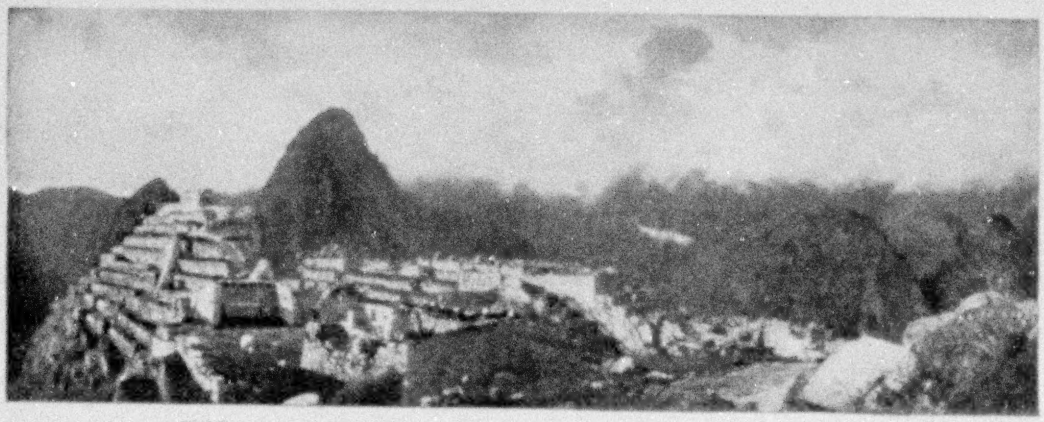

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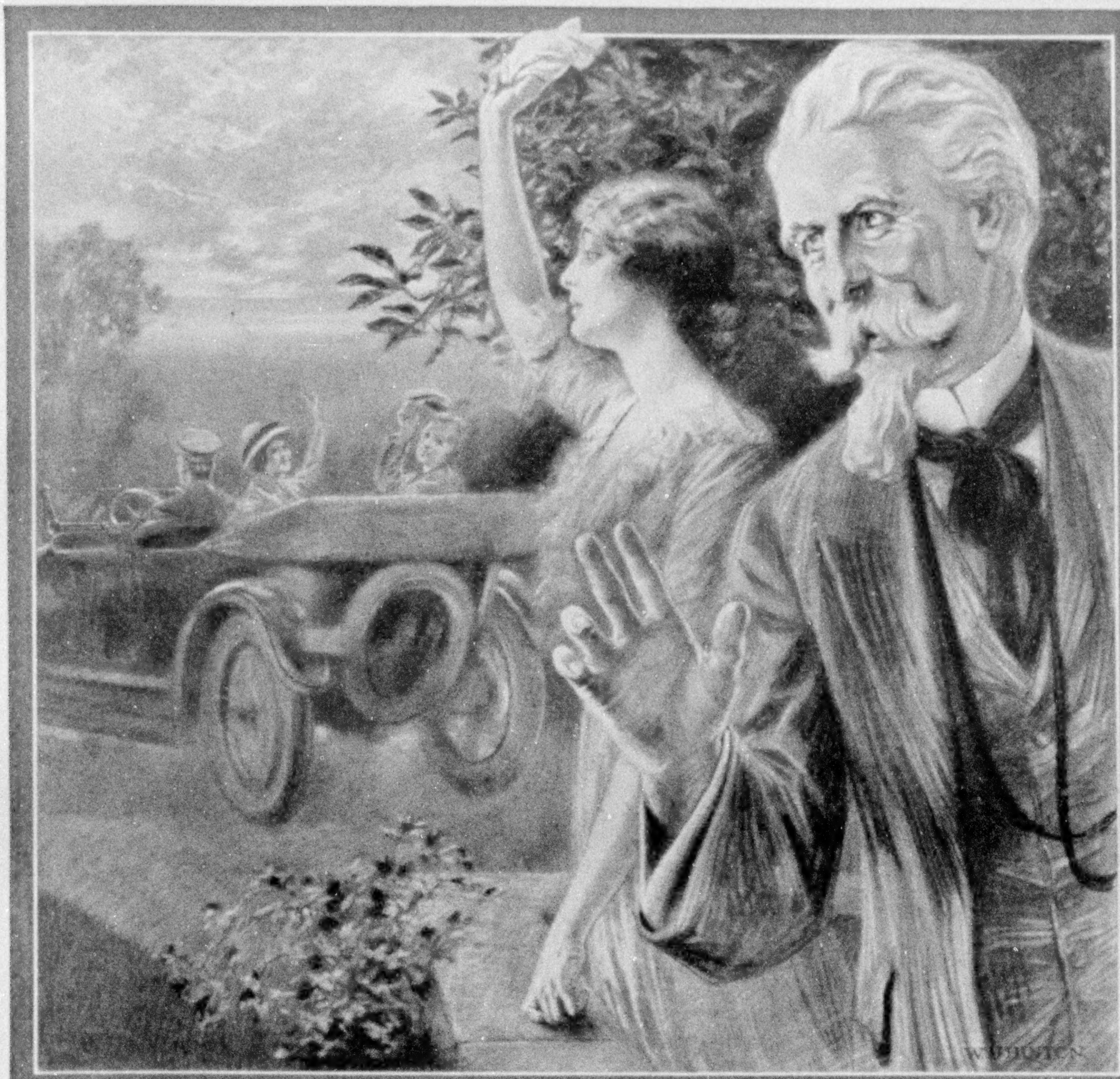

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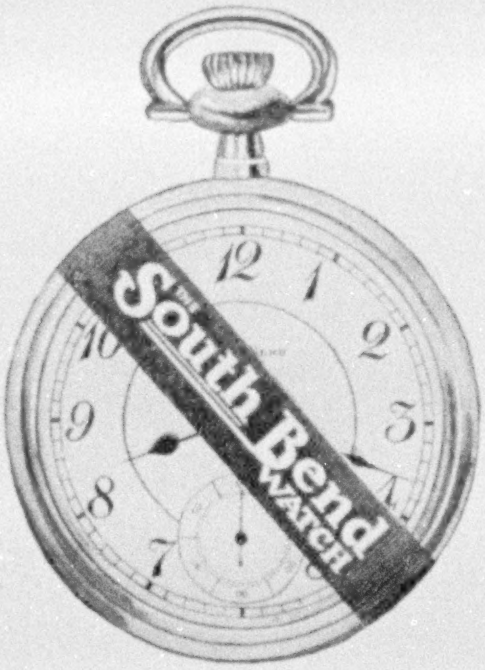

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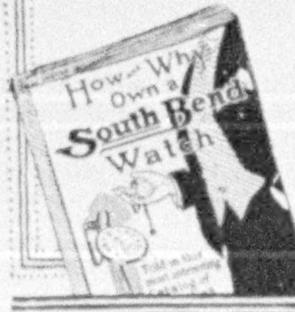
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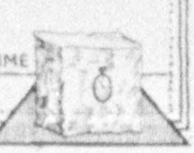

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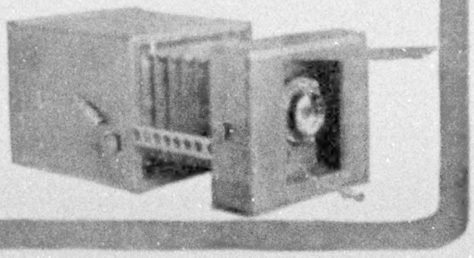

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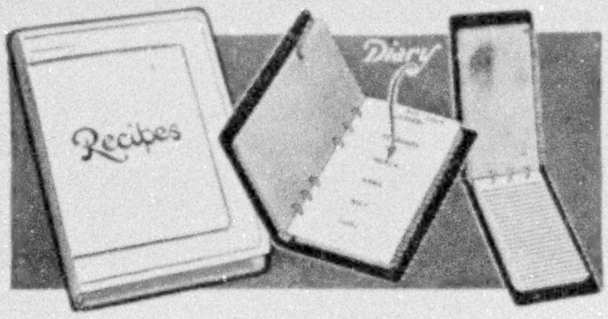

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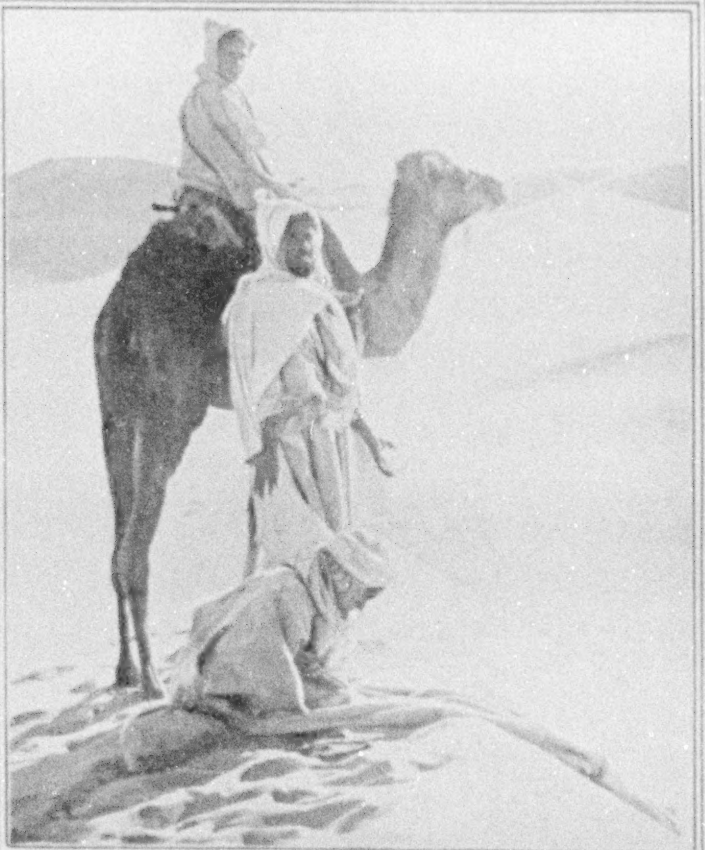

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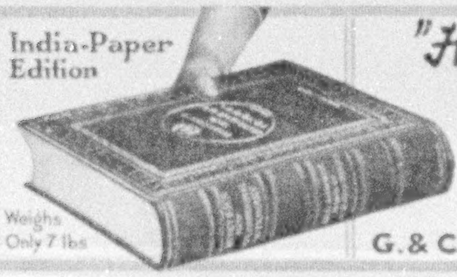

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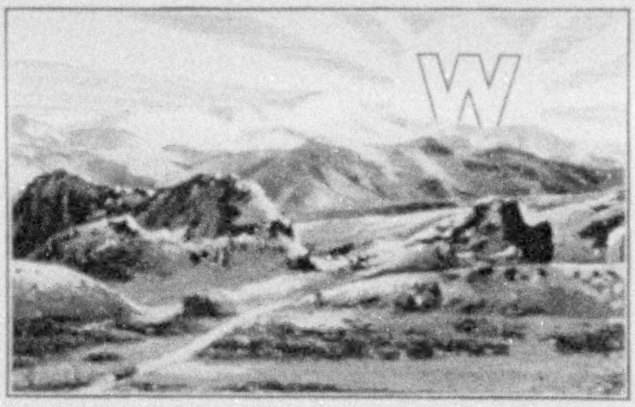

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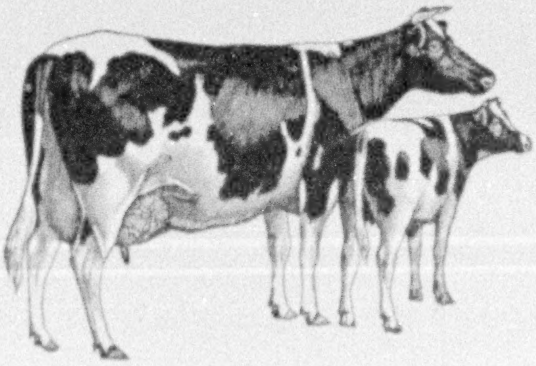

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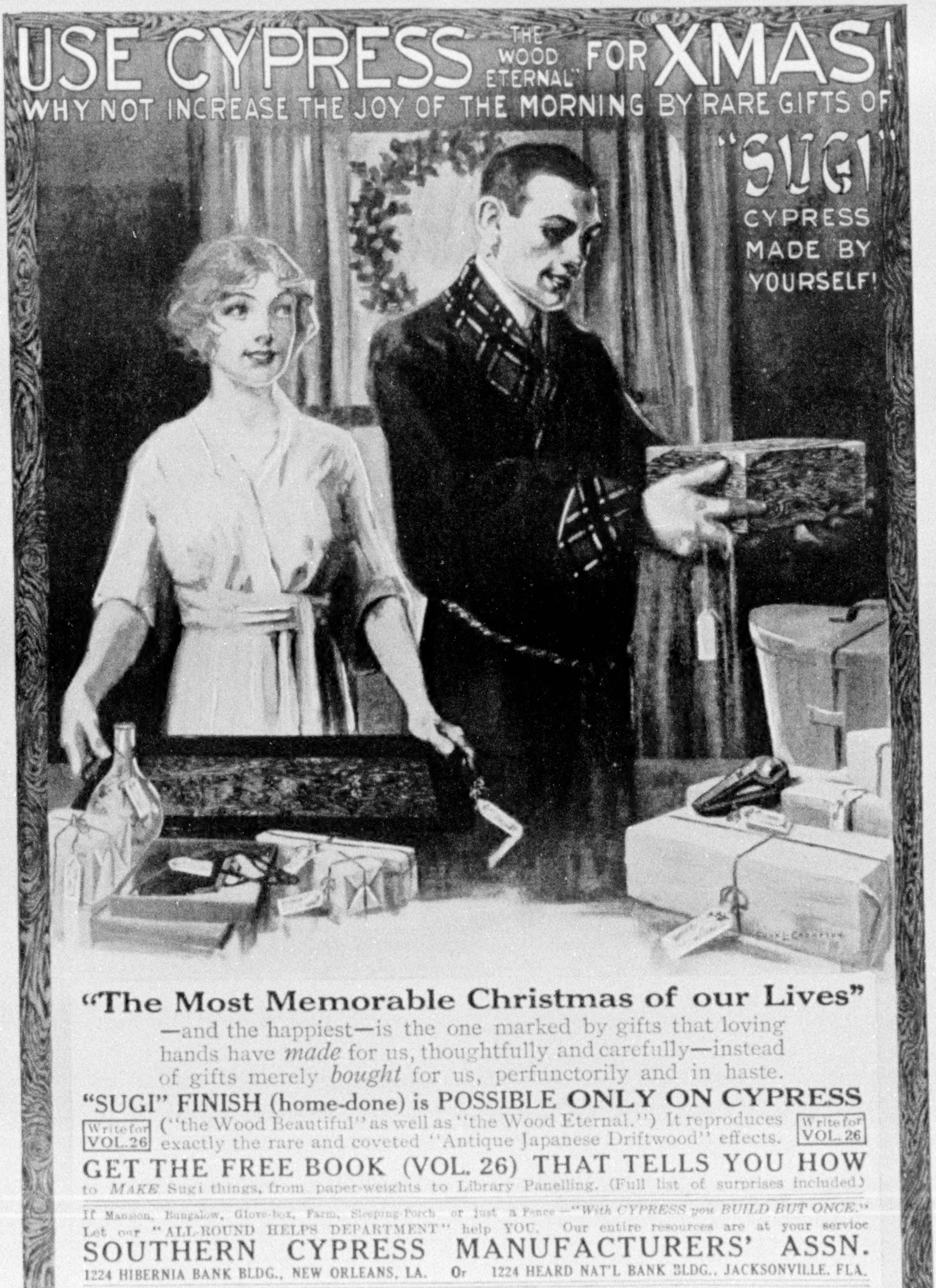

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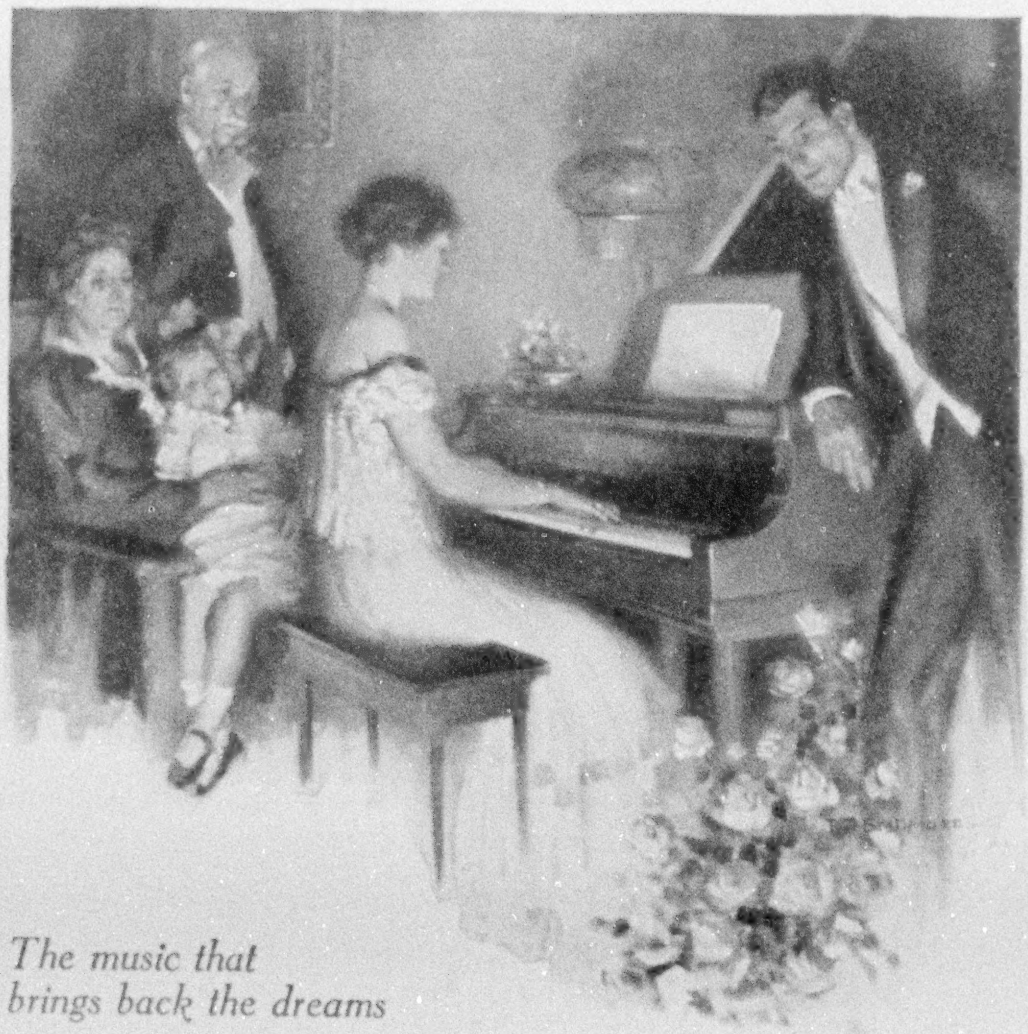

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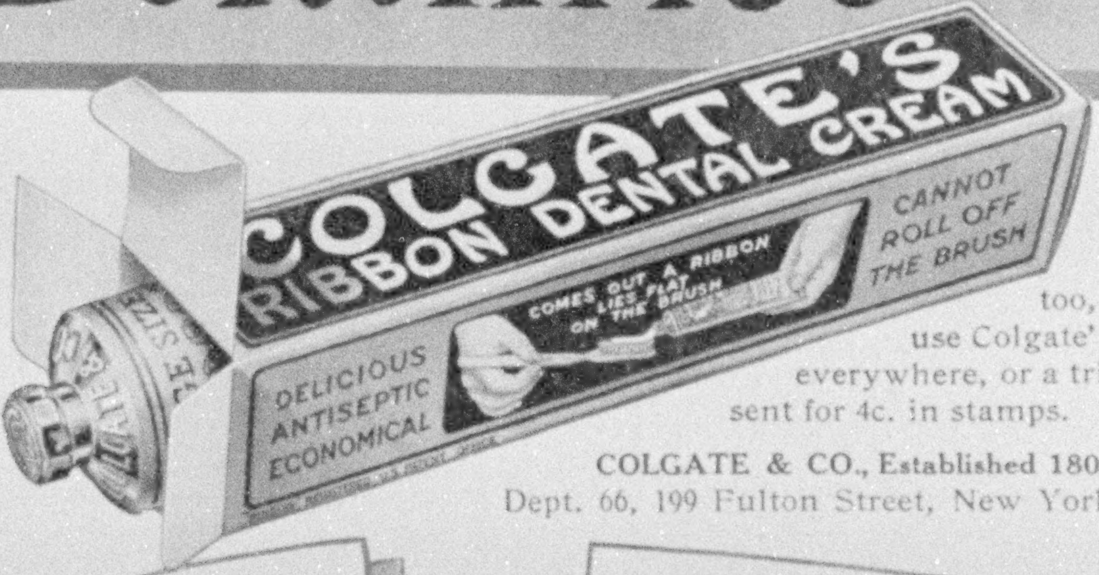
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